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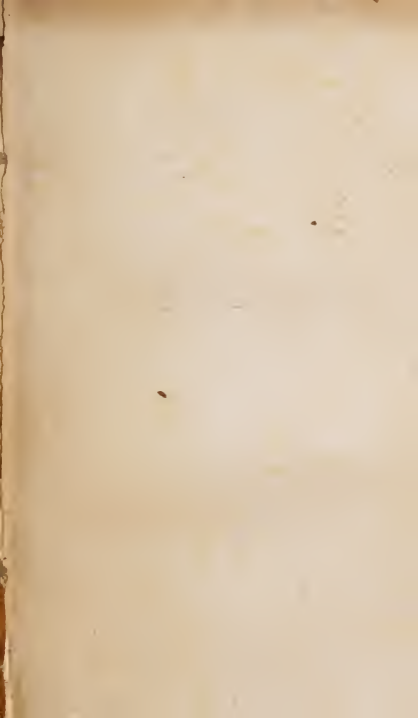
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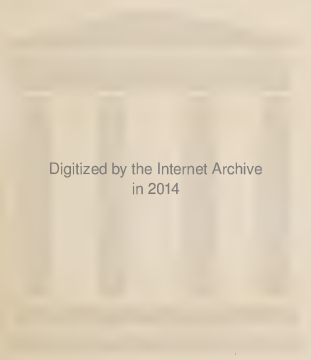
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A MEMORIAL
OF
THE MINISTERIAL LIFE
OF THE
REV. GIDEON OUSELEY,
IRISH MISSIONARY.

COMPRISING SKETCHES OF THE MISSION IN CONNECTION WITH WHICH
HE LABORED, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE WESLEYAN
CONFERENCE; WITH NOTICES OF SOME OF THE MOST
DISTINGUISHED IRISH METHODIST MISSIONARIES.

BY WILLIAM REILLY.

"There is a world of invisible beings among us, whose influences are perpetually acting upon our minds, directing our pursuits, and shaping our characters;—those who, in every age and country, have lived and died, not for themselves alone, but for their contemporaries and posterity."—*Montgomery.*

"Men that have hazarded their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."
Acts of the Apostles.

GEORGE PECK, EDITOR.

New-York:

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JOSEPH LONKING, PRINTER.

1819.

TO
THE REVEREND THOMAS WAUGH

THIS VOLUME
IS INSCRIBED,

AS A SMALL TRIBUTE OF RESPECT FOR HIS VIRTUES, HIS
LOVE FOR IRELAND, AND THE APPLICATION OF
HIS TALENTS TO THE PROMOTION OF
HER BEST INTERESTS;

AND
OF THE ESTIMATE FORMED OF HIS FRIENDSHIP
BY

THE AUTHOR.



P R E F A C E.

THE author of the following pages was requested by the Irish Wesleyan Methodist Conference, in 1839, to prepare Memoirs of the late Rev. Gideon Ouseley; to which he consented, more from the respect which he entertained for their judgment, than from an opinion of his own competency for the performance. But subsequently, not being able to gain access to papers which he deemed essential to the compilation of such a work, he begged leave to decline the duty, and obtained from the conference of 1840 a dispensation from that which he otherwise would have conceived obligatory. He was given to understand, too, that another and more able pen was engaged in the task which had first been assigned him.

Seven years had well nigh elapsed, and nothing appeared to meet the expectation of the religious public, and great uneasiness was evinced by many, lest the name of the venerable Ouseley should be allowed to pass into oblivion. It was not until

then, and after repeated and urgent entreaties by several respected friends and brethren of the Irish Connection, and by honored members of the British Conference, that he could be induced to enter on the prosecution of the design.

Some apology may be thought requisite from the author for the delay of the publication since its first announcement. He had anticipated its appearance long before this period; but matters of painful interest connected with his ministerial charge, which he could not have foreseen, and over which he had no control, engaged him in onerous and perplexing duties, which precluded the possibility of bestowing that attention to it which was necessary in conducting it through the press.

Although topics referring to the social state of Ireland, and to the mission generally, occupy considerable space in the Memorial, yet the author's principal object was to give, as far as he could, a fair view of that "most unusual man," whose character and labors are traced in this volume. As any history, however, of the Irish mission should comprehend an account of one of the most extraordinary and successful Irish missionaries who have appeared in any age, so the ministerial life

of the man must embody a sketch of the system of operation with which he was connected, and of the character of his native country, which he so ardently loved, and for whose regeneration he passed through nearly half a century of persevering and patient toil.

Mr. Ouseley's voluminous letters, descriptive of his travels and labors, from some of which extracts have been already published, presented a strong inducement to the writer to compile a much more comprehensive record: his chief difficulty, therefore, lay in comprising the work within moderate limits.

In the second letter the quotations of the author may be thought too copious and lengthened, but having in his former letter ventured to state his views on a subject respecting which there are many conflicting opinions, and lest the remarks made by him "should appear presumptuous from so inconsiderable a person," he deemed it expedient to fortify himself by authorities of such high and deserved reputation.

Since this work was commenced, our country has become a scene of the most distressing calamity; famine and fever, in appalling succession, have

been doing the work of death ; the sufferings of the people have been such as to arrest the attention, and, in a great measure, excite the sympathies, of the world ; and the judgments of the Lord are still abroad in the land. Whether this awful visitation has been called down by those moral evils described in an early part of this Memorial, the author does not now venture to determine. Some future writer, who shall see "God in history," may trace its causes and exhibit its effects. Certain it is, that our national sufferings are not more manifest than have been our national sins. Not only had political agitation relaxed the sinews of industry, and disturbed the passions of the multitude, until the earthquake that rocked our island seemed to threaten the security of the British throne ; but the feet of numbers were swift to shed blood. God's laws were openly trampled upon, his name profaned, his sabbaths desecrated, his Bible exploded, and a corrupt and spurious Christianity substituted for the religion of Jesus Christ. "Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord ; and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

Thus far the infliction has tended to calm the strife of party and still the tumult of the people.

Well will it be for Ireland should it have the further tendency to break down the prejudices which have hitherto walled in the bulk of her population, and to open a way for "the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

With no small degree of diffidence does the author present this volume to the eye of an intelligent public, written, as it was, at different intervals, amidst important and anxious avocations. He is conscious of some of its defects; but for these, and others which he does not discern, he solicits a favorable judgment from his readers; and casts his performance on their kindness and candor, being aware that more is expected from the Memorial of Mr. Ouseley than could be accomplished by a person having much more ability and leisure than himself. If the sketch of Mr. O.'s ministerial life, however imperfectly given, shall have a tendency to rouse the energies of young candidates for the Christian ministry to similar enterprise and effort, the author will rejoice; as he is persuaded that whatever other means may be adopted for the melioration of the condition of our interesting country, the weal of Ireland, under the divine blessing, especially depends upon a succession of faithful,

self-denying men, who will imitate the noble example bequeathed them by Gideon Ouseley, who “jeoparded his life unto the death in the high places of the field;” that he might promulgate, to the people at large, the words of ETERNAL LIFE.

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MEMORIAL
OF
REV. GIDEON OUSELEY.

LETTER I.

Moral and political state of Ireland—Its disorders attributed to improper causes—Measures of statesmen inefficacious—Invidious national distinctions—Differences owing to English and Scotch habits of domestic economy as contrasted with Irish—Antagonist principles—Examples referred to—Subject, *one of fact*—Ireland cannot rise while under an oppressive and degrading superstition.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—In presenting to you an account of the ministerial labors of the Rev. Gideon Ouseley, and of the mission with which he was connected for forty years, it will not be deemed unnecessary to give such an outline of the state of the country itself, as shall show that a necessity existed, in the moral wants of the people, for the establishment of such a system of evangelical instruction as is brought to bear upon them by the preaching of the Irish missionary.

To dwell on the distressing details unhappily connected with the Irish name, is a task by no means agreeable to my habits or disposition. When compelled, therefore, by a love of truth, to touch on the evils which exist, and which we all deplore, it is not to indulge an ungrateful or invidious feeling to my country, but, if possible, to trace those evils to their legitimate source, to show the inefficiency of the political measures which have been resorted to for their removal,

and to exhibit the only effectual remedy which can be applied for this desirable purpose.

There is no portion of the British empire whose history and external aspect are better known than Ireland, and yet whose real state and character are less perfectly understood. The political relations of this country have afforded abundant matter of speculation to the theorist; her moral and social condition has awakened the sympathies of the philanthropist; and her religious state has excited the commiseration of the genuine Christian. The striking peculiarities of her children have supplied subjects for the sentimental tourist, who fancies himself as well qualified to describe the character of the rural population as to sketch the picturesque beauties of the scenery which surrounds them. Works of fiction have come to the aid of simple description; while, alas! the real miseries of Ireland exceed the most vivid touches of the pencil or imagination. With every natural facility which soil, climate, and situation, can afford for comfort and prosperity, she is degraded, depressed, and wretched; and, with all the elements of native courtesy, kindness, and hospitality, her children are false, treacherous, and cruel. Murder after murder stains the annals of our country. The midnight legislator issues his proclamation, and the threatening notice is soon followed by the foot of the destroyer. "Destruction and misery are in their ways; the way of peace have they not known; there is no fear of God before their eyes."

In one frightful feature of its character, Ireland seems to differ from every other part of the civilized world. The original sentence—"Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed"—is, in other coun-

tries, by common consent, regarded as irreversible, and the blood-stained culprit is brought to justice. Here, alas! they labor to reverse it; a criminal sympathy prevails for the midnight and noon-day assassin. Himself concealed, protected, succeeded; every effort is made to screen the murderer, and defeat the ends of justice. And while the victim of a diabolical vengeance—though an amiable, worthy, useful gentleman—is brought to a premature grave in the midst of his days, and dies unpitied and unwept; the villain, if at last brought by a just sentence to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, is canonized as a martyr. (See Appendix A.)

It does not come within my design to treat the matter as a politician, nor should I direct your attention to the subject in a political point of view at all, but for the purpose of showing that the anomalous character and state of Ireland, social and moral, are admitted in the highest quarters; that she has engaged the anxious, painful, and repeated attention of the greatest and wisest statesmen of all political creeds; that she is deemed worthy the regard of successive sovereigns; and that, notwithstanding all the plans of policy for the remedy of our national disorders, the core of Ireland's evils is confessedly untouched.

It is not by any means my wish to call in question the measures of men in power, in what may be thought acts of national justice, much less to take upon myself to impugn their motives. The difficulties with which statesmen have had to grapple are of giant form; and the system of religious deception which governs the bulk of the people is so insidious in its character, and tortuous in its workings, as to seem to bid defiance

even to detection. It is not at all surprising, therefore, that mere human legislation, however well intended, has been found, to the present, defective and inefficacious. Whether they have enacted penal laws, or repealed them by passing "the healing measure;" whether they have subjected the people to what they considered a galling impost for the support of a religion which they were taught to hate and anathematize as heretical, or increased the burdens of the state by endowing a Romish college; whether they have supported charter schools to be the nurseries of Protestantism, or established national schools for the purpose of conciliating the Romish clergy;—it matters very little: the question still remains, Have these, or any of these, reached the evils of our country, or tended to alleviate our national miseries? Statesmen have endeavored to explore the causes of her disorders, and to apply remedies for their removal, without effect. Commission has followed commission, to ascertain her real state; and the extremes of rigor and lenity have been alternately resorted to, in vain. Has there been a solution given to the enigma? Why have not the means so anxiously applied really succeeded in her regeneration or improvement? Does not the fell disease lie deeper in her moral constitution than the mere political system? Ought it not to be acknowledged that the palliatives have only tended to aggravate the fatal distemper? Still the disturbers of the public peace are at their work of destruction; still do the demagogues ply their daily task, by good words and fair speeches deceiving the hearts of the simple. "While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption;" affecting to deplore,

as patriots, the wrongs of their country, while they fatten on her miseries.

Greater concessions have been made to Popery within the last few years than for centuries; and yet, what is the fact now? Why the necessity of a coercion bill? One of the leading journals of "the people," the D. E. Post, has recently stated as follows:—"As we have said repeatedly, the right honorable gentleman (Sir Robert Peel) is not the man for Ireland. This country has been in a state of political or agrarian disturbance since he obtained his present office. We are old stagers, and we hardly remember a period of five years—the term of his ministry—in which such agrarian outrages, and so much political dissension, prevailed. He foresaw this clearly enough. He predicted that Ireland would be his difficulty; and he will leave it, socially, much more discontented, dissatisfied, disturbed, than even he could prefigure in his misgivings." And yet Sir Robert has for the greater part been walking in the path prescribed him by the Post. He has been laboring hard in the work of "conciliation." He has been patronizing priests, endowing colleges, and extending enlightenment.

The alarming symptoms of those social and political evils with which our ill-fated country is rife, have indeed been acknowledged by all; but the causes which give rise to them lie not so near the surface; and without the knowledge of the causes, the remedies cannot be applied with any reasonable hope of permanent success.

Where in other portions of our country it happens that a better state of things is exhibited, men of high intelligence, and otherwise unquestionable competency,

ascribe the difference to mere habits of industry and domestic economy by no means indigenous to an Irish climate. Contrasts are formed between the "Saxon and the Celt, the Scotch and the Irish," and the native indolence and improvidence of the aboriginal inhabitants but serve to exhibit to more advantage the state of social and civil improvement at which our happier neighbors have arrived. Alas! the causes of these distinctions, moral, social, and domestic, lie much deeper than the mere political economist is willing to admit. The difference solely consists in antagonist principles. On the one hand, the truths of Christianity are diffused, and by one class of people generally acknowledged. In our holy religion are contained the elements of social order, moral elevation, and domestic happiness. On the other hand, there is a slavish subjection of millions to the authority of their spiritual guides, without whose will *they dare not exercise, or at least express, a single thought on their own eternal destinies!* The revelation of God is carefully concealed, or artfully misinterpreted; a meagre and corrupt system of human invention is substituted for the gospel, and human authority absolutely supersedes the majesty of the divine law.

Have we not here a solution of the difficulties with which the statesman has had to contend? And are not the contrasts fully accounted for, to which the attention of the world has been so frequently directed, and which are so confidently attributed to other causes? Would the limits of this letter admit of it, I could, from my own knowledge and observation, point out numerous examples to confirm the above statements. I could name village standing in striking contrast with

village, purely on this ground; I could point out the same village or townland at different periods exhibiting the same class of evidence; individuals might be named who could give testimony in their own case to corroborate the fact; where the rude, ignorant, untutored servant-boy—the willing instrument of the lawless and designing demagogue, and prepared on the next occasion for deeds of violence, is, by the blessing of God on the preaching of the gospel, elevated to the rank of a Christian—becomes respectable, intelligent, exemplary; and, by and by, trains his children in those truths of Christianity by which himself had been rescued from the dominion of darkness and error. With such evidence before us, is it surprising that we are not willing to admit of these invidious distinctions on the ground of nationality?

As a proof of this: in some very striking instances we are indebted to France for many of those advantages of improvement and industry, which stand in contrast with the general wretchedness of the south and west. Many of those who, for more than two centuries, have helped to develop the industrial resources of the country, and by their wealth and manufactures tended to enrich it, to diffuse comfort, and to promote habits of industry and domestic order, were the refugees, or their descendants, who fled from a persecuting edict of Louis XIV., and found an asylum in several parts of Ireland. And yet we are gravely told that the difference lies in the domestic habits of England and Ireland. It is not surprising to you that informed men, who have had opportunities, from long residence among them of judging for themselves, are not quite ready to concur in the opinions of men, who, however

otherwise clever, take upon themselves, after a week or ten days' observation, (it cannot be called acquaintance,) to describe the character, and account for the social condition of the Irish.

Two things unite in the minds of genuine Christians in rejection of the conclusions thus drawn by speculative men—their love of country and their love of truth. The Irishman, in his native simplicity, is as susceptible of cultivation as either Scot or Saxon; and the truth, if brought into due operation on his case, would be equally effectual. But is not the subject, after all, involving, as it does, the dearest interests of the empire, presented to the mind as one of *fact*? And ought not the attention of the philanthropist and statesman be awakened to the true nature of the question? It is regarded by me without the shades that prejudice would cast around it; in this, at least, I am free from the spirit of sectarianism. I care not under what agency the power of error is abolished and the influence of truth advanced; but, until it is done, every scheme to retrieve the nation from disorder and misery, however excellent in itself, must prove utterly abortive. Whatever coercion may effect in the suppression of crime, or concession in the allayment of insubordination—whatever plans of benevolence may be laid for the improvement of Ireland, or measures of justice for her relief—no lasting benefit can be expected to result, while millions of her interesting children remain enthralled beneath the iron yoke of spiritual oppression. How can our beloved country rise in the scale of being, degraded as she has become under the tyranny of a foul superstition, which imposes mental bondage, and spreads moral darkness

through every country over which it maintains its sullen domination?

In my next you may expect some portions of evidence from other sources, to corroborate the principles and arguments of this letter.

Yours, &c.,

W. R.

LETTER II.

The Church of Rome essentially the same in every age and place—Testimonies as to its character—Archbishop Whately—Dr. H. J. Monck Mason—Edmund Spenser—Archbishop Usher—Bishop Bedell—Gideon Ouseley—Ireland not always subject to Rome—Acknowledged by Roman Catholic writers—Its calamities owing to submission to the yoke of Rome—O'Driscoll—Closing remarks—Proper distinctions to be preserved—The gospel, the only means of enlightenment.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—In my last letter, you were led to expect a reference to other sources of evidence, in corroboration of the principles which were there assumed. In its professions, and in some of its external aspects, the religion of Rome, chameleon-like, accommodates itself to its relative position. In communities where it is not dominant, it can crouch, and promise, and swear lasting fealty, while in subjection; and by these means many of the noble minded and unsuspecting in our own eventful day have been betrayed into a persuasion that time has wrought a considerable change in its character. Arrived at ascendancy, however, knowing no medium between tyranny and slavery, its mask is thrown aside, and the power that was gained by fraud and hypocrisy is unblushingly directed to purposes of injustice and oppression. “When,” says the celebrated Edmund Spenser, in his “State of Ireland,” “they are weary of wars and brought down to extreme wretchedness, then they creep a little perhaps,

and sue for grace, till they have gotten new breath and recovered their strength again." But it is to the moral and social effects necessarily produced by the inculcation of her avowed principles on the population I would now advert; and, in connection with this, suggest the only means for their enlightenment and conversion.

It cannot be regarded as a reproach to the Church of Rome that the character exhibited by it in one age must essentially agree with it in every other. According to her own canon of infallibility, it must be immutable; it is professedly "unchanged and unchangeable." Those descriptions, therefore, given by the historian, relative to the state of Christendom, previous to the Reformation, answer to her state in the present age. Popery in the nineteenth century is the same it was in the sixteenth century.

Numerous as are the authorities which might here be adduced, as to the character of the Western Church prior to the Reformation, I shall satisfy myself with one quotation, from a distinguished author, who, to say the least, cannot be suspected of a want of liberality to the Church of Rome: "Before the reformation of our church, the priest professed, like the Jewish, to offer sacrifice (the sacrifice of the mass) to propitiate God toward himself and his congregation. The efficacy of that sacrifice was made to depend on the sincerity and rectitude of intention, not in the communicants, but in the priest; he, assuming the character of mediator and intercessor, prayed, not *with*, but *for* the people, in a tongue unknown to them, and in an inaudible voice; the whole style and character of the service being evidently far different from what the apostle must

have intended to 'pray for one another.' The priest undertook to reconcile transgressors with the Almighty, by prescribing penances, to be performed by them in order to obtain *his* absolution; and, profanely copying our only High Priest, pretended to transfer to them his own merits, or those of his saints. He, like a pagan rather than a Jewish priest, kept hidden from the people the volume of their faith, that they might with ignorant reverence submit to the dominion of error, instead of being 'made free by the truth,' which he, as a Christian teacher, was expressly commissioned to 'make known; thus 'hiding the candle under a bushel' which was designed to be 'a light to lighten the nations.'"—*Whately's Discourse before the University of Oxford.*

The above description of the Romish priesthood and religion, is but too true a picture of the kind of system by which millions of our interesting population are enslaved; by which they are fatally misled, and kept in a state of perpetual hostility to their Protestant fellow-subjects, whom they are taught to regard as heretics, justly doomed to death and perdition. It will be seen by Dr. Whately's statements, that their system of teaching is not only deplorably defective, but pregnant with gross and destructive error; that the religion of *Rome* is opposed to that of the *apostles*; that its clergy are *profane pretenders*, *pagan priests*, hiding the candle under a bushel, by *wickedly* keeping hidden from the people the volume of their faith, that they may by ignorant reverence submit to the dominion of error. Such, exactly, is the religion of the Church of Rome to-day, "unchanged and unchangeable," which must, in its natural ten-

deney, lead to results the most disastrous, not only to the interests of the nation itself, but to the millions who are under its fell delusions. And is this the system, to conciliate which the learned prelate, in the "National Board," "kept hidden the volume of faith;" and for whose support and perpetuation he gave his sanction to the permanent endowment of the College of Maynooth? Alas, my country! when the most distinguished men in church and state unite in aiding, in their foul designs, those who pollute the streams of instruction at their very source.

You will not, I hope, deem me pertinacious on this point. The great barriers to the world's happiness and freedom, I most religiously believe, have been the dogmas and assumptions of the church, to which reference is made in the statements just placed before you. These continue in their full force, so as to obstruct the improvement of our nation; and, until the minds of enlightened and benevolent Christians are fully awake to this fact, they will be led, by a spurious liberality to the *men*, to overlook the *system* of delusion by which they are betrayed! or, perhaps, fondly to imagine it is considerably ameliorated in its character, and thus, under this mistake, misapply the charity, which might otherwise be efficiently directed to the regeneration of the country.

"There is, perhaps, no opinion that manifests more an entire ignorance of Satan's profound artifices, and consummate insidiousness, than that which of late years has crept into the judgments of some of the best men in Great Britain—that Popery had changed its character with the times. This opinion originated in a practical ignorance of its working, and a blind reliance

on its assertions; for even reflecting persons forgot, or believed not, that the system is one of equivocation from first to last. English-bred gentlemen and Protestants, generally men of truth themselves, and therefore not suspecting the want of it in others, credited everything that was advanced. They had no experience of their own; nothing to contradict assertion, but what was advanced on the other side; and having thus no tangible or visible symptoms to assist them in judging of the truth which was carefully concealed from them, they attributed the opposite allegations to bigotry, and thus were led to seal the death-warrant of England's Protestant independence.

“They have many of them, however, at last found out this truth, although, it is feared, too late, that Popery in the nineteenth century is the same in principle that it was in the tenth—the self-same ingenious system of error; with this addition, that it is now more set off with all the gloss of Jesuitism, spread over it to dazzle and pervert.”—*Dr. H. J. M. Mason's Life of Bedell.*

The above sentiments coming, as they do, from the judicious pen of Dr. Mason, cannot but carry great weight with them on this question. The patient application of his accomplished mind to the state of Ireland must have enabled him to form a good judgment on the subject; while his connection with the Irish Society, in furnishing the grand means of Ireland's evangelization—the whole of the sacred Scriptures in the Irish language—entitle him to a distinguished place among the real benefactors of his country.

In his “State of Ireland,” already referred to, Spenser says,—“The fault which I have to find in religion is but one, but the same is universal throughout all

that country; that is, that they be all Papists by their profession, but in the same so blindly and brutishly informed, for the most part, that not one among a hundred knoweth any ground of religion, or any article of his faith; but can say his *Pater* or his *Ave-Maria* without any knowledge or understanding what one word thereof meaneth. . . . For religion itself being but *one*, so as there is but one way therein; for that which is true, *only* is, and the rest is not at all." And as to the means by which the Irish may be retrieved from their ignorance and spiritual destitution and wretchedness, the same author observes:—"Yet, in planting of religion, thus much is needful to be observed, that it be not sought forcibly to be impressed with terror and sharp penalties, as now is the manner; but rather delivered and intimated with mildness and gentleness, so as it may not be hated before it be understood; and its professors despised and rejected. And therefore it is expedient that some discreet ministers of their own countrymen be sent over among them, which, by their meek persuasions and instructions, as also by their sober lives and conversations, may draw them first to understand, and afterward to embrace, the doctrine of their salvation.

"For if that the ancient godly fathers, which first converted them, when they were infidels, to the faith, were able to pull them from idolatry and paganism to the true belief in Christ—how much more easily shall godly teachers bring them to the true understanding of that which they already professed?" He then reproaches the idle ministers for not "winning souls to God," and that they did not "look out into God's harvest which is even ready for the sickle, and all the

fields yellow long ago." "Thus I have," he adds, "run through the state of the whole country, both to let you see what it now is, and also what it may be by good care and amendment."—*View of the State of Ireland.*

Such were the sentiments of this extraordinary man in the reign of Elizabeth; and if any candid man inquire into the subject now, and compare the state of things with regard to that church, he will find that, unless in those cases where the gospel has effected a change, the description is but too faithful to life in the reign of Victoria; and the very same means which were then requisite for the "amendment" of the condition of the people are now requisite for the same great purpose.

That illustrious prelate, Archbishop Usher, deeply lamented the errors by which his "poor countrymen" in his day were misled; and although his natural gentleness and mildness, and the extreme tenderness of affection with which he regarded the deluded votaries of Romanism, caused him sometimes, perhaps, to act toward them with too much caution, and even occasioned a fear that Bishop Bedell had gone to imprudent lengths in his manner of diffusing truth and confronting falsehood; yet he abhorred the system of Popery, and denounced it as a foul apostasy from Christianity and from the ancient faith of the country; and devoutly labored and prayed for its utter extinction, and for the progress and triumph of the truth in the world. In his book on the ancient religion of the Irish, he expresses himself in very affecting terms:—

"I confess I somewhat incline to be of your mind, that if unto the authorities drawn of Scriptures and

fathers, (which are common to us with others,) a true discovery were added of that religion which anciently was professed in this kingdom; it might prove a special motive to induce my poor countrymen to consider a little better of the old and true way from which they have been hitherto misled. Yet, on the one side, that saying in the Gospel ran much in my mind: 'If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.' And, on the other, that heavy judgment mentioned by the apostle: 'Because they received not the love of the truth that they might be saved, God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie.' The woful experience thereof we may see daily before our eyes in this poor nation: where such as are slow of heart to believe the saving truth of God, delivered by the prophets and apostles, do with all greediness embrace, and with the most strange kind of credulity entertain, those lying legends wherewith their monks and friars in these latter days have polluted the religion and lives of our ancient saints."

Again, speaking of penance as superseding genuine repentance, which was insisted on by the ancient church in Ireland, he says,—“By the new device of sacramental penance, the matter is now far more easily transacted; by virtue of the keys, the sinner is very instantly of *attrite* made *contrite*, and thereupon, as soon as he has made his confession, he presently receives his absolution, after this some trivial *penance* is imposed, which, upon better consideration, may be converted into *pence*, and so a quick end is made of many a foul business.”

“The Lord of his mercy open their eyes, that they

may see the light, and give them grace to 'receive the love of the truth, that they may be saved!' The Lord likewise grant (if it be his blessed will) that truth and peace may meet together in our day, that we may be all gathered into one fold, under one Shepherd, and that the whole earth may be filled with his glory! Amen and Amen."—*Usher's Religion of the Ancient Irish.*

The state of things which, centuries ago, the great Usher deplored, the pious and devoted Bishop Bedell, as well as his distinguished contemporary, mourned over; and for the effecting of a change in it, he anxiously and zealously prosecuted the labors of his life. "He observed," says Bishop Burnett, "with much regret, that the English had all along neglected the Irish—had left them wholly in the hands of their priests. And, indeed, their priests were a strange sort of people, that knew generally nothing but the reading of their offices, which were not so much as understood by many of them, and they taught the people nothing but the saying of their *Paters* and *Aves* in Latin, so that the state, both of the clergy and laity, was such that it could not but raise great compassion in a man that had so tender a sense of the value of those souls that Christ had purchased with his blood. Therefore he resolved to set about that apostolical work of converting the natives with a zeal and care that such an understanding required. For they had no sort of notion of Christianity, but only knew that they were to depend upon their priests, and were to confess such of their actions as they called sins, to them; and to pay them tithes." Again: "He also thought the true interest of England was to gain the Irish to a

knowledge of religion, and to bring them, by the means of that which only turns the heart, to love the English nation : and so he judged the wisdom of that course was apparent, as well as the piety of it.”—*Life of Bedell.*

Bishop Bedell, in his sermon on Rev. xviii, 4, carefully distinguishes between the religion of Rome as a system, and those who, though influenced by better principles, were unhappily in her communion; and shows the duty of Christians in co-operating with Christ to persuade them to “come out of her.” “And first, and most properly, to those that this scripture most concerns and is directed unto—the people of God holden in captivity of Roman Babylon; but, alas! they are not here, for this is one part of their captivity, that they are kept not only from hearing the voice of the servants of Christ, or of St. John, the beloved disciple, but of himself speaking here from heaven. Tell them then, that it is acknowledged by their own doctors, that Rome is Babylon; and it is averred that this is the present Papal monarchy; that out of this they must depart, by the commands of our Lord Jesus Christ’s own voice, under pain of being accessory to all her sins, and liable to all her punishments. Wish them to use the liberty to read the Holy Scriptures, and to come out of the blind obedience of men’s precepts and traditions the new and detestable doctrines, derogatory to the blood of Christ, which moderate men, even of her own subjects, detest.

“Give me leave, right honorable, to put you in mind that this also belongeth to your care, to *co-operate* with Christ in bringing his people out of the Romish captivity. And if to help away a poor captive out of

Turkey hath been honorable to some public ministers, what shall it be to help to the enlarging of so many thousand souls out of the *bondage* of men's traditions, and gaining to his Majesty so many entire subjects?

“ Finally : let us all beseech our Lord Jcsus Christ to give us wisdom and opportunity to further his work, and to give success unto the same himself; to hasten the judgment of Babylon; to bring his people out of this bondage: that we, with them, and the saints in the church triumphant, may thereupon sing, ‘ Salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, be unto the Lord our God.’ Amen.”

The recorded testimony of another competent and unprejudiced witness will serve to conform the view I have taken on this subject:—“ Having these many years past witnessed, and deeply deplored, the evils that have been distracting and oppressing my native country, [Ireland;] and been carefully weighing the various opinions and methods from time to time adopted, but in vain, to heal them, I came at length to this conclusion, which I now lay before your grace, that to *one point* alone, nearly, if not altogether, unobserved, are all these perplexities to the state, injuries to Ireland, and vexatious disappointments to my Roman Catholic fellow-subjects attributable. My conviction is, that the hidden *core* of the whole is a dire system of deep-laid religious imposture, combined with a spirit of insatiable domination on the one hand, and on the other a mistake, operating on unsuspecting multitudes, which—if not vigorously and timely checked, either by judicious exposure, or the strong arm of the law, to awe the turbulent, for no half measures can avail—will, most assuredly, ultimately succeed in sap-

ping the constitution, destroying all genuine civil and religious liberty, and filling these realms with confusion and misery. Let this dire imposture then be laid open, and the fatal mistake removed: so shall all these evils at once cease; and all our fellow-subjects can then, with perfect safety, be indiscriminately admitted to equal privileges; and henceforth shall they be united in amity and Christian kindness, to vex or afflict each other no more.

“ This state of things is the earnest desire of every honest heart on both sides, and what I have for many years been laboring and praying for; and O that my God may grant, that now, at length, I may have the happiness, ere my head be laid in the dust, to see it accomplished. In order to this, I beg to make the following statement:—The Roman Catholic clergy are sworn to the divinity of the gospel; that all faithful followers of it are true Christians; and that all doctrines, worship, and teachers, opposed to it, are false, accursed, and idolatrous. But they are also sworn to teach mankind the Creed of Pope Pius IV., containing many doctrines, and worship, opposed to the religion of Christ, as the only ancient faith, without which none can be saved; and to condemn, reject, and hold accursed, all things—every book, religion, man, state, &c.—opposed to it, as heretical, and to exterminate them in every way possible. Here lies the desolating imposture. By thus swearing to the truth, they throw dust in the people’s eyes; and then palm on them its opposite—their fatal creed! This point should be ever kept in view. Now the pope and his clergy, though sworn to the truth of the gospel, and to the falsehood of all doctrines and teachers opposed to

it, are sworn to teach the Trent Creed, that of Pope Pius IV. Hence they are, by this last oath and creed, sworn to contradict their first oath and the gospel of God, in order this way to uphold the Papacy, and to subjugate mankind to their wretched domination, or exterminate them where power enough to do so is had."—*Ouseley's Letter to the Duke of Wellington*, Feb., 1829.

Again: "It must be obvious to all Romanists of any information, that the pope's creed—his fatal system of religion, which he and his priests are sworn to each other to teach as the only true faith of Christ—is directly opposite to that gospel which they believe is his true faith; and is therefore a system, a religion, of the most notorious falsehood, idolatry, cruelty, and hypocrisy, that the world ever witnessed. Hence, when the laity suffer themselves to be so cheated as to follow it, do they not madly follow the broad road to their shame and ruin; what they must now see is the very contrary of Christ's sacred religion? And hence arises, of course, the difference of faith between them and all true Protestants. Must they not, therefore, now perceive that, while ever they adhere to this pernicious system and its teachers, they must ever hate Protestants, and earnestly desire to see them exterminated? [See Appendix B.] Should they not, therefore, clearly understand that it is solely on this ground that all enlightened Protestants, dreading these principles as they do, fear so much to intrust them with that power which would enable them to act according to their fatal system, and eventually destroy them and their dearest institutions? Mr. Plunkett, in his speech, November, 1822, on a ribbonman's trial, said: 'The

object and oath of the ribbonmen are, it is unquestionably proved, the subversion of the constitution; the separation of Ireland from Great Britain; the extirpation of all the Protestant inhabitants out of the country; and to establish the Roman Catholic religion in their stead.' No marvel at all, when their clergy are sworn that 'Protestants are accursed heretics, who should be rooted out.'"—*Ouseley's Letter to the Rt. Hon. Robert Peel*, Feb., 1829.

Numerous instances might be adduced to exhibit the system to which the above records refer, as the fruitful source of all our country's miseries and wrongs; but I do not like to swell this letter to an unreasonable length, already, it is to be feared, too much in detail. When, however, these doctrines, which are instilled into the minds of the peasantry from very infancy, are merely adverted to, can it be thought surprising that the peace and security of society are deeply affected? Nay: the wonder is, that more frequent and deadly convulsions do not rend our lovely, though unhappy, land.

These views will suffer no diminution in your consideration or respect, by the sanction of the venerable name of Ouseley. The letters from which the above extracts are taken were occasioned by a great political emergency in the state. Though written late in life, and in the midst of important avocations, yet they are characterized by a vigor of thought, force of reasoning, and justness of conclusion, which give indication of a master-mind, thoroughly acquainted with the subject. His arguments have not yet been answered, and must remain unanswered for ever. Nay, the events which he so devoutly and ardently deprecated

have but too well confirmed the prediction of the aged seer.

Great deference is, in my mind, due to his opinion, as being no ordinary judge in all matters connected with the political, moral, and religious improvement of Ireland. No one took a more matured view of the question than did Mr. Ouseley. The discriminating powers of that gifted man having been for half a century exercised on things involving the best interests of his native land, he saw the evil by which its millions were affected, and knew the sole remedy to be resorted to for its removal, and for healing the disorders of the country. His zeal for truth was free from the tinge of party spirit; he lost sight of mere sctarian distinctions—searched out *principles*—exhibited their tendency—and faithfully declared, both by preaching and by epistles, the TRUTH by which the “PEOPLE” are to be made free. Thus, while he was the uncompromising enemy of error, he breathed naught but pity for those who were under its fatal influence. He spent his life in laboring for the regeneration of his country, and often had he the happiness of witnessing the gracious effects which followed the promulgation of the truths of the gospel, in the enlightenment and conversion of thousands.

The various and extensive knowledge of Mr. Ouseley, his deep and patient research, and his keenness and accuracy of judgment, were all brought to bear with admirable effect on the several subjects which are embraced in his writings; and by his logical acuteness and power of analysis he penetrated the arcana of error, detected its subtilties, and held up to merited scorn and abhorrence the corrupt inventions of design-

ing and wicked men; that he might haply disabuse the minds of his erring countrymen, and lead them out of the gross and dangerous delusions of "Papal novelty," into the uncorrupted and peaceful truth of "old Christianity."

"Indeed, if we bring the entire subject to a trial, by the only proper test of genuine charity, whether manifesting itself toward the bodies or souls of men, the more even there is of the march of intellect to instruct our judgment, and the less there is of bigotry to prejudice our feelings, so much the more must the system of Popery, particularly if connected with Jesuitism, be jealously eyed by well-disposed minds. Its buoyant ambition, which nothing can ever suppress; its establishing, wherever it flourishes, an *imperium in imperio*, chiefly by means of its confessional, the more powerful as it operates through the conscience, and with the sanction of eternal motives; its encouragement of ignorance, for ever shunning the light; its falsehood, by which it lives, and thrives, and reigns, in everything justifying the means by the end; its slavery, and all such evil consequences that naturally flow from it, must ever make it to be dreaded by the true statesman or the patriot; while the Christian of any reflection or experience must abhor it in its certain results of leading the devout to idolatry and the indifferent to infidelity."—*Mason's Life of Bedell*.

I shall close this part of the subject with a reference to a Roman Catholic writer, to show that the history of Ireland's wrongs commenced with its submission to the yoke of Rome:—"There is something very singular in the ecclesiastical history of Ireland. The Christian church of that country, as founded by St. Patrick

and his predecessors, existed for many ages free and unshackled. For about seven hundred years this church maintained its independence. It had no connection with England, and differed upon points of importance from Rome. The first work of Henry II. was to reduce the Church of Ireland into obedience to the Roman pontiff. Accordingly he procured a council of the Irish clergy to be held at Cashel, in 1172, and the combined influence of Henry and the pope prevailed. This council put an end to the ancient Church of Ireland, and submitted it to the yoke of Rome. That ominous apostasy has been followed by a series of calamities, hardly to be equaled in the world. From the days of Patrick to the Council of Cashel, was a bright and glorious career for Ireland. From the sitting of this council to our time, the lot of Ireland has been unmixed evil, and all her history a tale of wo." — *O'Driscoll's Views of Ireland.*

Far be the wish from me to draw an exaggerated picture of the misfortunes of my country, or to confound the distinctions which truth as well as justice would teach me to preserve: the details of a criminal character to which reference has been made, are, alas! too well known, and the evidence, drawn from undoubted resources, has been adduced, that the question may appear in a fair and true point of light; and I conceive that nothing can be more palpable than that the maladies under which our nation languishes are *superinduced* by the causes to which, by the high authorities above quoted, they have been ascribed. Yet it is not for a moment to be supposed that such representations as have been made are descriptive of *all* who are known by the distinctive appellation of *Irish*.

Thousands and tens of thousands of these there are whose better feelings rise above the prejudices of their system; who deprecate the evils, political and social, with which they are surrounded; and who would rejoice to shake off the ignominious bondage which neither they nor their fathers have been able to bear. The great bulk of the Irish population, if left to the unbiased exercise of their own judgment, and protected from violence and persecution, would gladly hear, and in innumerable instances receive, the message of gospel grace and salvation.

My opinions may, possibly, not be free from those predilections which the love of country is likely to induce; but, from a long and intimate acquaintance with the Irish, and having been frequently a witness of the effects accompanying the preaching of the gospel among them, it has become my settled conviction that as there is no portion of the great mission field which has stronger claims on our Christian sympathies, so there is none that would more richly reward our liberality and toil.

It cannot be thought surprising that men whose minds have never been raised above mere secular views—who have never themselves felt the power of the gospel—should resort to mere political schemes for the improvement of our country; but those who acknowledge the supremacy of TRUTH repose their confidence in the efficacy of the gospel, and the accompanying agency of the Holy Spirit, for its enlightenment and regeneration. The time must come when the claims of truth shall be demonstrated, and this confidence justified before the world; when Christian churches shall be thrown upon their own resources, and roused

to an energy of action in the great enterprise by which the country will undergo a moral conquest; when their voluntary exertions and contributions will be consecrated to this hallowed end: and the "foolishness of preaching" shall accomplish that which neither penal laws, nor conciliatory measures of the state, have been ever able to effect.

Yours, &c.

LÈTTER III.

Aspect of society—Though discouraging, not hopeless—Confidence inspired—Effects of the labors of Wesley, etc., on the present improved condition of religious society—Rev. Gideon Ouseley—Rev. George Whitefield—Nearly shipwrecked—Puts into county of Clare—Passes on through Limerick and Dublin to Park Gate—Rev. John Wesley—First visit to Ireland—Rev. Charles Wesley—Progress of Methodism in Ireland—Diocese of Meath—Correspondence between the Rev. Moore Booker and the bishop of Meath—Closing remarks.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—From the concurrent opinions, given in my last, of distinguished writers of various religious views, and living in different ages, corroborating the sentiments which I had advanced, it will appear evident to you, that the greatest evil of our nation is a spurious system of religion, deeply laid and widely extended, which can only be removed by the light and power of genuine Christianity. However dark and deplorable this state of things may be, it is far from being hopeless; the expericnee of the past inspires confidence for the future, and prompts to a still more energetic course of action for the achievement of our hallowed object—the salvation of our country.

The patient toils and persevering constancy of the faithful laborers engaged, under the direction of the Methodist Conferenee, in years gone by, in the culti-

vation of the moral soil, and casting into it the seed of the gospel; and the wonderful success with which God was pleased to honor his servants, had no small influence on the religious movement which of late years has distinguished the churches of the country. And the success of benevolent societies during the present century, has, notwithstanding formidable difficulties, been surprising, in the promotion of Scriptural education, and in the diffusion of the volume of divine truth, both in the authorized version and in the Irish language. This affords great encouragement to godly men belonging to the evangelical churches, to prosecute their plans with greater ardor and fidelity; being thus assured, that, in due time, they shall reap if they faint not.

I have said that I care not by what agency the progress of error shall be arrested and the interests of truth advanced; yet I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that long before the existence of any such agencies as those just adverted to, for the enlightenment of the people of this land, a system of missionary instruction was in efficient and extensive operation, by the instrumentality of the Rev. John and Charles Wesley, and their coadjutors and successors. It might have been said of them, "Your zeal hath provoked very many." Provoked them, indeed, to a "godly jealousy." And it will be only known in the light of eternity, how far the Christian world is indebted to the pious and zealous labors of the brothers, and their unpretending followers.

Although my principal object is to exhibit to your view the ministerial life and labors of the Rev. Gideon

Ouseley, in connection with that which may be more strictly and properly denominated, "The Irish Mission," it will be necessary to take a brief retrospective survey of the agency by which the great Head of the church had been pleased previously to diffuse to a considerable extent throughout this country the knowledge of his holy word.

The Rev. G. Whitefield, without any previous intention of visiting it, had, indeed, been in Ireland, in 1738. He had sailed from Charleston in the *Mary*, bound for England; but, after a long and perilous voyage of nine weeks and three days, he, the captain, and crew, etc., were nearly shipwrecked, and reduced to the greatest extremity as to provisions, having only one pint of water, and a little bread; but, providentially, they were driven into a small seaport in the county of Clare, Carrick-a-holt, about eight miles lower down the Shannon than Kilrush. Mr. Whitefield was treated with the utmost hospitality by Mr. M'Mahon, a country gentleman, who also supplied him with horses for his journey. He reached Limerick on Saturday evening, November 19th, preached in the cathedral next day, and was received with great kindness by Dr. Bouscough, the bishop of Limerick. On Thursday 23d he arrived in Dublin, where he was received with great courtesy by Dr. Rundel, the bishop of Londonderry, and by his grace, the lord primate, Dr. Boulter. He preached on Sunday 26th, in Werburg's and St. Andrew's churches, to crowded and astonished congregations.

Thursday, 30th November, Mr. Whitefield writes:—
"After nearly twelve months' absence from London,

three months from Georgia, and a pleasant passage of twenty-four hours from Dublin, to my inexpressible comfort God brought me to Park-Gate."

Mr. John Wesley was the *first* of the noble band of Oxford witnesses who came from England to Ireland to unfurl the banner of the cross. He reached it on Sunday, August 9th, 1747, and preached in Mary's Church. He had been preceded by Mr. Williams, one of his own preachers, in the early part of the same year. Mr. Williams's labors were wonderfully successful, and, when Mr. Wesley arrived, he found a people prepared for the word of the Lord. He was soon followed by his brother Charles, who labored successfully for a considerable period through several parts of Ireland, as well as in Dublin; and when, in the March following, Mr. John Wesley returned to Dublin, he found his brother Charles there, on the eve of embarking for England. Thus the brothers succeeded each other during the first year of their evangelical labors in Ireland. In this visit, Mr. Wesley was accompanied by Mr. Swindells, of whom I shall have occasion to speak when Mr. Thomas Walsh's conversion shall be referred to.

"Next to their own country," says Mr. Jackson, "the sympathies of the brothers were awakened in behalf of Ireland, where Protestantism had fallen into a profound sleep under the shade of the civil power; and Popery, ever watchful and active for the attainment of its own selfish ends, was rapidly leading the body of the population into superstition and sin."—*Centenary of Methodism*. The masses of darkness were soon pierced by gospel light; and the stillness of death disturbed by the voice of these messengers of

mercy, crying out, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." The success attending those labors of the brothers and their cotemporaries scarcely finds a parallel in England itself, "so mightily grew the word of the Lord and prevailed." In less than three years this new doctrine spread with incredible rapidity. Not only in Dublin, and some of the larger towns and cities, but even through the rural districts, thousands of all classes "received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the Scriptures daily, whether those things were so." The thirsty land became springs of water; masses of the lower orders of society, and many of the Roman Catholics themselves, became subject to the faith; several of the upper and middle ranks heard "the joyful sound;" and some of the "priests themselves believed, and put salvation on."

It cannot be thought surprising that very dissimilar views were formed, and conflicting feelings awakened, by such novel and unheard-of proceedings as those referred to: while many of the regular clergy regarded with peculiar and lively interest the preaching of these devoted men, and frankly acknowledged the happy results produced in the religious character of the country, and of the church itself; it was eyed by others with jealousy and alarm; and those who favored this new religion were ranked among the enemies of church and state. In Dublin, and the adjoining counties, the whole community seemed affected. Many of the gentry, and some of the clergy, especially in the diocese of Meath, favored Methodism; while the bishop and several of his clergy bitterly opposed it. A most important and interesting record of those times is

handed down to us, which shows, at once, the extraordinary extent to which it had grown, and the hostility which had been called into operation against it.

The Rev. Moore Booker, an aged and respectable clergyman of the diocese of Meath, wrote to his diocesan for instruction and advice how to act with regard to this new sect: the bishop took offense, and treated him with unmerited severity; and Mr. Booker is necessitated, in his own defense, to resort to the publication of his correspondence with the bishop and his vicar-general.

The letters, with a preface, were published in 1751, by J. Kelburn, George's Lane, Dublin; and must have had but limited circulation. We are indebted to the Rev. Wm. Stewart for their republication, in 1810, in the Irish Methodist Magazine. With very little abridgemnt, I shall give you this important testimony as to the early progress of Methodism in those parts:—

TO THE READER.

It is with no small concern I find myself under a necessity of communicating to the public as a finished performance, what was only intended for private correspondence, and as such thrown together in the loose form of a letter, without any regard to method or style. That to my bishop was written with great sincerity, and I really flattered myself with the expectation of his lordship's thanks and approbation; nor had I been more free with his lordship than often before with impunity. But the very severe censure my letter received from a prelate, whose heart and intention I honor in common with mankind, could have proceeded only from the strongest prepossession.

I could never hear that his lordship or the vicar-general

had shown either of their letters, yet by the cry raised against them, (perhaps of one copy I had given of the first,) it was believed a composition of *all false doctrine, heresy, and schism*, and rigorous proceedings against me expected before I had the least reason to imagine it, as the reader will find.

I hoped my second letter would have silenced all this noise, till our late visitation, where his lordship, in his charge to the clergy, (as I was informed, coming too late to hear it,) cautioning them against the delusion that one of their brethren, naming me, had unhappily fallen under, (though his lordship treated me, when I appeared, with all civility and paternal affection.) My defection has since become a common topic of conversation both in city and country. His lordship having mentioned my letter, but being too tender to expose it, I showed the copy to several of my brethren. It was greatly censured by some, others did not think it prudent to speak their opinion.

I received daily requests from distant friends for copies of those letters, and assurances from them all that the publishing them was absolutely necessary to the vindication of my character.

That to the vicar-general, in the opinion of a great many, contains a more critical apology for my brethren the clergy than for my clients the Methodists. That the latter should need an advocate, in a Christian, Protestant country, seems to me quite out of character. I believe I have heard all that can be said, with the least propriety, against them, and still think they ought not to be discouraged. How those poor, simple, honest Christians, have rendered themselves so formidable, is what I cannot account for. I must declare that my church, at least its communion table, owes almost nine in ten of its company to their labors; and I can affirm the same of one or two neighboring parishes. Were it not for them, we should meet as few of the meaner sort there as of gentlemen of rank and fortune; and I take

upon me to say, if we, with equal skill and care, *water*, *dress*, and *prune* the plants which those poor people have raised to our hands, God will give the increase; and give me leave to add, that learned and zealous as even Mr. Wesley is, and all my parishioners think him, there is not one conscience among them more in his power than in mine.

LETTER I.—*To the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Meath.*

MY LORD,—I think it my duty to beg your lordship's advice in relation to my behavior to the people called Methodists, who are now greatly increasing in and about my parish. Upon their first appearance, as they were everywhere spoken against, I was far from giving them encouragement till I had very carefully inquired into their tenets, their lives, and their conversation. I found them very strongly attached in the doctrines of the Established Church; that they professed no singularities, except in a zeal for faith, purity, and devotion, that rises to enthusiasm; and all this accompanied with a scrupulous exactness in their moral conduct. The more I conversed with them, the more they insinuated themselves into my esteem. I was very cautious in my endeavors to rectify their frequent mistakes of texts of Scripture, and laying before them, in the most gentle and obliging manner, the rational sense of them as preferable to the mystical, of which they are too fond.

I perceived my church to fill, and chose subjects which might be most edifying to them; and I so far found the good effects, that last Christmas day I had at the sacrament above fifty whose faces I had scarce seen at the church before; and upon inquiry into their characters, found them mostly to have been persons of very profligate lives.

About a fortnight ago one of them told me, it was a great trouble to their society that they had not more fre-

quent opportunities of receiving the communion. I desired him to let his brethren know that I was always at their service, and at any time, upon proper notice, I should administer it occasionally, either at my own church or Drumcree, at their request, which was done accordingly yesterday at Drumcree.

I have always kept what are called the best company, but none that ever gave me such solid pleasure before. Some had come that morning, as I was informed, very near ten miles on foot, though the weather was very severe, and had prevented several. I had seventy communicants; true piety and charity sat smiling on their face; and I must say, I never saw divine service heard with so much reverence and attention. I was told there were but three in the whole congregation that did not profess themselves of that society, and those not of the first rank of them. They hold their assemblies in the afternoon, men and women in separate houses, where they instruct the ignorant, sing psalms, and pray.

Are these, my lord, subjects to set a Popish mob upon, to be railed at by fools, and, too often, from the pulpit? There is scarce a lay gentleman round me that has not taken them under his protection. They were speaking of building a convenient house for holding their Sunday evening assemblies; two gentlemen of fortune present, told them they would subscribe five guineas each. A servant from them is thought a treasure, and greatly encouraged.

Sunday patrons and foot-ball assemblies are quite frequent. The champions at those sports are now better employed; and the very *Papists* are ashamed of it. I should have told your lordship I had yesterday among my communicants six *Papists*; they have a seventh, but they have not yet made their recantation. I hope your lordship will have the pleasure of sending me your commands to receive them altogether very soon. These, I dare vouch for

them, are no hypocrites. It was not a little affecting to see the poor creatures open their mouths, for the bread to be put into them, as they had been used.

Upon the whole, my lord, in my opinion, the clergy should treat them with all gentleness and indulgence. If we can but reclaim them from their enthusiasm, and prevail on the more rational members of their society, for such they have among them, to lead them into a more intelligible manner of expressing themselves in their particular assemblies, they may become such ornaments to Christianity as may give us a little sketch of the apostolic age; but this, if possible to be effected, must be done by the most artful and tender address; and I have reason to think it not impracticable. In the mean time, disobliging methods should not by any means be used. That they are casting out devils in Christ's name, is undeniable; and we have not even the weak pretence of the infant apostles for the forbidding them, since it cannot be said they follow not with us. Besides, if they be irritated, it is to be feared they may entirely desert the church, and make its deplorable breaches wider.

April 27, 1751.

LETTER II.—*To the Rev. Dr. A—m, Lyn—n, Vicar-General of Meath.*

REV. SIR,—When I sat down to write my letter to our bi—p, I had just been reading the *Candid Disquisitions*. I thought it gave very good authorities for the right of a presbyter, not only for asking his bishop's advice, but for offering his own.

When I waited on his lordship, according to his commands, I found my letter had been greatly mistaken. I omitted saying, I did not put the bread into the mouths of my Popish communicants, who opened them to receive it; not imagining I could ever be thought so ignorant of my

duty, as to have put it in. I am afraid I was misunderstood in every paragraph; but upon a review of my letter, from a copy I had taken, I cannot see what foundation I have there laid for so many of my brethren being so greatly offended, nor did I suspect that any man of candor could have given a different character of them. They may be the reverse, in other parts of so large a diocese; and it is impossible the bishop could see them with any other eyes than those of his clergy. But I must insist upon it, my parishioners and neighbors of that society are not the Methodists represented to his lordship. I have made myself well acquainted with them, have talked with several of their leaders, heard their public lectures and exhortations, and not only heard, but seen and know the happy effects of them.

I dare not suspect those of my brethren who have represented them in a more disadvantageous light, to have been more hasty and rash, in their judgments concerning them, than myself; and that there are but two or three very young gentlemen among us who have not sufficiently considered the wise man's axiom: "He that giveth judgment in a matter before he hath inquired into it, and understandeth it, it is folly and shame unto him;" and are included in too harsh an expression of mine, in my letter to the bishop.

The only argument, my lord, made use of against them to me, that I remember, was founded upon a very strict sense of the letter of the canonical law, which was, that they had arrogated to preach without any legal designation to that office, being neither bishops, priests, nor deacons: such are indeed very wisely excluded from our pulpits; but I know no law of God or Protestants, that forbids Christians, even of the laity, "to assemble themselves together," at hours not appointed for the service of God or man, "to exhort one another, to confess their sins one to another, and pray one for another, to read the Holy Scriptures, and when merry to sing psalms. In psalms, and

hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord."

I know this to be their constant practice. Did they, like the Puritans of the former age, to which his lordship compared them, seduce believers from the Established Church, we should have reason to be alarmed; but the direct contrary is manifest, to the great comfort of many whom I know to be very good Christians. I will answer for them: they shall subscribe as many creeds, councils, articles, and homilies, as the most orthodox among us. I don't mention this as their supreme excellency: their paying their tithes, as well as their other debts, conscientiously, gives them a stronger title to my esteem.

My lord blamed me for mixing sometimes among them; but really I thought myself as much in the way of my duty, as some tender mothers whom I have known, when strangers had got into the nursery, to steal in, lest they should have brought their pockets full of trash, and poison the children out of stark love and kindness.

My lord, sir, cannot expect me to pay so implicit a deference to the judgment of the reverend gentlemen he named, as opposite to mine, so as to give those people the least discouragement, without some better argument than the weight of their number and authority. I believe I can count double the years of all the disobliged gentlemen except one, whom his lordship mentioned as a man of learning. I have known him a curate above twenty years, and of a very good character. They may be blessed with more natural sense and penetration; but they have not read more books, or better, than I have done, thought more intensely, or conversed with more wise and learned men on the subject of religion; not one of their souls is possessed with a more ardent love of truth, or more devoted to the interest of Jesus Christ and his church. They have not had more opportunities of conversing with the people of that society, of my parish and neighborhood, (I speak

of no others,) and of informing themselves in their tenets and conduct.

I have talked to one or two of my offended brothers on this subject. Their prejudices ran high; but they knew nothing of the people in question, as they told me, but by hearsay, yet were furnished with stories of their lewdness and vice, such as the Papists tell of Luther's consulting with the devil. Throw a great deal of dirt, and some of it may stick. Reason only can change my opinion of them; which at present runs so high, that I think persecuting and mobbing them, flying in the face of Jesus Christ; and that it would be better for me to be thrown into the sea, and a millstone about my neck, than "to offend one of these little ones that believe in him." The great Gerson's question must be mine: "To what end did God give me a conscience of my own, if another man's must be my rule of living and dying?" And I shall always think with Mr. Foster, an author I have heard my lord commend more than once, "that the errors we fall into, after proper care to avoid them and come to the knowledge of the truth, will not be of any great consequence in themselves, or prejudicial to our happiness; so that it is better to err, with an honest, unbiassed, inquisitive mind, (for this is often the effect of human infirmity, where there is the best temper, and a true rectitude of will and affections,) than to be in the right from custom, and an implicit reverence for tradition and authority." So that, if I am conscious of having performed those requisites for the rendering error innocent, I shall make a compliment to no man of my own sense, reason, and conscience, in a matter of such importance as the salvation of so many thousand souls as I have cause to believe are interested in the debate, till convinced that I am mistaken by stronger arguments than my own study and experience can suggest. But I promise all my offended brethren, that if any one of them, from his superior fund of learning and natural abilities, will be so kind as to show

me the falsehood or uncharitableness of any of the facts I have alledged, or conclusions drawn from them, I shall glory as much in confessing my fault, as in any conquest I could gain over them. And he may not only recover me from error, but vindicate himself from the imputation of having imposed upon his bishop by misrepresenting to him some of the best Christians in his diocese. And my reason for thinking them such is drawn from the infallible rule of the most just of critics, their *fruits*. Now, if I am commissioned, as well as the Baptist, to judge of causes by effects, and by the things I see and hear,—I may, without much straining of metaphors, say, “The blind see, the deaf hear, lepers are cleansed,” &c.; since, by their successful address, so many of them have been transformed from darkness to light, from the power of Satan to God, from the worst of men to the best of Christians. And if the diligent discharge of all the public and private duties of life; constant attendance on the established worship; if never omitting an opportunity of receiving the holy communion; if those mouths that were remarkable for oaths and blasphemics are now filled with the praises of God; if the sabbaths, long devoted to rioting and drunkenness, are now wholly employed in the service of their Maker; if, to my knowledge, card tables are on that day, by their example, banished, even from some gentlemen’s houses; if their light so shines before men as to be manifest as that of the sun in the firmament—shall we hesitate to place them in the rank of the best of Christians? And what I have here asserted is not from hearsay, but from my own personal knowledge.

We of the clergy, sir, are undeservedly reproached because our public sermons and private exhortations have not produced those happy effects on the weaker part of mankind. We can fall under such censures only from those who are very little acquainted with human nature. Our discourses are addressed to the reason of the people; and

I believe such as hear us, and are susceptible of the force of an argument, cannot pretend ignorance of any one article of their duty. But the very low and ignorant are only to be gained by so strong and violent an assault upon their passions, that no small degree of enthusiasm is able to carry to effect. When this is successfully communicated, and weak minds are very susceptible of the impression, it always exalts its object to its utmost height, and requires him to cool its ardor.

This accounts not only for the little success our rational labors have had, or are likely to have, on such subjects; but also for the ecstatic pitch of devotion so often mentioned to their prejudice, when no other reproach can lie. If this be a crime, indeed they are very guilty, particularly their new-converted *Papists*, and may be very justly called enthusiasts.

But enthusiasm is a term so little understood by the vulgar, that it passes with them for a very opprobrious imputation. I think it may be defined, an imagination heated and swelled so much above its natural temper, that the bounds of reason are too narrow to confine it; and it is glorious or infamous according to its object. Zeal is its twin sister; and so like, that it is not easy to distinguish between them. What character so detestable as the bigoted zealot? who more unhappy to himself, or dangerous to his neighbor who happens to differ from him, in a point never so trivial, when religion is in the least concerned? But zeal according to knowledge can never rise too high, if "it is good to be always zealously affected in a good thing."

Lord Shaftesbury, whose knowledge of human nature, at least, is undisputed, is of opinion that nothing truly great, of any kind, was ever executed without some degree of enthusiasm.

Impostors have indeed often feigned most violent agitations, and succeeded so far as to communicate them like a panic: and this for no other end than to cheat their hearers into a belief, that they were favored by God with such mi-

raculous effusions of knowledge and grace as enabled them to utter prophecies, which these poor people no way pretend to, but depend wholly on the ordinary co-operation of the Spirit of God with their own, which, they are persuaded, Jesus Christ has promised them in his gospel, upon the condition of true faith and sincere repentance. Their terrible agitations arise only from conviction of their sins; and their joyous emotions, which in some time succeed them, from the apprehension of "the Spirit of God bearing witness with their spirits, that they are the sons of God:" if all this be nonsense, it is not their own. St. John seems to have addressed his First Epistle, chiefly to such little children, that they might (not only suppose or hope, but) *know* that they have eternal life; and I hope that Protestants do not deny the doctrine of assurance that we are in a state of salvation, attainable in this life.

My lord, sir, referred me to you for further information and advice, in relation to the great offense I had given to my brethren, by my letter to his lordship; and I should have waited on you, but I hope my years may plead my excuse, while the weather and the roads are so bad. I left Ardbraccan [the palace of the bishops of Meath] too late, rode hours in the dark, in great danger from the rugged roads and extreme cold.

I believe, sir, it is expected I should vindicate or retract what I have written. In choosing the latter, I should expose myself to the contempt, not only of every Protestant in my parish, male and female, but of all my neighbors round me, one gentleman only excepted whom his lordship mentioned. They are all sensible I have studied those people, and know them as well as themselves.

I may be philosopher enough to despise the obloquies of men, so long as my heart does not reproach me, but dare not boast myself so heroic a Christian as not to fear those who can kill the body. When I returned from Ardbraccan I found a letter from my son in Dublin, acquainting me

there was a report about town that I was to be suspended for a letter I had written to my bishop concerning the *Swaddlers*.* I am in no great pain for my reputation on that score, it can be so well supported; but I may dread a blow which neither reason nor virtue can parry.

Alexander Erwin, a young man, my parishioner, remarkable for piety and virtue, passing some days ago through *Athboy*, a town full of Papists, one of them pointing at him, and crying out a *Swaddler*: he was assaulted by numbers, knocked down and beaten in a most cruel manner, some of the bones of his hand dislocated, if not broken, and it is to be feared, he will never recover the use of it. This, sir, or worse may, nay, shall be my fate, if nothing but joining cry against these poor innocents can prevent it.

You, sir, doubtless have received very different accounts of these people as well as the bishop. Could you procure me a sight of one of their letters, (for no one of our brethren, I am persuaded, would either write or speak injuriously to the character of any, and desire it should be kept a secret,) or lay your commands on some one of them, to give a rational and Christian answer to mine, it might recover me from my mistake. Make this as public as you please. I hope it will be taken for an apology for what I wrote to his lordship. It may be the only means to obviate the bad consequences with which I seem to be threatened.

I am, &c.

Thus have we seen the commencement and progress of this great work in some parts of Ireland, during the early years of its existence, and have exhibited ample

* This is a nickname which was given to the early Methodists in some parts of Ireland. It originated from a drunken fellow looking into a chapel when the preacher was reading in Luke's narrative of the birth of Christ the words "wrapped him in swaddling clothes," &c. The fellow's ear caught the unusual word, and he immediately cried out, "I know what these people are; they are *Swaddlers*."—AM. ED.

and disinterested testimony in its favor; and were it consistent with my design, I would gladly show you its spread and influence in other parts of the kingdom; but what has been stated, pretty fairly shows its general character and history, and, perhaps, may serve to prepare you for those details which are connected with the ministry of that singular Irish evangelist—Gideon Ouseley.

I am yours very truly.

LETTER IV.

Irish mission—Rev. Gideon Ouseley—Birth—Early indications of greatness—Education—Serious impressions respecting God and eternity—Methodist preachers—Holy Scriptures—Young's Night Thoughts, and Centaur not Fabulous—Deeply convinced of his sin and danger—Distressing apprehensions of eternal misery—Submits to God—Receives the forgiveness of sins—Exceedingly happy—Rev. John Woodrow—His grace the archbishop of Tuam—Anecdotes—Liberality toward Methodism—Courtesy to Methodist missionaries—Mr. Ouseley attains a more matured work of grace—First labors as a local preacher among the Irish—Scene at a funeral—Anecdote of a Croagh-Patrick pilgrim—Infidel gentleman—Mr. Ouseley travels and labors extensively in the province of Connaught, nearly seven years prior to his appointment by Conference—Proceeds as far as Leinster—Fruits accompanying his early ministry—Fitted by nature, education, and grace, for the arduous office of an Irish missionary.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—From the early times to which the above records refer until the close of the eighteenth century, great prosperity attended the general publication of the word of the Lord by the Methodist preachers; and, as will appear, there were many instances of the direct, though occasional, ministration of the word among the native Irish in their own tongue,—as in the case of the sainted Thomas Walsh, and others, who were “lights in a dark place, holding forth the word of life.” Until the year 1799, however, no stated, comprehensive, and permanent system of agency had been brought into the Irish field. Then, immedi-

ately after the Irish rebellion, the mission to the native Irish was appointed by the Methodist Conference. And, as the period chosen by that body indicated great wisdom, so there was a gracious Providence observable in the case of those leading instruments which had been prepared, and were then supplied, by the great Head of the church, for the Irish work.

Among those commissioned at that time to publish the gospel of peace through our distracted country, the greatest and most distinguished was Mr. Gideon Ouseley, then, for the first time, appearing on the Minutes of Conference, in the list of Methodist preachers; though not until then without exercising his talents for the glory of God, and the salvation of his perishing countrymen.

Mr. Gideon Ouseley was descended from an ancient family of great respectability. He was the eldest son of John Ouseley, Esq., of Dunmore, in the county of Galway, and was born in that town, in the year 1762. Details connected with the early years of Mr. Ouseley, some future biographer may possibly supply; and there is no doubt that incidents of great interest might be traced in the juvenile sallies of that remarkable man. I shall not call conjecture to my aid, where facts cannot be furnished; but from such things as came to my knowledge with regard to his early character, sure I am that in him were perceptible the workings of an ardent and uncommon mind. He would even then take the lead in the gambols on the lawn or on the green; and, if anything daring or enterprising were to be attempted, young Ouseley would be

“The first in danger, as the first in fame.”

There was nothing common-place in his mental consti-

tution: bold, generous, intrepid from first to last, with a soul breathing the love of liberty, free as the air inhaled from his native mountains, he would be seen, even then, rushing forward to defend the weak, to crush the oppressor, and to vindicate the rights of his youthful contemporaries.

It does not appear that Mr. Ouseley, being the elder son, was intended by his father for a profession. His brother, ten years younger, was destined for the army; when young, obtained a commission; was afterward distinguished as Major General Sir Ralph Ouseley, and, as a military man, ran a brilliant and illustrious career.

Mr. Ouseley, however, received both a classical and mathematical education. He never, even when young, did anything by halves; and was then, as may be supposed, a hard-working scholar. He learned to love "the sweet-voiced romances of Virgil, the cold and exquisite lyrics of Horace, and the living deeds and men of Homer;" he carried much of them in his memory throughout his life, and had them often happily at command, to illustrate his arguments in private conversation and debate, as well as in the important topics of his public ministry.

From the earliest period of life, Mr. Ouseley was deeply affected with thoughts relative to God and eternity; indeed, he never recollected the time when they did not, at least occasionally, produce serious feeling in his heart; but he regarded God rather as a stern judge than as the Father of mercies, and looked forward into the future world with emotions of horror. While these views imbittered his earthly comforts, no ray of gospel hope or light was shed on his path; no

drop of consolation yet distilled into his soul. He derived no pleasure from sources of worldly enjoyment. He was too thoughtful in the midst of gayety to fancy that such fading trifles as surrounded him were real; and too honest, at all times, to conceal his convictions; but, having no one to direct his inquiries to Him who had graciously said, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden," he was brought to the utmost degree of perplexity, and his reasonings well-nigh resulted in skepticism and despair. He would often cry out, in the disappointment of his soul, "Lord, help me! What shall I do? Who will teach me? Priest and minister no better than myself—as great fools as I am—we are all a pack of fools together!" The language of Beattie's Hermit might then have been adopted by him:—

"O pity, great Father of light," then I cried,
"Thy creature who fain would not wander from thee!
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free."

In the year 1789, the feet of the Methodist preachers were providentially directed to Dunmore. He first heard the gospel from those godly and simple-hearted men, and by their occasional ministrations, as well as by the reading of the sacred Scriptures, he became more deeply impressed with divine and eternal things. Dr. Young's Night Thoughts also, (especially The Infidel Reclaimed,) and his Centaur not Fabulous, were works which he liked to read, and were peculiarly suited to his taste. The sentiments of the latter, as to the folly and guilt of sensual pleasure, accorded with the then views of his own mind; and the former tended to increase those serious feelings which he

had entertained on the subject of his own immortality.

“Immortal! ages pass'd, yet nothing gone!
Morn without eve! a race without a goal!
Unshorten'd by progression infinite!
Futurity for ever future!”

It was not until 1791, however, that his convictions assumed a decidedly evangelical character. One evening, about this time, he attended preaching, when, after sermon, the preacher invited any seriously disposed persons to remain for the meeting of the society. Mr. Ouseley was an anxious inquirer after the right way, and he was, therefore, desirous to remain; but feared lest there might possibly be some secret plan with which his mind could not concur. “I'll wait,” said he, “until I see what they are about; but, if I find any juggling—any Freemasons' tricks—among them, I'll have nothing to do with them.” Thus did Mr. Ouseley first witness and join in class meeting. It was the very thing for his then state of mind; became peculiarly helpful to him; and was regarded by him, throughout his after life, as a most important means of grace. Frequently would he say, when inviting seekers of salvation to class meeting,—“You would like to appear blameless before the great Judge, when he shall come in the clouds: this is a *little* judgment-day, dear, once a week, to seek a preparation for the final judgment in the *last great day*.”

His inquiries now became more earnest, his convictions of personal guilt and danger greatly increased, and, early in May, his burden became intolerable. The cause of his misery was now also more perfectly understood by him, and his mind became more imme-

diately directed to the good which, as an undone and guilty sinner, he required. Before, he struggled against his own corruptions, under vague and indistinct notions of the mode of deliverance, and of that privilege of the Christian believer—the assurance of the divine favor: now his views are determinate; he believes that “God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself,” but knows that, without a personal interest in Christ, he is undone. The absence of this was painfully felt, and he earnestly sought after it. The language of his heart was, “The arrows of the Almighty are within me, the poison whereof drinketh up my spirit.” He cried out, “O that I knew where I might find him! that I might come even to his seat! I would order my cause before him, and fill my mouth with arguments. Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand where he doth work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand, that I cannot see him.” He longed with vehement desire to taste that the Lord was gracious: he had reason to believe that others had attained this enjoyment, but, as is common, he thought there was something peculiar in his case; he wanted comfort, and he wanted power—pardon, and a new heart. He would cry, “O God, my wicked nature! Fain would I be made a new creature; but, ah! I can no more do this for myself, than I can touch the stars, or create a world.” His views of a never-ending state of existence were as awful as they were true:—“I shall be ruined most certainly!” he exclaimed, with the utmost dismay. “I got such a sight”—he would say, in adverting to his feelings at that period—“I got such a sight of hell, and of going into it, never, never,

to be released through all eternity, that I cried from my heart, ‘O Lord, I will submit!’” His deeply anxious mind refused to be comforted, until he obtained redemption in the blood of Jesus, the forgiveness of his sins. He soon received a clear and well-attested evidence of the divine favor, through the atoning blood, and was made indescribably happy. This blissful change took place while he was engaged in prayer on the morning of the Lord’s day; and often did I hear him gratefully refer to “*that Sunday morning*” when the language of his disburdened, liberated spirit, was,—

“Where shall my wondering soul begin?
 How shall I all to heaven aspire?
 A slave redeem’d from death and sin,
 A brand pluck’d from eternal fire;
 How shall I equal triumphs raise,
 Or sing my great Deliverer’s praise?”

The change that passed on Mr. Ouseley “that Sunday morning,” was as glorious as his previous convictions and penitence had been marked and distressing. He always remembered “the days of the right-hand of the Most High;” never, till his latest breath, lost the precious treasure; and thousands of times adverted to it in tones of holy triumph and joy, while tears of gratitude to his great Deliverer streamed down his sainted countenance. The descriptions of his own experience, and of the ways and goodness of God toward him, were often made signally beneficial to my own soul, during those years in which I was privileged to be his “companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,” and the remembrance of them is now as fresh and refreshing to my heart as “rain on the mown grass.”

Soon did the intelligence of Mr. Gideon Ouseley's conversion spread through town and country. And, indeed, the delightful change was too great and too good a thing to be kept long concealed in his own bosom. The flame of love that burned in his happy heart, broke out in acts of zeal and devotion; and others were invited to partake of the gospel blessings which he himself enjoyed. He would then, among his neighbors and friends—as he often did afterward in his public ministrations, when holding out the invitations of mercy to perishing sinners—repeat, with cries and tears, another portion of his favorite hymn:—

“Come, O my guilty brethren, come,
 Groaning beneath your load of sin;
 His bleeding heart shall make you room!
 His open side shall take you in:
 He calls you now, invites you home:
 Come, O my guilty brethren, come!”

“For you the purple current flow'd
 In pardons from his wounded side;
 Languish'd for you the Son of God;
 For you the Prince of glory died:
 Believe, and all your sin's forgiven;
 Only believe, and yours is heaven!”

I often heard Mr. Ouseley make grateful mention of the Rev. John Woodrow, as a person to whom, in the early stage of his Christian experience, he was much indebted. The public ministry, as well as the private counsel, of that excellent man, proved peculiarly advantageous to him at that period, not only in furnishing his mind with information on religious subjects, but in guiding his zeal, which, in his first love, was too heated and impetuous.

Some things relative to Mr. Woodrow were communicated to me by persons who were acquainted with

him in those times, which, with their results, especially as they are known to few, may not be deemed out of place in this record. One of the places on his then circuit was Ballinasloe. The parish church was undergoing some repairs, and the church service was held in the Methodist chapel. The late (and last) archbishop of Tuam, the Hon. and Rev. Dr. Trench, was at the time rector, and he and the Methodist preacher held forth alternately the word of life in the same place. The preacher would hear the rector at noon, and he in turn would sometimes hear the Methodist preacher in the evening. The Hon. and Rev. gentleman once heard Mr. Woodrow preach on the new birth, and was afterward heard to say, "If all the Methodist preachers can preach like *that* good man, it is not surprising that the whole world follow them." He also heard the Rev. William Smith, and expressed his high satisfaction. Persons of intelligence and piety, on whose testimony I can rely, have informed me that the first views of spiritual religion which this distinguished prelate received, were under the ministry of the old Methodist preachers; and I am happy, from my own knowledge, to be able distinctly to state, that, to his honor, he ceased not to entertain feelings of respect for the successors of these pious men, nor failed to acknowledge them as useful ministers of the gospel. When Dr. Trench was bishop of Elphin, he held a visitation in Castlerea. A novel scene took place in the church, which afforded occasion of chagrin to some, gratification to others, and surprise to all; but it was characteristic of the Christian liberality of that noble-minded man.

“Mr. Blundell,” he said, addressing the clergyman, “have you any Methodists in your parish?”

“Yes, my lord,” replied Mr. B.; “but Hipwell, my clerk, knows more about them than I do.”

Then turning to the clerk, “Are you a Methodist?” he inquired.

“Yes, my lord,” answered Mr. H., “I am.”

“Have you a large society?” he added.

Hipwell. Not very large, my lord.

Dr. Trench. Who is your leader?

Hipwell. I am so myself, my lord.

Dr. Trench. Very good. Do your preachers come once in the fortnight?

Hipwell. They do, my lord.

His lordship then asked what preachers were on the circuit, with other questions, which showed a familiar acquaintance with the economy of Methodism, and with an interest which showed how cordially he approved of it.

At a subsequent period, when Dr. Trench was archbishop of Tuam, the Wesleyan missionaries in that part of the country had opportunities of witnessing his liberality. By his recommendation they had access to some of the leading families in the county, and thereby their field of usefulness was considerably enlarged; while his grace thus acknowledged them as ministers of the gospel, and afforded gratifying indication that he possessed a soul far above that spirit of exclusiveness and narrow-mindedness which is so common in the Christian world. Well had it been for the Established Church, for the Methodist society, and for other bodies of Protestant Christians—and well had it

been for the interests of our common Christianity—if such a spirit had been cultivated throughout every order of the clergy in the land. Such instances of liberality are as refreshing as they are rare. The early attachment of that great man to the Methodist ministry was never forgotten; and of the kindness subsequently shown to some of us, we cannot cease to cherish a grateful remembrance.

On every subject Mr. Ouseley took strong and decided views; and, on that great and important subject of personal religion, this characteristic of his singular mind was pre-eminently distinguished. When he had become saved by grace from the guilt and power of sin, he resolved to be a Christian in earnest. He was instructed by the ministry of the Methodist preachers to go on to higher attainments in the life divine; to “press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus;” and he longed to love the Lord his God with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his mind. He knew that this was “the first and great commandment”—“to love God,” as he used sometimes to express it, “affectionately, passionately, rationally, and with all his power.” The promise, he saw, was equal to the command; the provisions of mercy commensurate with both: and then the divine, the Almighty agency, employed to work it in believers—who takes of the things of God, and shows them unto us. He therefore concluded that the privilege of a matured Christian was distinct and clear. “O God,” he would say, “cleans me from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, that I may perfectly love thee and worthily magnify thy holy name!”

No man was more unshackled in his religious views

by the dogmas of a party than Mr. Ouseley. He would, to use his own words, "learn from a child or an archbishop;" but the teaching, if he would receive it, must be in accordance with the canon of revealed truth. He would, indeed, gladly receive direction from the messengers of the gospel, in guiding his erring footsteps into the way of peace, or directing him to higher and purer joys; but human authority, either as to bodies or individuals, carried no weight in his mind, unless he found their doctrines in THE BOOK. His theology, whether doctrinal, practical, or experimental, was taken from the inspired volume.

In the views which he formed of the great privilege above referred to, he simply thought that, if God had revealed it, there was no room for doubting the possibility of its attainment—it must be infallibly sure; as he sometimes said, "It is impossible for God to tell a lie, or to work a self-contradiction;" he therefore, as in the case of justification by faith, ardently and humbly invoked his gracious Lord for this higher blessing in like manner. He believed that "He" who "is faithful and just to forgive us our sins," is also faithful and just "to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." St. John declares, "Herein is our love made perfect, . . . because as he is, so are we in this world. There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear." St. Paul prays for the Ephesians: "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God." All these scriptures, and numerous other

“exceeding great and precious promises,” which are given us that “we might be partakers of the divine nature,” he thought portrayed the spiritual privileges of believers. He “cried mightily to God,” to use his own language; and after a short, but severe struggle, he proved that “the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin.” Then could he join in the doxology of the apostle, “Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us, unto him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus, throughout all ages, world without end.” Eph. iii, 20. He now “rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory.” Whether or not Mr. Ouseley *sung* the very expressive hymn, beginning, “How happy are they, who their Saviour obey,” I cannot tell; but it was at that time, and for many years afterward, a favorite hymn in Ireland.

Mr. Ouseley was now supremely happy, or, to use his own words, “as happy as the day is long.” He found “the pearl of great price,” and, always reasoning on the side of faith, and the efficacy of sovereign grace, neither the cavils of men nor the temptations of the wicked one were ever able to deprive him of the inestimable treasure until his latest breath.

It must be regarded as a matter of great importance in any memorial of Mr. Ouseley, that his personal religion was not only genuine, but that it was of a very high order: he was not only eminently zealous, but eminently holy; and the great secret of his zeal was the love of God and man that burned in his heart. Whatever natural powers he possessed—however they were cultivated by various and extensive knowledge—

whatever facilities he had in addressing his fellow-men—whatever power of reasoning in assailing their errors, or persuasion in engaging their affections on the side of truth,—that which gave the chief grace and efficacy to his ministry, connected with the blessing of God upon it, was the love of Christ by which he was himself constrained, and the deathless charity that “bear-eth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things,” and that “never faileth.”

It was thus that this distinguished soldier of Jesus Christ was schooled in a preparatory course of painful discipline and gracious instruction; by deep and heart-rending penitence, and thorough renunciation of self, on the one hand, and, on the other, a rich bestowment of divine grace; that “by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left,” he might be fitted for those hallowed enterprises and glorious achievements for which he was destined by the great Captain of our salvation.

When Mr. Ouseley had been made a partaker of the rich and abounding mercy of God, he felt more intensely still for the utter destitution of the myriads of his fellow-men in the surrounding country, who were like sheep having no shepherd. He would cast an eye of wonder and pity around him, and yearn over ruined and helpless thousands. A favorite text of his was, “This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.” If thy mercy stooped to me, the chief of sinners, thou canst save all the world. Such were the feelings and sentiments

with which his ardent soul was filled for perishing men, when he himself had found the grace of life. The following verses were peculiarly suited to his state of mind at this period:—

“Shepherd of souls, with pitying eye
The thousands of our Israel see:
To thee in their behalf we cry,
Ourselves but newly found in thee.

“See where o'er desert wastes they err,
And neither food nor feeder have,
Nor fold, nor place of refuge, near;
For no man cares their souls to save.

“Thy people, Lord, are sold for naught;
Nor know they their Redeemer nigh;
They perish, whom thyself hast bought;
Their souls for lack of knowledge die.”

The inward call of the Spirit was not less urgent than the demands made on his sympathies by the innumerable objects which crowded before his aching vision, in the moral gloom and dreariness of

“Wilds immeasurably spread.”

The holy impulse within, and the divine command, said, “Go—go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature;” and the voice of misery from without sounded in his ears, “Come over and help us.” Yet so did he feel his own weakness and unfitness for such a work, that he would fain have pleaded his total inability; he would say, “Lord, I am a poor ignorant creature; how can I go? Ah, Lord God! behold, I cannot speak; for I am a child.” Then it would rush into his mind, “Do you not know the disease?” “O yes, Lord, I do!” “And do you not know the cure?” “O yes, glory be to thy name! I do.” “Then go and tell them of the disease and the cure.” “So then,

with only these two things," he would say, "the knowledge of the disease and the knowledge of the cure, I went forth. All glory to my divine Master!"

It was now that Mr. Ouseley extended his labors beyond his own immediate neighborhood; and in the year 1792, and subsequently, he visited other parts of his native county, and the counties adjoining, and frequently, if not regularly, preached from town to town, and from village to village, the two things—"the disease and the remedy."

Mr. Ouseley from this time no more doubted the validity of his call to preach the gospel, than he doubted his own existence: and dark and besotted must that spirit be—an object not of envy, but of pity—who, by a narrow, sectarian exclusiveness, would deny to this good man the right of a call to preach the gospel. If the test set up by our divine Master be in this case the standard of appeal—"Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them"—then shall we be at no loss how to decide on the merits of this question. And, if this shall be the rule by which the Judge of quick and dead shall decide, when the final destinies of mankind shall hang on the issue, we shall witness then, that "the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous;" and, that "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever." Had Mr. Ouseley never been recognized as a minister of religion, in any Christian body, still his claim to a divine call would have been valid; he would have gone about doing good, and many would be stars in his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

The plan adopted by Mr. Ouseley in going about the country was altogether out of the ordinary way. His first sermon was preached in a church-yard, at a funeral; a place and occasion which he frequently afterward selected, as affording a favorable opportunity for addressing the assembled multitudes on the subjects of death, eternity, and salvation; and urging them to repent and accept the mercy offered in the gospel. As may be supposed, his addresses were desultory; but they were most pointed and appropriate, both as to the circumstances under which they were delivered, and the capacities of the people. He not only preached and exhorted in the streets and church-yards, fairs and markets, but was accustomed to attend the wake-houses, or places where the corpse lay: here he would mingle with the crowds who were collected for the purpose of "hearing mass," and while the priest read the prayers in Latin, not one word of which the people could understand, he would translate every part that was good into Irish, and then address the whole assembly, in the presence of the priest, on their eternal interests; preach to them Jesus, and salvation in his name.

One instance of this kind will answer to illustrate his manner of proceeding. Mr. Ouseley one day rode up to a house where the priest was celebrating mass; the large assembly were on their knees; Mr. Ouseley knelt with them, and, rendering into Irish every word that would bear a Scriptural construction, he audibly repeated it, adding, "Listen to that!" They were deeply affected; the priest was thunderstruck; and all were ready to receive whatever he might say. Service being ended, Mr. Ouseley and the congregation rose to their feet; he then delivered an exhortation on the

need of having their peace made with God—of being reconciled to him—submitting to the doctrine of reconciliation by real penitence, and by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. When he had concluded, they cried out to the priest, “Father, who is that?” “I don’t know,” replied the priest, “he is not a man at all, he is an *angel*; no *man* could do what he has done.” Mr. Ouseley mounted his horse and rode away, followed by the blessings of the multitude.* This instance will show, that however desultory the manner, there was regular method in all his proceedings, exactly agreeing with the state of society as he found it, and better adapted to the circumstances and prejudices of the people than any set form of ministration could possibly have been; and, as frequently appeared, great blessing accompanied the word, thus brought home to the wants and hearts of multitudes.

This species of missionary labor did Mr. Ouseley ceaselessly and indefatigably pursue, throughout the province of Connaught, and occasionally as far as

* The biographer of Mr. Thomas Walsh preserves the following account, which, as it bears some resemblance to the above, and as I have not seen it in those notices given by Dr. Mason or others, I would here insert by way of note:—

The Rev. Nicholas Brown, a rector in the diocese of Clogher, applied himself with great zeal and industry to the conversion of the Irish, in the year 1702. Understanding the language thoroughly, he appointed public meetings, and contrived to be with them just when mass was ended, and before the congregation was dispersed. He then read prayers, and preached to them in Irish in the open air. Upon one of these occasions, the priest, being much troubled at seeing his congregation attending with so much pleasure and devotion, told them, with a loud voice, “that our church had stolen those prayers from the Church of Rome.” To which a grave old native answered, “that truly, if it was so, they had stolen the best, as thieves generally do.”

Leinster, for nearly seven years prior to his appointment by the Methodist Conference to the regular work of an Irish missionary. It was his custom on the week-days to make excursions, as has been already observed, to different parts of the neighborhood, to funerals, places of public resort, fairs, and markets; and on those occasions preach Jesus to assembled multitudes. He would then, on the Saturday, ride off to towns and villages twenty or more miles distant, and with all humility of mind preach and exhort several times on the day of the Lord; return again in the beginning of the week, and, as far as possible, resume his labor of love among his ignorant neighbors. In those early times of his pious and faithful exertions, he could say, "I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. I ceased not to warn every one, night and day, with tears." And in this way did the devoted servant of our Lord Jesus Christ, regardless of health, ease, worldly motives, or even life, pursue his toilsome course, for the glory of his great Master, and the wellbeing of his countrymen.

Mr. Ouseley's public and out-door ministry was not the only method by which he endeavored to do good. He taught, indeed, "publicly, and from house to house;" but his colloquial mode of inculcating the lessons of sacred instruction on those who were ignorant and out of the way, was then, as it continued through after years, as remarkable as it was successful. Two or three specimens will serve to illustrate his general method in this respect. In one of his excursions, about the time we speak of, he met a man who had taken a severe pilgrimage of forty Irish miles, imposed on him by his priest, as penance. Mr. Ouseley

accosted him in Irish : " Where have you been ? " " At the Reek," was the reply.

Mr. Ouseley. What were you doing there, poor man ?

Pilgrim. Looking for God.

Mr. Ouseley. Where is God ?

Pilgrim. Everywhere.

Mr. Ouseley. Where would you go to look for the daylight when the sun rose this morning ? Would you go forty miles to look for the daylight, when it was shining into your own cabin door ?

Pilgrim. O, the Lord help us ! I would not, sir.

Mr. Ouseley. Then would you go on your feet forty long miles to look for God, when you could get him at your own door ?

Pilgrim. O then, may the Lord pity us, gentleman ! It's true for you ! It's true for you !

Another case, though of a very different description, was the following :—A gentleman, a stranger, rode up with him one day. After the common salutations had been interchanged, Mr. Ouseley immediately spoke to him about the great salvation that Christ the Lord came down from heaven to give to his creatures, equally the privilege of the rich and the poor. The gentleman expressed some doubts as to the truth of Christianity.

Mr. Ouseley. Don't you think, sir, that Jesus Christ was at least a *good man* ?

Gentleman. Ye-e-s, I do.

Mr. Ouseley. Do you not think that he was a *good teacher* ?

Gentleman. Indeed I must acknowledge I think he certainly was.

Mr. Ouseley. Another step, sir. Is it not your opi-

nion that he was really the *best* teacher that ever the world saw ?

Gentleman. [With some hesitation.] Well, in candor, I must admit it as my opinion that he was ; but then—

Mr. Ouseley. But then ! What then, sir ? Can you blame me for learning from the best teacher that ever the world saw ?

The gentleman seemed more surprised and pleased than confounded ; and it is hoped the conversation resulted in convincing a skeptical mind of at least the truth of Christianity.

At one time, while Mr. Ouseley was at home, he was engaged, as was occasionally the case, in some mathematical pursuit, when a Roman Catholic gentleman called on him, and made some remark on the sublimity of the science, as well as the accuracy and beauty of the instrument which he was using. He soon turned the observation to account in reference to the subject which with him was always uppermost. "Yes," he replied ; "there is Euclid," pointing to the book : "take him up. If you abide by him, he will bear you out ; but if in any one instance you depart from the principles laid down by him, you forfeit all claim to his support : you will inevitably go astray." "That is very true," rejoined his neighbor. "Very well, sir," continued Mr. Ouseley : "take up the New Testament ; read it ; and if you abide in the truth revealed in it, you will be infallibly right : Christ the Lord, the great Author of that book, will stand by you. If, however, you forsake it, you deny Christ ; and, if you were priest, or bishop, or pope, Christ will disown you." "O, sir, it is all right," replied the gentleman.

These brief, pithy remarks, were generally but the beginning of a series, in which the truths of the gospel were explained and enforced with considerable effect. Instances such as the above were countless; but they afford specimens of his every-day proceedings and manner, even in the earlier part of his pious efforts to do good. Those acquainted with him in after life will remember, no doubt, many such sayings as those now given, where the readiness with which he met every case, and improved every circumstance, however trivial, and the familiar comparisons by which he illustrated and applied the truth, were made signally beneficial to persons of all classes, high and low, learned and ignorant, whom he addressed. And those who traveled with him, and were privileged with frequent opportunities of hearing him, have been surprised at the facility with which, in this conversational way, he brought home the most important things to the minds of every description of persons; and the endless resources he possessed, for all occasions, were such as forcibly to remind them of the word of our Lord and Saviour: "Therefore every scribe which is instructed unto the kingdom of heaven is like unto a man that is a householder, which bringeth out of his treasure things new and old."

Many proofs were exhibited of the gracious fruits which were vouchsafed by the great Head of the church to those pious labors of Mr. Ouseley. I shall relate one instance, in connection with the scene in the wake-house, (see Appendix C) above referred to, which will give evidence of the result in several others. Some considerable time after he had exhorted the priest and congregation, he was riding, and came up

with a countryman, whom he addressed as follows:—

Mr. Ouseley. My dear man, would you not like to be reconciled to God, have his peace in your heart, and stand clear before the great Judge, when he will come in the clouds of heaven to judge the world?

Peasant. O, glory be to his holy and blessed name! sir; I have his peace in my heart; and the Lord be praised that I ever saw your face!"

Mr. Ouseley. You have! what do you know about this peace? When did you see me?

Peasant. Don't you remember the day, sir, that you were at the berrin, (burial,) when the priest was saying mass?

Mr. Ouseley. I do very well; what about that day?

Peasant. O, gentleman, you told us then how to get that peace; and I went, blessed be his holy name, to Jesus Christ, my Saviour, and got it in my heart; and have it here ever since.

These instances exhibit the early character and usefulness of Mr. Ouseley, while they give indications of one whom God himself had prepared by nature and grace for his work.

Had not Mr. Ouseley been received into the Methodist connection as a preacher, he would, in all likelihood, have taken orders in the Established Church. But his zeal, like that of the founder of Methodism, would have been too ardent and determined to be tied down by the restrictions of the rubric. Though he might not have said, "The world is my parish," he would have said, (and would have acted, too, in conformity with his own saying,) "Ireland is my parish." No bounds but those prescribed by Providence could

have limited his fervor of feeling and determination of purpose. He was carried forward by a vehemence of desire for the salvation of men which nothing could allay, united with a firmness and invincibility of resolve that could not be impeded until his object was attained. That which, to minds of common mold, appeared to be wild and visionary, was in him the result of well-digested design. Enthusiasm he had; but it was the enthusiasm of inspiration that filled and enlarged his soul beyond the common bounds. It was not of that nature, however, which seeks the end without the means; but that which aims at mighty objects that never fail of their accomplishment. His mode of proceeding, then, which to others appeared so irregular, was inconceivably better adapted to the elements on which he had to bring the truth of God to bear than the plans of the philosopher, or the measures of the statesman; and evidently effected a great amount of moral good where a regular mode of teaching, and the most exact system of ecclesiastical order, would have failed. The language of the great apostle of the Gentiles,—“Whether we be beside ourselves, it is to God; or whether we be sober, it is for your cause. For the love of Christ constraineth us,”—might have been adopted by Mr. Ouseley; and perhaps this scripture has not, in modern times, been more legitimately applied than in his case. He was “instant in season, out of season;” and the results of those early labors, which were “not in vain in the Lord,” demonstrated that the impulses by which he had been directed were divine.

The wisdom and goodness of God may be perceived in thus raising up, in the darkest part of Ireland, such

an instrument for his own gracious purpose to enlighten the myriads around him—who “sat in the region of the shadow of death,” in the lowest state of moral and spiritual destitution; and fitting him by such extraordinary gifts for the work for which he had designed him, and to which he sent him forth; a work which had been, alas! long neglected and forgotten by the Christian world—the preaching to the people of Ireland, in their own tongue, “the unsearchable riches of Christ.” That a great impulse had been given by indirect means to many portions of that class of people to whom Mr. Ouseley’s ministry was from the first directed, is certain; and that some occasional good of a direct kind had been attempted by benevolent individuals, in some parts of the kingdom, nearly a hundred years before his time, is admitted; but even then the province of Connaught derived no advantage from those early efforts for the benefit of the Irish. It is lamented by good men of all parties that no permanent, systematic agency had been established to meet the wants of the forlorn and destitute; and, with all respect to others, it may with safety be averred, that never before had a messenger of the gospel been commissioned to bear the tidings of salvation to the native Irish more eminently qualified for this important vocation. Whether we regard the matter of his deep personal piety—the gracious influences of the Holy Ghost with which he was so largely endued—the peculiar adaptation of his mind and acquirements to the work—his perfect acquaintance with the national habits and religious prejudices of the people—his natural bravery and unbroken resolution—and his great bodily strength, enabling him to pass through a course of patient, persevering toil,

unequaled in modern times, and far beyond the common reach of human energy and health—we must devoutly acknowledge a divine Providence in the call, the qualifications, and lengthened ministry, of Mr. Gideon Ouseley.

Yours, &c.

LETTER V.

Labors of Messrs. John and Charles Wesley and their coadjutors—Indirect effects on the native Irish—Direct instruction through the medium of their own language, attempted early in the eighteenth century—Limited and short-lived—*Mr. Thomas Walsh*—Testimony of, by Dr. Mason—Eulogy on, by Southey—Early connection with the Church of Rome—Deeply convinced of sin—Finds no comfort in the Church of Rome—Hears Mr. Robert Swindells in the street of Limerick—His conversion—Commences preaching in the county of Tipperary—Labors in Munster—Connaught—Leinster—The north—Suffers sore persecution from various parties—Effects produced on the Irish by his street preaching—Death in Dublin—*Mr. Charles Graham*—An eminent Irish preacher—Raised up in the province of Connaught—Labors as a local preacher for twenty-one years—Appointed as an Irish missionary by Mr. Wesley—*Mr. Bartholomew Campbell*—Originally a Roman Catholic—Great distress of mind—Pilgrimage to Lough-Derg—He believes on Christ—Scene in a church-yard—Very useful among the Irish.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have noticed Mr. Ouseley's conversion, his consequent labors, and, in connection with them, his qualifications for the work in which we shall afterward find him engaged. Before entering on the circumstances under which that work was commenced, our attention is claimed by the preaching of Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, and their coadjutors, because of its effects on the Irish population previous to the conversion of Mr. Ouseley. Indeed we cannot omit noticing this, if we would place the subject in a proper light. Through the instrumentality of Methodism, Mr. Ouseley was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth: the mission, in which he spent his ministerial life, was entered on under the direction of the Methodist Con-

ference; and any details relative to these do, in fact, but serve to exhibit, in one of its departments, that great revival of religion of which the Wesleys were such honored instruments.

The preaching of the Messrs. Wesley and their coadjutors was not without indireet benefit to the native Irish. In the counties where the Irish language is most in use, the doctrines and influence of Methodism had very much prevailed; great numbers of the upper and middle ranks of society embraced the truth, and in most cases those persons used the Irish language: many of them were employed as class leaders; they became the faithful interpreters of the word preached, to their neighbors, tenantry, and workmen; and, by those means, there can be no question that many of the lower orders of the mere Irish had been indirectly reached, by the ministry of Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, and the first preachers in Ireland. It was not unusual, even in later times, when the missionary, in his regular visits to a neighborhood, stopped at the house of a gentleman who understood the Irish language, to witness very interesting scenes: the gentleman would invite the country schoolmaster, who could read Irish, (a Romah Catholie withal,) and there would they spend the evening—several of the natives being present—reading the Irish Bible, comparing it with the English version, and making such useful and practieal observations as would be suggested to their minds on the occasion. These means, however, could be brought into but limited operation: though good in themselves, and in their effects, they were by no means commensurate with the moral wants of the native Irish.

But an agency was furnished from the ranks of these devoted men, which exerted a direct influence on the native population. Efforts to teach the people, through the medium of their own tongue, have already been referred to, as made at the commencement of the last century, in some districts of Ireland, by philanthropic persons of distinction in the Irish Church. Those attempts, however, were circumscribed and short-lived. Dr. Mason, in his work on "Employing the Irish Language as a Medium for conveying Scriptural Instruction to the native Peasantry of Ireland," having mentioned those efforts, adds,—“It is the very circumstance that we are now occupied in regretting, that the last century does scarcely afford an instance after these, to continue our chain of evidence from experience on this subject: a striking one, however, is to be found among those eminent instruments in promoting the revival of vital religion in the latter days—the followers of John Wesley.” He then refers to Southey’s *Life of Wesley*, in which the following account is given of the successes of THOMAS WALSH, the first of the early Methodist preachers who addressed the Irish people in their native tongue:—“The command of that language gave him great advantage. It was long ago said in Ireland, ‘If you plead for your life, plead in Irish!’ The Catholics listened willingly when addressed in their mother tongue. His hearers frequently shed tears, and frequently sobbed aloud, and cried for mercy; and, in country towns, the peasantry who, going there upon market-days, had stopped to hear the preacher from mere wonder and curiosity, were oftentimes melted into tears, and declared that they could follow him all over the world.”

The admirable Memoir of Mr. Walsh, written by his friend Mr. J. Morgan,* being so well known, renders inexpedient, in this record, any more than a very brief notice of his character and labors; and yet, as he was a link in the "chain of evidence" that continues down to the close of the last century, I conceive that any sketch of the Irish mission would be defective which did not include his honored name.

Mr. Walsh was born and educated in the Church of Rome, and was, if not a bigoted, a sincere member of that church. While in her communion, he was, without any means that could be supposed likely to lead to such an effect, brought under deep concern of mind for his personal salvation. Deeply convinced of his lost condition, he sought relief; but feeling the strength of his own corruptions, and his utter helplessness, he in vain sought deliverance from the power and guilt of sin. He went to confession to his priest: submitted to the penance prescribed by him; fasted, and repeated his numerous prayers; but found no comfort to his troubled spirit in these "beggarly elements," until he was brought to the brink of despondency. Passing, while in this state, to his lodging, in the city of Limerick, on the 17th of March, 1749, being then only in his nineteenth year, his attention was attracted by an uncommonly large concourse of people, assembled in a place called the Parade. He turned aside to see what it meant. There stood Mr. Robert Swindells in the act of preaching to the surrounding multitude. Mr. Swindells had accompanied Mr. Wesley on his second visit to Ireland, and remained some considerable time in the country, faithfully preaching the gos-

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pel in various parts. His text on this occasion was, Matt. xi, 28, "Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The very sound of this invitation was as a balm to Mr. Walsh's wounded spirit. Some short time after this, under the ministry of Mr. William Tucker, he obtained a sense of the divine favor through faith in Jesus Christ. The way by which he was led from his first awakenings was dark and distressing beyond description; but soon, under the preaching of these early heralds of the cross, he was brought by his gracious Deliverer "into a wealthy place." Then, his deep devotion and holy joy equaled his previous penitence and distress. His own account of his conversion is most affecting. His words are:—

"There was kindled in my soul a still more vehement thirst after Christ. Nothing could now satisfy me but the knowledge of an interest in his blood. My soul was sick with fervent longings."

"About four months after my most deep awakenings, and joining the Methodist society, the clear day began to shine, and the Lord, 'who is rich in mercy,' visited me with his salvation. He brought me out of the horrible pit, and set my feet upon the Rock. The particular manner of which was as follows:—Coming into the room where we often met together, I sat musing and meditating. My soul was looking out, and longing for Christ, as the watchman for the morning. The congregation being assembled, the servant of God (Mr. W. T.) poured out his soul in prayer. While he did this, the power of God came down in the midst of us: the 'windows of heaven were opened, and the skies poured down righteousness.' My heart melted, like wax before the fire; especially at the mention of

these words: 'Who is he that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious in his apparel, traveling in the greatness of his strength?' And again, at singing those words in the hymn:

'Behold the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

'Tis done! the precious ransom 's paid;
Receive my soul, he cries!
See, where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head, and dies.'

"The prayer and the hymn came with such power to my heart, that I was constrained to cry out, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name; for he hath forgiven all my iniquity, and healed my diseases.'

"And now was I divinely assured that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven me all my sins. The Spirit of God bore witness with my spirit that I was a child of God. 'Mercy and truth met together,' in my heart: 'righteousness and peace kissed each other.' Yea, so great was the deliverance, that I could not contain myself. I broke out into tears of joy and love. Having obtained such mercy, I could not but join with the angels (Luke xv, 10) to sing praises to 'Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb,' who so loved me, and washed me from my sins in his own blood. A new song was indeed put into my mouth, even of thanksgiving unto my God:—

'Honor, and might, and thanks, and praise,
I render to my pard'ning God;
Extol the riches of thy grace,
And spread thy saving name abroad;

That only name to sinners given,
Which lifts poor dying worms to heaven.

' Me in my blood thy love pass'd by,
And stopp'd, my ruin to retrieve ;
Wept o'er my soul, thy pitying eye ;
Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded, Live !
Dying, I heard the welcome sound,
And pardon in thy mercy found.

' No condemnation now I dread ;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine !
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,
And claim the crown, through Christ *my own.*'

"I had often in private cried aloud to God, yet it was not till now that I did so in the congregation. But my wound being healed, a necessity was laid upon me to declare what the Lord had done for my soul. In the same hour another, who sat next to me, was filled with joy and peace in believing. We both withdrew to another room, and gave thanks and praise to God together.

' All glory and praise To Jesus our Lord !
His ransoming grace We gladly record :
His bloody oblation—His death on the tree—
Hath purchased salvation, And heaven for me !

' The Saviour hath died, For me and for you ;
The blood is applied, The record is true ;
The Spirit bears witness, And speaks in the blood,
And gives us the fitness For living with God.'

"And now I felt of a truth that faith in Christ is 'the substance,' or subsistence, 'of things hoped for,' and the 'evidence of things not seen.'"—*Life*, pp. 44-47.

He had not been long in the enjoyment of the great salvation before he longed to make it known to others.

He had a deep impression on his mind that God had called him to preach to his perishing fellow-countrymen salvation in the name of Jesus. He soon informed Mr. Wesley, and sought his counsel in the case. The answer of Mr. Wesley is brief and characteristic:—

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is hard to judge what God has called you to, till trial is made. Therefore, when you have an opportunity, you may go to Shronil, and spend two or three days with the people there. Speak to them in Irish.”

Mr. Walsh lost no time. Accompanied by one of his own brothers, and by another Christian friend, he walked to the place, a distance of thirty English miles; and here, in a village in the county of Tipperary, did this young evangelist open his commission.

Mr. Walsh was a burning and shining light; and, during the brief season of his life and ministry, the churches were willing to rejoice in his light. “I knew a young man, about twenty years ago,” says Mr. Wesley, “who was so thoroughly acquainted with the Bible, that if he was questioned concerning any Hebrew word in the Old, or any Greek word in the New Testament, he would tell, after a little pause, not only how often the one or the other occurred in the Bible, but also what it meant in every place. His name was Thomas Walsh. Such a master of Biblical knowledge I never saw before, and never expect to see again.”

This was the first Methodist Irish missionary; and “the voice of one crying in the wilderness.” For three years he preached, at all seasons, through his native county and province; through Leinster, Connaught, and even the northern province. He suffered perse-

cution from clergymen and magistrates; from Churchmen and Presbyterians; and, above all, from Papists; while, in English, and especially in Irish, he was incessant in beseeching sinners to be reconciled to God.

Having himself, however, early felt the advantage of street preaching, (for be it remembered, *Thomas Walsh was the fruit of street preaching,*) he went to the streets and lanes of the city, as well as to the hedges, and highways, and fields; and even traveling by the way, he sought after those who wandered in the mazes of moral darkness, that he might rescue them from error, superstition, and sin. He yearned with intense compassion over millions of his countrymen, and sought,

“ With cries, entreaties, tears, to save ;
To snatch them from the gaping grave.”

And his zealous labors were as successful as they were various.

His mode of preaching was the very best that could have been adopted by a street preacher; though so very young, he seemed in this respect, as well as in others, to be divinely directed. Mr. Walsh's preaching was without controversy; and this, with an Irish audience, is the most acceptable and most successful manner. When, on one occasion, going to Roscrea to preach, he was met by a large number of men; nearly eighty having bound themselves by an oath, if not to kill him, that, at least, they would not let him preach. They intended putting him into a well; but through the interference of the Protestant clergyman, he got out of their hands unhurt. When they met him, he said, “ I contend with no man about opinions; but preach against sin and wickedness in *all*. Supposing,” he added, “ three persons among you of different de-

nominations, it may be a Churchman, a Quaker, and a Papist, sitting down and drinking to excess, begin to dispute, each affirming that his was the best religion—where is the religion of all these men? Surely they are without any, unless it be that of Belial. They are of their father the devil, while his works they do. And if they live and die in this condition, hell must be their portion.” This they could not gainsay.

Religion, he would tell them, was not a bare profession: that the true way was to forsake sin; and that, in order thereto, it was needful that a person should be pure in spirit, feel that he is a sinner, mourn on that account with a broken and contrite heart, forsake sin by applying to the Lord for strength, and then believe on the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation, as it is his blood that cleanseth from all unrighteousness. Then he would enforce on them the indispensable necessity of obeying the gospel, by conforming to the rules therein laid down; living soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world. These were the doctrines which that devoted man inculcated on the thousands of his benighted countrymen; a kind of preaching which is peculiarly suited to the views of the Irish, which cannot at any time fail of effect, in sapping the foundations of all error, and leading sinners immediately to Christ for salvation: and, if delivered in their own loved language, it would be irresistible. In the fervor of his pious soul he was wont to cry out with tears,—“Hear me; and if the doctrine I preach be not according to the word of God, stone me on the spot—make a sacrifice of me, only hear for yourselves.”

Mr. Walsh was the first, after the few efforts in the early part of the eighteenth century, already referred

to, who proclaimed, in the Irish tongue, the message of God's mercy to perishing men; and it cannot be thought surprising that such faithful preaching produced extraordinary effects. Thousands of the Irish heard the word with joy, and received it. The most affecting scenes were witnessed during his powerful and pathetic addresses: crowds would throng around him, cut to the heart, and cry aloud for mercy; they would weep, and agonize, and some of them confess their sins aloud to him before the congregation; and it was not an unusual thing for persons alarmed, and deeply convinced of their guilt and danger, with penitential groans and tears, to cry for mercy, and cling to the spot, until they found rest to their laboring, heavy-laden souls.

O God, send prosperity! raise up and qualify such men to carry the tidings of salvation through our country, until the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose—till the dark places of the earth shall be enlightened by thy truth, and the habitations of cruelty be turned into the abodes of righteousness and peace! On the 8th day of April, 1759, in the city of Dublin, Mr. Walsh exchanged mortality for life.

Scarcely had ten years elapsed from this event when God raised up another eminent Irish preacher in the person of Mr. CHARLES GRAHAM, a native of the county of Sligo, who, for twenty-one years, labored faithfully as a local preacher, principally among the native Irish of his own county, and the county of Leitrim. Mr. Graham was born in Tournagrachan, (tower of the Rocks,) two or three miles from the town of Sligo. Of his early years nothing has come to my

knowledge, save that he was proverbial for his fondness for daring exploits and scenes of amusement; and being naturally of a brave, undaunted spirit, he would often head the clan at the large gathering and the fair. No trace of a serious kind is discoverable in his character until between twenty and thirty years of age. The first religious impressions made upon his mind were under an afflictive dispensation—the last illness and death of his mother. While on her sick bed she was visited by some religious friends from the town of Sligo, who prayed with her. Mr. Graham was greatly affected during the time of prayer, and immediately after inquired,—“In what book is that prayer to be found?” “I did not get it in a book,” was the reply; “prayer is the gift of God.” He could not understand this; yet it impressed him with the conviction that there was something more in religion than he witnessed in the state of things around. Religion at that time was at a very low ebb indeed in the neighborhood where he resided; and becoming anxious on the subject, he began to make inquiries respecting it, but found no person to satisfy his mind. He was a Churchman, and attended the service of the church; but received nothing there to allay his anxieties. He thought he would examine every system within his reach to ascertain the truth; and resolved even to try whether Popery would afford him any light. For this purpose he took hold of an opportunity by which he was enabled to hear the priest without going to the mass-house. A funeral was about to take place; and he thought this a favorable occasion to seek for spiritual instruction, as, if he were likely to get it under any circumstances,

it was probable he would learn it in the house of death. The body of the deceased was not yet carried out when the priest addressed the people, and Mr. Graham heard for himself. The deceased, it appears, was a poor man, who, by the death of all his cattle, had been reduced to a state of destitution, and was not able to till his little farm; his neighbors recommended him to go to the priest, and solicit him to make a collection for him in the chapel, saying they would contribute to it, that he might be enabled to purchase a horse. He applied: the collection was made, amounting to five pounds, and next day the poor man waited on the priest; but, to his utter dismay, the priest answered his application by saying, "I made no collection for *you*, it was for *myself* I made it." The poor man laid hold on a book which lay on the table, and, stung with disappointment and vexation, swore that he would never bow his knees before the priest again. The neighbors were greatly exasperated; but for the poor man there was no redress; he pined away under the pressure of misfortune and wretchedness, and eventually died of a broken heart. When he was dying, his friends besought the priest to "administer to him the last consolations of religion," by anointing him; but he utterly refused it. Afterward, however, he was prevailed on to come to the funeral. His address was as follows:—"This man's soul is in hell, for he did not pay the rent of his soul for the last three years; and you will all be damned likewise if you do not pay the rent of your souls regularly." When Mr. Graham heard all this, he turned away with disgust, convinced of the absurdity and wickedness of a system in which such gross violations

of common sense and decency could be perpetrated with impunity, and assured that the truth was not there to be found.

About this time he became acquainted with some religious persons in Sligo, who directed his attention more particularly to the reading of the sacred records, and through this means his mind became more and more enlightened; but he did not find peace. The views of those Christians with whom he then associated were Calvinistic, and from them Mr. Graham imbibed the notion of particular redemption, which he entertained for some time. He shortly after heard the Methodist preachers, and by them was earnestly exhorted to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ for a *present* salvation. He heard with eagerness the word of life from their lips, and humbly and penitently sought, and soon found, redemption in the blood of Jesus, even the forgiveness of all his sins.

He was soon led to call sinners to repentance, and, having exercised his gifts, as already mentioned, in his own and the neighboring county, with diligence and success, in the year 1790 he was appointed, by Mr. Wesley, to the office of an Irish missionary. Mr. Graham had enlarged views of the divine grace and mercy. He boldly preached Christ to his benighted countrymen as an all-sufficient Saviour; declaring that he made upon the cross "a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction, for the sins of the whole world;" while he affectionately and ardently invited sinners to come unto him for pardon and salvation, beseeching them to be reconciled to God. The field of labor to which Mr. Graham was first appointed as a missionary was the county of Kerry. Many souls

were brought to God, as the fruit of his pious exertions, and he is still remembered in that country with veneration and affection. His name will again come up in conjunction with that of Mr. Ouseley; I shall therefore leave him for the present, by giving two or three instances which will show his mode of traveling and preaching, and the success which attended his labors in those earlier years of his missionary life.

Mr. Graham opened his commission in the streets of Milltown, and found his first lodging by asking a young lad, as he rode into the town, "Do you know any one in this town that has a Bible, and reads it?" "O yes," said the lad, "the clerk of the church;" and directed him to his house. He rode up to the door, the man appeared, and Mr. Graham told the object of his visit,—that he had been informed he was accustomed to read the Bible, and hoped he would have no objection to receive him into his house. The man seemed utterly surprised and ashamed. "I read the Bible, sir! no, indeed, I never read it, unless what I read of it at church on Sunday." The incident was not without its good effect on the man's mind: "Come in, sir; come in, sir," he said; "make my house your home while you remain." From being a character notorious for wickedness, he became converted to God, and was the first fruits of Mr. Graham's mission to Kerry. The new convert soon joined the Methodist society, his influence became considerable in the town and neighborhood, and he continued faithful unto death. Milltown, after a little time, became the head of a circuit.

Mr. Graham made two unsuccessful attempts to preach in the streets of Tralee; but, by a curious circumstance, he in the third attempt succeeded. Two

men had leagued together to assault Mr. Graham, but, by its unexpected result, the plan they adopted providentially put a stop, for that time, to persecution in Tralee. One of them took his stand behind an old wall, intending from thence to stone the preacher, while the other stood near the crowd to watch the effect; instead of injuring its intended object, however, the very first stone that was cast hit the accomplice, who was conveyed to the infirmary, and died soon after, it is said, confessing his guilt.

Numerous conversions from Popery were effected in several places under Mr. Graham's preaching, especially in Dingle. The two following are instances:—The first was a respectable Roman Catholic, who acted as purser in a man-of-war, then in Dingle harbor. When Mr. Graham reached Dingle, this man's wife, being a Protestant, went to hear preaching; the word reached her heart, and she soon found the "pearl of great price." She joined society, but found in her husband a most inveterate opposer. He tried every method in his power to dissuade her from her attachment to this novel sect, till at length he resorted to violent measures. One night, following her to the preaching-place, with a deadly weapon in his hand, in order to watch her coming out, he was induced to make his appearance in the house; the people were terrified; the lion, however, soon became a lamb:

"He fell before the cross, subdued,
And felt the arrows dipp'd in blood."

He soon obtained pardon, renounced the errors of Rome, joined the infant society, and for many years adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour. He was ultimately removed to England.

The other, a bigoted devotee of Rome, named Roche, who was also an abandoned drunkard, became a signal instance of the power of divine grace, under the awakening ministry of Mr. Graham. This man came to mock, but remained to pray. The word reached his heart; he sought and found merey through Christ Jesus; and, although thwarted by his wife, and exposed to the usual modes of persecution, he continued consistent and faithful, and, it is said, "finished his course with joy." Many such, doubtless, will this devoted missionary have for his crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus.

While treating of this period, our attention is called to another part of the land. In the north-west of Ireland, about the year 1779, a very extraordinary man made his appearance in the Methodist society, and continued in connection with it till his death—a period of many years. Very different, indeed, was he from the men I have been describing; but such a phenomenon in the religious world as to have attracted great interest at that time; and such an instance of the saving influence of religion, and so successful among his countrymen, as to render him not unworthy of some place in a record which is intended to exhibit the power of our holy Christianity on the native Irish. Any person acquainted with the history of Methodism in that part of the country, at the time referred to, must have learned something of Bartholomew Campbell, or Bartley, for such was the name by which he was better known. The simple child of nature, "rough at the rustic plough," he who saw him once was not likely soon to forget his appearance. Everything about him had an air of strangeness; but his most singular part

was performed when at any time a visit of the Rev. Dr. Coke was announced. Mounted on his white horse, taken from the cart or the plough, his saddle covered with rough goat-skin, he would ride off to meet the doctor, as county or city officials are wont to do with judges of assize, and then accompany him to several of the places whither he was going; nor could a more striking contrast well be conceived than that which presented itself between the doctor and his attendant. The visits of Dr. Coke at that time were considered as the visits of some celestial messenger. After the death of Mr. Wesley, for more than twenty years, he filled up a place which hardly any other man could have filled. Every one hailed his approach; every one loved him; and thousands flocked to hear him preach. Bartley, on these occasions, would be among the foremost in the cavalcade. Some of the good friends were wont to think that he only encumbered the doctor with help; yet the latter seemed as much delighted to meet with so wonderful a trophy of the power of divine grace, as he would be to see one of his beloved negro converts, in the islands of the far west.

In those counties of Ulster that border on Connaught, Bartley was well known, as a remarkable convert from the Church of Rome. Though rude in speech, yet not in knowledge: retaining the rudeness of exterior which had belonged to his origin, yet as a Christian he was a diamond of the first water. His own conversion was as genuine as the manner of it was rare; and his zeal for that of his poor fellow-countrymen was as ardent as it was successful. Without any previous intercourse with those who had experienced religion, or

any knowledge of the volume of his faith, he became feelingly alive to his eternal concerns. The Spirit of God, without any external means, moved on his benighted, disordered spirit, and produced such a vivid sense of his wretchedness and danger as to make Bunyan's well-known description of his Christian pilgrim (save that poor Bartley had no book in his hand) quite applicable to him: "With his face from his own house; a great burden on his back; he wept and trembled: and, not being able longer to contain, he broke out with a lamentable cry, saying, 'What shall I do?'" His sorrows were deep and unabated; and, under a sense of the divine displeasure, his soul refused to be comforted. He went to his priest—made confession—was enjoined penance—repeated prayers—received absolution from the holy *father*; but found no rest. His distress increased; and, to use his own words, "hell lay open before him." He went to other priests; reiterated his confession and penances; but only became more miserable. He at length meditated a pilgrimage to Lough Derg, where, it is supposed, all kinds and degrees of sin can be expiated. Lough Derg is a lake in the county of Donegal, province of Ulster; and is famous for the island which contains what is called *St. Patrick's Purgatory*. This is a narrow little cell, hewn out of a solid rock, in which a man can scarcely stand upright. Thither did he repair, a distance of forty Irish miles. He arrived at the lough, and passed through the customary routine; went to the priest, who was always ready to direct the pilgrims; and, the severe penances being prescribed and submitted to, he again received absolution. But, like former observances, these too were unavailing; his guilt

pressed still more heavily on his conscience. He returned to the priest, and made known the disappointment and anguish of his spirit. "Did not I give you absolution?" said the priest. "You did, father," answered Bartley. "And do you deny the authority of the church?" "By no means," was the reply; "but my soul is in misery. What shall I do?" "Do!" said the priest, "why, go to bed and sleep." "Sleep!" exclaimed the poor penitent: "no, father: perhaps I may awake in hell." Threatened with the horsewhip, poor Bartley departed under a load of wo; and, seeking some retired spot, cast himself on the ground, and in deep anguish of spirit, with groans and tears, he cried to the Lord Jesus Christ, and pleaded his precious blood. In a moment his distress was gone: he received a confidence that God, for Christ's sake, had pardoned all his sins, and the peace of God overflowed his soul. He returned to the priest, crying out in ecstasy, "O father, I am happy! I have found the *cure!*" His ghostly adviser, having neither lot nor part in the matter, answered only with execrations, and a renewed threat of chastisement.

Before his return from the lough, Bartley ran to where a number of persons were performing their rounds of penance; and, exhorting them to turn from those lying vanities, and seek the living and true God, as he had done, he told them that he had obtained pardon of all his sins, through the blood of Christ, and that if they would only come to Christ, as he had done, they might also obtain what he called the *cure*, and the *jewel*—terms by which he ever after described the great blessing of forgiveness of sins and the love of God. The priest, hearing that he was disturbing the

penitents, hastened to the spot; and poor Bartley, to save his life, was obliged to fly from the scene of superstition and impiety. He was well known for many years as "The Pilgrim of Lough Derg;" and the unusual manner of his deliverance from bondage was talked of by the religious with wonder and delight. I have been more circumstantial on this subject than, perhaps, its importance might be supposed to demand; but as the description answers to many other places of minor note, and exhibits the manner in which a crafty priesthood trades on the credulity of an unsuspecting people, I deemed it not improper to place somewhat in detail the sayings and doings of the far-famed Lough Derg.

Bartley Campbell returned to his home a "new creature," happy in God; but so ignorant and inexperienced as to be utterly unfit to guide his footsteps. He fondly thought that there was some virtue in the place where he had been made happy, and that his wife by going thither would receive a like blessing. He therefore determined to take her to it; and a scene ensued which partook at once of the solemn and the ludicrous. His horse was yoked; the bed brought out and placed in the cart; on it were seated their two little children; and his reluctant wife having taken her position beside them, Bartley and his family were soon on their way to Lough Derg. But his wife was a stranger to the kind of sorrow that had filled his bosom: they arrived at the scene of his former distress; neither the scene, however, nor his exhortation, could put her in possession of the *jewel* he had found; she went without feeling the disease, and she returned without the *cure*.

Some time after this, a priest in the neighborhood, who was noted for his piety, became an object of interest with Bartley; and to him he related what he had passed through, and what the Lord had done for his soul. "His confessor," says the Rev. Henry Moore, in whose Autobiography several of the above facts are recorded; "his confessor was exceedingly affected, and felt in some degree like Latimer when Bilney confessed to him, while the poor man, in his simple but energetic manner, told him of the *cure*, and the *jewel* which was beyond all price. The poor confessor could only answer by tears; and, after a few visits, he acknowledged that he had experienced a similar work when he was a very young man, but confessed on his part that he had lost the blessing, and had long walked in darkness. Campbell exhorted him to look for the *cure*, and be faithful with his flock, and tell them of the happiness that awaited them if they would turn to God. The priest was alarmed; and charged him not to speak a word to the people on that subject, for they could not bear it. 'Father,' cried out the happy man, 'they will all go to hell; and you will go thither with them if you hide the *cure* from them. I will tell all that I come near of the blessedness; and you will soon see what good will be done—only do not oppose me.' The priest reiterated his admonitions; but Bartley departed, fully determined to speak and labor for the Lord.

"Soon after, the priest gave notice that he would celebrate mass in an old burial-ground in the neighborhood, where there was only the ruin of a church—no uncommon thing in Ireland. Campbell attended; and when the priest had concluded, he stepped up to him, and said, 'Father you are to christen a bairn [a

child] in the village. Go, and leave the people to me. The dead souls, you see, are standing over the dead bodies; and I hope the Lord will awaken the uppermost.' 'Take care what you do,' said the intimidated priest: 'make no disturbance, I charge you.' He then departed; and Bartley soon after began to lay before the staring multitude his own former miserable condition, and the efforts he had vainly made for deliverance. But when he came to speak, from the fullness of his heart, of the *cure* and the *jewel*, how Christ had blotted out his sins, and given him to enjoy his love, so that, said he, 'I am happy all the day long, and I no more fear to die than to go to sleep,'—the effect was astonishing. A general and piercing cry arose. Almost the whole assembly fell upon their knees; while some lay prostrate, groaning with deep anguish. The cry was heard at the village; and the priest soon advanced at the head of several followers. He demanded of Campbell how he dared thus to disturb his flock, but was only answered by vehement entreaties not to hinder the work of God. 'You rascal!' said the priest, 'do you oppose the church?' 'No, father,' he replied, 'I have found the church.' 'You villain!' said the priest, 'begone!' and struck him over the head with his horse-whip. Poor Bartley felt, as John Nelson said of old, 'an old man's bone in him;' and, hardly knowing what he did, he gave the priest a push, who, falling over a grave, his heels flew up higher than his head. A general insurrection was the consequence, the people thinking he had knocked the priest down. All were eager to lay hands on the culprit. The lamentations for their sins gave place to fury; and poor Campbell was obliged to fly for his life. He escaped the vengeance of the

infuriated multitude; but his conscience, which was tender, received a fresh wound, and he went mourning all the day long, not knowing how to recover his happiness, till he almost lost all power. In this state he met with some of the Methodists, who understood his case, and encouraged him to come again to the 'fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness.'

"He continued with the people, and fully recovered his peace, and became useful. He had a strong understanding, and great ardeney of spirit; and as he perfectly understood the Irish language, he became an instrument of great good to the poor people of the communion he had left. When I was stationed in Dublin, forty years ago, he walked from his distant dwelling, about a hundred English miles, to see me; and I rejoiced for all the good that he had received from the Lord, and also for what he was enabled to do for his good Master. He gave me an account of the work in those parts near the place where he lived. I admired the grace of God which was in him, considering his uncultivated mind; and was amused with some of his strong expressions. He could not be satisfied with any meeting where there were none convinced of sin, or enabled to rejoice in God, as blotting out their sins; he used to call such a meeting a 'sham fight.' So it is that 'the Lord still chooses the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and base things, and things that are not, to bring to naught things that are, that no flesh may glory in his sight.' I have not heard of him for several years; but I trust to meet him among those 'whose robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.'"—*Life of Henry Moore.*

The divine providence is, I conceive, strikingly exemplified in thus supplying, in the darkest parts of the country, an instrumentality adapted to the wants of the people, and continuing the "chain of evidence" from the early labors of the Wesleys down to the close of the eighteenth century; but this could not have been so distinctly understood had the above facts not been adduced; and, simple as are some of them, they afforded eminent instances of the blessed effects of divine truth and grace on the native Irish; and, in the order of God, prepared the way for a more general and permanent agency for the regeneration of our country.

Yours, &c.

LETTER VI.

State of Ireland previous to the appointment of Mr. Ouseley as a missionary—Irish rebellion of 1798—Irish Roman Catholics not seeking a true republic, but the subjugation of Ireland to a foreign pontiff—War of extermination against Protestants—Atrocities perpetrated by the rebels, led on by their priests—Irish Conference—Dr. Coke—Address to the British Conference—Affecting description of the Irish rebellion—Conference of 1799—Appointment of the Irish mission—Sanctioned by the British Conference—Labors of Messrs. Graham and Ouseley—Success—Letters to Dr. Coke from Messrs. Rennick, Davis, Brown, Graham, and Ouseley.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—In the year 1799 the name of Mr. Gideon Ouseley appears, for the first time, in the Minutes of Conference, as an Irish missionary. While the period chosen by the Wesleyan Conference for the commencement of a general mission to the native Irish manifested great wisdom, the attempting to carry out such an arduous enterprise required no small degree of godly zeal, and of confidence in the great Head of the church.

I cannot with any propriety, I conceive, enter upon the details of Mr. Ouseley's labors and successes as an

Irish missionary without giving a brief sketch of the eventful period which preceded his appointment to that important work, as well as a view of the condition to which the tragical scenes of those times had reduced the Irish nation. The history of our island is, alas! written in characters of blood; but, reserving for another place the distressing narrative, I would now satisfy myself with a general description of the state of the country.

In the year 1798, as is but too well known, a fearful and well-organized rebellion broke out in our unhappy country, which threatened the dismemberment of the empire, and, in its course, was marked by atrocities as foul as had ever disgraced any country or times. The revolutionary mania of the age had spread with rapidity, from the year 1795 especially, until the latter part of 1797, when the most alarming symptoms prevailed, and the whole social system became deeply affected. The tendency to revolution among great numbers of the inhabitants of Protestant Ulster had long been acknowledged, and now it was evident that it had ripened into a system of insurrection. By paid agents, who bore the name of Protestant, the Popish party carried on their negotiations with the Protestants of Ulster; and, at first concealing their real designs, they succeeded, to a great extent, in effecting a union of very different parties for carrying out one proposed object. Theobald Wolfe Tone, a Protestant by profession, but in reality an infidel—a needy barrister, though a man of considerable talent—was retained for the purpose of infecting the leading Protestants, which he, in a great measure, succeeded in accomplishing. The object at which they aimed was to throw off the yoke of

England; and for the achievement of this object they sought succor from France. The principles of the northerners were purely republican, without any distinctions of religion or sect; but—whatever may have been the primary design of the republicans of the day, and of the unsuspecting Protestants unhappily fraternized in their political schemes—the ultimate object of the Popish party was the reclaiming of Ireland from Great Britain; not for the formation of a true republic, but for the purpose of once more placing her under the domination of a foreign pontiff; and while the misguided Protestants resorted to deeds of violence, that they might secure, as they fondly conceived, their political rights, the Romanists designed and prosecuted a war of extermination against their fellow-countrymen who professed the Protestant religion, and whom they proscribed as heretics, and rebels against their lord the pope. This, however, became so palpable by the cold-blooded massacres of Protestants perpetrated in the south, and by the leading part which the ecclesiasties of the Romish Church took in the horrifying scenes, that the northern rebels, convinced of the treachery of their Popish associates, detached themselves from the union, and ultimately extinguished the flame of rebellion in the north.

Without remarking on the veracity of the apologists for rebellion, who boldly affirm that a Protestant government, for ulterior purposes, instigated and fomented the national discords by which the country was brought to the verge of destruction—I shall only say, that a reference to well-authenticated records of the times will convince the unprejudiced inquirer that the war was prosecuted on religious grounds alone;

that innocent unoffending multitudes were slaughtered in cold blood, for no other reason than their being Protestants; that the rebels audaciously avowed they murdered them because they were heretics; and that misguided people were led on by their own priests, animating them with motives drawn from their religion; that they were doing God service; that they enhanced their own merit in proportion to the number of their victims, and of course would, as a reward, insure their happiness in a future world! Whoever reads the history of the "Irish rebellion," written, in some instances, by sufferers and eye-witnesses of undoubted credit, and in other instances by men drawing their materials from unquestionable sources, must be awakened to the melancholy and astounding facts above adverted to. But, as it is not my intention to swell this letter, by dwelling on these horrifying details, I shall only relate two or three cases, which were communicated to myself by credible witnesses, and refer you to other authorities on the subject.*

Not long since, visiting the town of Enniscorthy, on a missionary deputation, I lodged at the house of Mrs. Cooper, whose father, Mr. George Horneck, had endured sufferings almost incredible in the rebellion. No one had informed me of her character or history, and I was scarcely prepared for the scene which presented itself. When I entered the parlor, and was introduced to herself and her sister—both old gentlewomen, in whose features were exhibited the lines of deep and long-continued sorrow—turning to Mrs.

* See George Taylor's History of the Rebellion, Sir Richard Musgrave's Memoirs, &c., and the Rev. Matthew Langtree's Biographical Narrative.

Cooper, I said, "I perceive, madam, that affliction has found its way to this abode." "Yes, sir," she replied, "I have long been conversant with affliction"—entering immediately on her heart-rending narrative with an expression of voice and countenance which I cannot soon forget—"I was a young wife and mother, at the time of the Irish rebellion. My two brothers—one a clergyman of the Established Church, the other a young doctor—were put to death by the rebels: my elder brother, the clergyman, was first cruelly murdered by a rebel party; they then conducted my younger brother a prisoner to the camp on Vinegar Hill; they stripped him to his shirt, shot him, and left him for dead; but, shortly after, perceiving some symptoms of life, they knocked him on the head with the butt end of a musket. About midnight, however, he so far recovered as to creep, though in a state of extreme exhaustion, to the river Slaney. When he attempted to ford it, they perceived him from the hill, and fired on him; he stripped off his shirt, and spread it on the river, thus attracting their attention, and, for a time, effected his escape to a place of momentary safety; but soon after he was met by a party of rebels, who completed the work of death. My husband was murdered in the upper end of that street"—pointing to the street opposite the window—"and next day the monster who put him to death paraded before my door, wearing my dear husband's clothes. Three months after this I gave birth to a girl, who, when she was three years old, was burned to death." Some things of more recent occurrence closed the mournful catalogue, but, as they are not connected with the subject of this letter, they need not be here mentioned.

In Sir Richard Musgrave's *Memoirs of the Rebellion*, he gives a circumstantial relation of the sufferings of Mr. George Horneck, and his family; including an account of the death of his two sons, and of his son-in-law, Mr. Charles Cooper.

Instances of similar atrocities might be multiplied, as perpetrated under the command of spiritual guides, who were now become the leaders in rebellion; but such details are by no means agreeable to me, and I shall only mention one more fact, which was communicated to me by a credible eye and ear witness. Priest Kearns was a distinguished leader in the sanguinary scenes just described; and, in the streets of Ennis-corthy, giving the word of command to his flock, was heard by my informant to say, "Boys, the more heretics you kill the less sin you will have to answer for." (See Appendix D.)

The country became a scene of desolation and blood; neither rank, nor age, nor, sometimes, even sex, gave exemption from the barbarities of an infuriated and intolerant rabble. On the other hand, appalling was the reaction produced, on the part of the king's troops: thousands became the victims of their own folly and delusion. Fearful were the results: the victorious arms of the loyalists and the British soldiery in a short time vanquished the infatuated and ill-fated insurgents. Multitudes of those who had escaped the horrors of the battle field, escaped only to share a more ignominious fate. The drum-head court martial in the valley previously sentenced the unhappy culprits, and the triangles on the adjoining hills finished the awful tragedy.

In the midst of surrounding commotion and warfare, the Irish Methodist preachers, from every part of the

kingdom, assembled and held their annual conference, in Dublin. The sentiments of that body will be best understood from their own Address to the British Conference, July 20th, 1798; in which the calamities of our country at that period, as well as the perils to which they had themselves been exposed, are most affectingly described:—

“Never did we expect to see so awful a day as we now behold! The scenes of carnage and desolation which open to our view in almost every part of the land are truly affecting; and while we drop the tear of commiseration over our unhappy country, and our deluded countrymen, in arms against the best of sovereigns, and the happiest constitution in the world, we cannot help crying, ‘O God, shorten the days of our calamity, or no flesh can be saved!’

“To attempt a description of our deplorable state would be vain indeed. Suffice to say, that loss of trade, breach of confidence, fear of assassination, towns burned, countries laid waste, houses for miles without an inhabitant, and the air tainted with the stench of thousands of putrid carcasses, already cut off, form some outline of the melancholy picture of our times. However, in the midst of this national confusion, we, and our people in general, blessed be God, have been wonderfully preserved; though some of us were imprisoned for weeks by the rebels; exposed also to fire and sword in the heat of battle, and carried (surrounded by hundreds of pikes) into the enemy’s camp, and plundered of almost every valuable; yet we have not suffered the least injury in our persons! And moreover, God, even our own God, has brought us through all, to see and embrace each other in this favored city.

O that the church would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness, and for the wonders he hath done for us, the meanest of his servants!"

Extraordinary as it may appear, the Methodists enjoyed their religious privileges, as a body, while others were deprived of theirs; and under the eye of the Irish government the ministers held their annual meeting. The well-known character of the Methodists placed them above suspicion; and the address and influence of the Rev. Dr. Coke obtained for them this liberty. This freedom was gratefully acknowledged by those servants of the Most High:—

“We cannot be sufficiently thankful to God for the mild government under which we live; a government which shows us every possible indulgence, so that with regard to the use of the means of grace peculiar to our connection, we seem to be in a land of peace and tranquillity. We enjoy all the instituted and prudential ordinances, while, in various parts, houses of all denominations have been deserted. Our conference was not only held without molestation, but by permission of his excellency the lord lieutenant. Under God, we owe this permission to the exertions of our worthy president, Dr. Coke, who, upon hearing of our danger and distress, flew on the wings of love, from your land of safety and happiness, to partake of our sufferings, and to help us on our way to heaven.”

Dr. Coke, writing to Mr. Asbury in America, says,—“Since I had the pleasure of seeing you I have spent a considerable time in Ireland. You have undoubtedly heard of the dreadful rebellion in that country. I was in Ireland at the height of it, and was obliged to employ much of my time in gaining the protection and

interposition of the government of that kingdom in behalf of our suffering preachers. And God was pleased to give me success, without which, humanly speaking, they would not have held their conference, nor could many of them have traveled."

And here let us not omit to notice the heroic and self-devoting spirit evinced by these ministers of Christ, under such trying circumstances. Having lamented the scattering of many societies, and blessed God for the preservation and increase of others, in their Address to the British Conference, they proceed to say:—"Through grace we feel a determination to urge on our way, whatever may be our lot. Rather than forsake our charge for any danger which may arise, God being our helper, we are resolved to die. From what we have felt and seen since these troubles began, it would be injustice not to own that his grace has been sufficient for us, and that his strength was made perfect in weakness. And he still graciously says to us, 'Fear not, for I am with you; be not dismayed, for I am your God.' With this promise we will go forth, not being in any wise terrified by our adversaries."

The reply of the British Conference fully exhibits the kind and fraternal sympathies with which the Address of their Irish brethren was received, and which, under God, helped, at this eventful and suffering period, to soothe and encourage them in their perilous toil. "Though," say they, "the common means of intelligence had made us acquainted with your truly calamitous condition before we received your very moving Address, yet, on its being read in the conference, the tenderest compassion and most affectionate sympathy were excited in every breast. We saw, we

felt, the difference of our situation! You were in the midst of various perils, while we were, comparatively, resting in safety; we were in 'a land of peace,' while you were exposed to 'the swelling of Jordan.'

"At the same time, we were constrained to magnify the grace of God on your behalf, seeing you so wonderfully preserved from all your enemies! Surely, those words were eminently fulfilled among you,—'Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed!' Not only the good angels had charge concerning you, but, being in extraordinary trouble, GOD HIMSELF was with you, and kept you 'as the apple of his eye!' May his blessed name be praised for all his mercies!

"Your conduct, dear brethren, is worthy of the highest degree of approbation and applause. You evidenced your attachment to the flock of Christ, over which the Holy Ghost had made you overseers, by continuing to watch over them and share their lot, when *hirelings* would have manifested themselves to be *such* by fleeing at the approach of the wolf. May the same principles still operate, till 'patience have her perfect work!'"

"O brethren, rejoice that the Head of the church hath thus honored you, to suffer for his name's sake! Go forward and fear nothing. 'As your days, so shall your strength be.' And should any of you be called to lay down your lives in so righteous a cause, it will be dying like the Prince of life, and the crown of martyrdom will be your eternal reward."

Rebellion was not fully put down until the month of September following; and at the conference in 1790 the plan was formed for teaching the native Irish

through the medium of their own language. In their Address to the British Conference, the Irish brethren thus express their important design:—"With bleeding hearts we have seen the melancholy consequence of our deluded countrymen's imbibing the unprincipled views of a blood-thirsty and cruel nation. But we entertain the pleasing hope that the time of visitation to that hitherto unfortunate people, composing the majority of our nation, is now at hand. God, in his gracious providence, appears to be opening a door among them.

"Two of our respectable brethren, of considerable standing in our connection, have entered upon one of the most arduous undertakings that have been attempted since the primitive times.....Our ardent prayers are presented to the God of missionaries for the success of these men, who have made a sacrifice of every social comfort, that they may bring lost sinners to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls."

The "two respectable brethren" referred to were James M'Quigg and Charles Graham, with whose names is associated that of Gideon Ouseley, then for the first time appearing on the Minutes of Conference. The magnitude of the undertaking in a *pecuniary* point of view would have deterred the conference, considering the reduced state of their funds, had not the Rev. Dr. Coke, that never to be forgotten friend of Ireland, engaged to raise sufficient means for carrying on the work. The British Conference highly approved of the plan thus commenced, as well as expressed its solicitude for the accomplishment of the great object. "Your Irish mission," say they, "is indeed an adventurous undertaking. May the great Shepherd

and Bishop of our souls preserve those men of God who have gone upon this great enterprise, and render their labors abundantly successful."

No particular district was to limit the labors of these devoted men. They were, in the largest and most comprehensive sense, *Irish missionaries*, to carry the glad tidings of salvation to their deluded fellow-countrymen; and while they were without any pastoral or circuit charge, they were, as *evangelists*, to go everywhere, preaching Christ and him crucified.

In the choice of the agents who were in the first instance selected for the undertaking, the conference were evidently under divine direction. The qualifications of Messrs. Graham and Ouseley for the Irish work we have already seen; we shall soon see their united labors throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the glorious and extensive results of their holy toil. The name of James M'Quigg stands at the head of the list. He was an eminent Irish scholar, and an able and acute preacher. His frame soon became so shattered by the labors of the mission that he never fully recovered. Though, some years afterward, he desisted from traveling, his talents as an Irish scholar were for several years usefully employed in editing the Irish Bible, under the direction of the British and Foreign Bible Society. I have before me a document, furnishing the best evidence of the estimate which the committee of that society had formed of the abilities and labor of Mr. M'Quigg as an Irish scholar. "At a meeting of the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, held September 23d, 1816, it was resolved, upon the recommendation of Mr. E. N. Thornton, that a copy of Frey's Hebrew Bible, bound in

calf, be presented to the Rev. James M'Quigg, who is editing the Irish Bible for the society; of whose laborious and judicious exertions Mr. Thornton gave a most satisfactory account." The above is an exact copy of the resolution, extracted from the minutes of the committee. The introduction of it in this place will be excused, as it shows so fully the competency of the person thus esteemed for the work of an Irish missionary.

Mr. M'Quigg put this important work through a second edition, in Dublin, some time after, when he had an opportunity of collating the printed copies with Bedell's original manuscript, which is in Marsh's library, St. Patrick's Cathedral. He was, though in a very debilitated state, about to prepare a third and stereotyped edition, when, in 1831, death put a period to his sufferings and his toils.

The *time* chosen for the commencement of the general Irish mission, while it evinced an ardent zeal and tender sympathy for those who were perishing for lack of knowledge, showed, as already stated, the influence, in no small degree, of the "wisdom from above." The tumult of rebellion had ceased, and a people who had been terribly chastised by the scourge of civil war, had time to reflect on the miseries which they had brought upon themselves and their country. When the land was weary of hostility, and sickened by the sight of the surrounding desolation, the people were not unwilling to hearken to the invitations of divine mercy and peace.

Indeed, the Irish at all times, when not terrified by the denunciations of their clergy, or excited to prejudice and hostility by their teaching, are generally dis-

posed to attend to the preaching of the gospel. "What a nation is this!" says Mr. Wesley; "every man, woman, and child, (except a few of the great vulgar,) not only patiently, but gladly, suffer the word of exhortation." And now that their intolerant and fanatical priests, who had deluded them to their ruin, had lost, in some instances, their confidence, and a considerable portion of their authority over them, they joyfully heard words whereby they might be saved. The lenity with which they had been treated by a humane and mild government made its due impression; nor was the salutary fear inspired by a recollection of English power without its influence in this respect. Great numbers, too, who had been implicated in the rebellion, became so horror-struck by the cruelties which, under the sacred name of religion, had been perpetrated on the unoffending Protestants, and with the sanction of their spiritual instructors, that with disgust they turned from a religion whose history was written in characters of blood, voluntarily united themselves to the Protestant church, and were rejoiced to hear the pure and peaceful gospel from the lips of Irish missionaries. And many of them, under the above circumstances, sought repose and spiritual consolation as members of the Methodist society; so that, to a great extent through the reaction produced by fanaticism, united with other causes, they were as a people prepared for the Lord.

It was at this critical and notable period that these heralds of divine grace unfurled the banner of the cross, and called upon all men everywhere to repent, and turn with all their hearts to God, through Christ alone, for mercy and salvation. The rocks and glens

which had reverberated the clangor of arms and the cannon's roar, now echoed the joyful sound of the gospel trumpet; and the streets which had been deluged with human blood were now refreshed with streams of the river of the water of life, while the voice of the gospel ministers cried out to surrounding multitudes, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price." This is no imaginative description; it is a true representation of the scenes and of the facts of the case; the *very* places and towns that had been the theatres of sanguinary conflict between hostile armies were soon after visited by the Irish missionaries, and there they proclaimed a free and full salvation in the name of the Lord Jesus; and although they had many adversaries, thousands were cut to the heart, and cried out, "Sirs, what must we do?" whom they directed to Christ for present pardon and acceptance;

"And led them to his open side,
The sheep for whom their Shepherd died."

O that such an agency could have been extended! O that the evangelical bodies in England and Ireland had multiplied such instruments as would have become the "messengers of the churches and the glory of Christ!" but, alas! little was then done, even by the true friends of religion, to bring any efficient agency into operation, adapted to the condition of the country. The means subsequently employed by the Irish Church, and by other Christian societies, for the diffusing of instruction, had then no existence. "The aggressive character which essentially belongs to the ministry of the gospel in spiritual warfare, and which formed a

necessary part of it, from the time our Saviour first issued his great missionary command, was but little understood, even until some years of the present century had elapsed, when our clergy, as it were, quite suddenly opened their eyes to perceive that the souls of all the inhabitants of their several parishes were committed to their charge. And who, it may be demanded, required their attention so much as the Romanists? They, far from being indifferent to religion, and devoutly bowing to the name of Jesus, were kept in the grossest ignorance by their nominal pastors, and were even taught to blend their devotions with idolatry by those to whom the Protestants would have exclusively committed their instruction."—*Mason's Life of Bedell.*

Since the establishment of the Irish mission which is under consideration, evangelical systems have been instituted, and beneficial agencies employed, by the Established Church and other religious bodies, for the instruction of the native Irish; but, whatever other means may have been resorted to of late years by the Irish Church, or by benevolent societies connected with other evangelical churches, for the benefit of our country, they must not be supposed to supersede the necessity of the Irish mission. There is no other system in operation so suited to the Irish people as this extraordinary mode of publishing the gospel. And if ever Ireland be regenerated, there must arise a succession of noble spirits, inspired with the zeal that glowed in the bosoms of Walsh, Graham, and Ouseley, not merely to exercise an efficient ministry in a stated and ordinary way, but to go forth into the streets and public places, to the fields and highways, to persuade sin-

ners to be reconciled to God. That Scriptural schools are, indeed, of great importance, as incipient means of instruction, or as auxiliaries to the gospel ministry, no one will deny, and they must necessarily, though gradually, tend to sap the foundation of the temple of error and idolatry, so far as they come into operation; but how many of the teeming millions of Ireland's sons and daughters have been induced to receive instruction in these schools? How many of those whom we distinguish by the peculiar appellation of *Irish* attend on the ministry of godly clergymen in their churches; or of other Protestant ministers in their chapels? If they do not come to us, says Mr. Welsey, we must go to them. And the great Head of the church utters his command,—“Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.” And again he says, “Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.” “Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.”

Dr. Mason, already quoted, states that “Dr. Samuel Madden, a celebrated and influential philanthropist, in 1738 warmly advocated the employing of a body of itinerant clergy to preach to the natives in Irish;” and that Dr. Berkeley, bishop of Cloyne, recommended the same measure as that of Dr. Madden; and even insinuates that, in defect of able missionaries, “persons conversant in low life, and speaking the Irish language, if well-instructed in the first principles of religion, though, for the rest, on a level with the parish clerks, or schoolmasters of charity schools, should be sent among the people.” In a subjoined note, Dr. Mason

illustrates the subject of teaching the Irish through the medium of their own language, by the remarkable success attending the preaching of the Methodist missionaries of Mr. John Wesley.—*Life of Bedell.*

The plan so strongly, though ineffectually, recommended to their own church by Drs. Madden and Berkeley, was now adopted by the Methodist Conference; and highly gifted men, eminently qualified for the arduous work, were set apart, and sent forth as "itinerant ministers, to preach to the native Irish;" men who were not merely "well-instructed in the first principles of religion," but experiencing the deep things of God; "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost;" who fervently longed for the salvation of sinners, and, with a vehemence and ardor worthy of the best and purest ages of the church, pleaded with them in their own tongue, to turn from lying vanities to the living and true God; men, of whom it might have been said, "These apostolic men, endued with a strong and vigorous imagination, know no other *success* than *conversions*, and no other applauses than tears." Such were the first general Methodist missionaries appointed to travel throughout the kingdom, to publish glad tidings of great joy to all people. The details which follow give evidence of the divine presence and blessing accompanying them in their various labors, so that they did "not run in vain, neither labor in vain."

The success of the Irish missionaries was so great as to induce the conference the next year to add to their number. Mr. James Bell, of whom some future mention shall be made, was appointed with Mr. M'Quigg. They and some others traveled through the provinces of Connaught and Leinster. The scene, however, of

the labors of Messrs. Graham and Ouseley became most remarkable for the prosperity with which the word was accompanied. Being associated in their labors, it is not easy, nor is it requisite, to speak of them apart, during the first years of their travels.

The unwearied exertion and zeal of these two men were equaled only by the unprecedented effects which attended their preaching; and which became surprising even to those who had been long accustomed to witness the power of the gospel in the salvation of sinners. Men, who had for many years preached the gospel, stood amazed at the ceaseless and exhausting toil of Mr. Graham and Mr. Ouseley, and the glorious results which followed in the conviction and conversion of multitudes. Mr. James Rennick, a very excellent man, who was then chairman of the Clones district—a person of long experience, sound understanding, and cool judgment—in a letter to Dr. Coke, dated July, 1801, writes thus:—

“About the latter end of the month of May, the two Irish missionaries, brothers Graham and Ouseley, met me in Carrigallen, [a fair-town in the county of Leitrim, province of Connaught,] about the borders of the county, where we had the greatest outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Other parts of the circuit they had been in, but had not been here before. Brother Ouseley preached, and toward the conclusion a girl was converted. Next day (Friday) they came to Arvagh, and brother Ouseley preached in the market (both of the missionaries sitting on horseback, which is their usual way) to a great crowd of people, notwithstanding it rained heavily all the time. In the evening brother Graham preached in a field about a mile from this;

and good was done. Next day, about two miles off, we were driven into the fields again. Here brother Ouseley preached. Toward the conclusion the cry of mourners broke out, and continued until the clouds of the night drove us into a large barn, where we remained a long time, and many, I think, were converted. But next day surpassed all. Being the sabbath, brother Graham preached again on a hill, to many hundreds, when the cry of mourners broke out again. Brother Ouseley preached in the evening to a large congregation. O, dear sir, how awful to hear persons crying aloud for mercy in the open air; and many finding the pearl of great price! I am afraid, sir, the Irish missionaries have ruined their constitutions."

The late Thomas Davis, writing to Dr. Coke, about the same time, expresses himself to this effect:—"Permit me, my dear sir, to say something of the Irish missionaries, Messrs. Graham and Ouseley. The mighty power of God accompanied their word with such demonstrative evidence as I have never known, or indeed rarely heard of. I have been present in fairs and markets while these two blessed men of God, with burning zeal and apostolic ardor, pointed hundreds and thousands to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. And I have seen the immediate fruit of their labor; the aged and the young falling prostrate in the most public places of concourse, cut to the heart, and refusing to be comforted until they knew Jesus and the power of his resurrection. I have known scores of these poor penitents to stand up and witness a good confession; and, blessed be God, hundreds of them now adorn the gospel of Christ Jesus. These two men have been the most indefatigable in their la-

bors of love to perishing sinners of any that I have yet known. From four to six hours they would preach, exhort, and pray; and next day, perhaps, ride a journey, and encounter the same difficulties. Thus,—

‘They scorn their feeble flesh to spare,
Regardless of their swift decline.’

My dear sir, I am wanting both in memory and language to set forth the wonders I have seen wrought by the mighty power of the Holy Spirit. When I look at the usefulness of these two dear men, I am humbled to the dust; and, again, when I view them with shattered frames and wrecked constitutions stepping into the grave, I am truly affected.”

Another testimony, if added, will not be unacceptable to the pious reader. Mr. George Brown, a man of eminent piety and sense, writes thus:—“August 4, 1802. Two young men had met in order to fight a duel, but were prevented by means of a wall falling on one of the spectators, and crushing him to death. Some months after this they were converted by means of the Irish missionaries, and joined the society. They now walk in love as dear comrades in the way to Zion, and are as zealous for God as they had been in almost all manner of wickedness. At a prayer meeting, which the Irish missionaries held in one of our new places, fifteen persons were converted. As I could not neglect my stated appointment of preaching, I spent very little time with our dear missionaries last year. Mr. Ouseley was three nights with us. In that time twenty-four persons, I believe, found redemption in the blood of the Lamb, among whom were two Roman Catholics; and another was deeply convinced; he is now con-

verted, and has withstood the priest to his face. Two more of them, in the same neighborhood, were convinced, and set at liberty while my wife prayed with them in Irish. [Mrs. Brown was herself a convert from the Church of Rome.] We must confess that the Lord has crowned the labors of the regular preachers in several circuits with great success; nevertheless, under his blessing, I cannot but attribute our late extraordinary revivals in the north to the missionaries. They, sir, have provoked us to jealousy, and made us ashamed to stand still, while they labored with all their powers, day and night. . . . We added two hundred and twenty-six to our numbers (on that circuit) last year. All glory be to God and the Lamb for ever!"

It will be observed, that the above statements are made about a year after the first appointment of these men to their mission. Dr. Coke, having heard of the gracious effects produced by their instrumentality, wrote to several of the circuit preachers to furnish him with some details relative to the work of God. The above extracts are from their replies. A letter of Mr. Graham to the doctor, in the following March, will afford some further description of their labors:—

"The importance of fair and market preaching never appeared to us in a stronger light than it has of late; we can assure you, sir, we have our friends among the Catholics. As we came from the conference, brother Ouseley preached in Oldecastle, in the streets, where there were many Catholics; and truly the Lord was present, and there was a noise and a shaking, together with cries and tears, in the congregation. The Lord made it a season of great blessing to the people.

"Next day, being the market day of Ballyjamesduff,

as we passed through, brother Ouseley went to speak to the market people, who appeared to be like the thirsty ground prepared for the falling rain. I was afraid to trust myself, therefore I did not go to the market till I thought he stayed too long; and when I came up, I found the poor Catholics in tears, some of them sitting on the ground, wringing their hands, and crying for mercy. I could not help speaking a little, and praying with them, indisposed as I was. We visited Cavan and its neighborhood, where a Catholic was converted, whose husband and daughter were converted last year. A schoolmaster also came to me, inquiring what he should do, saying, 'My priest has ordered me to stand in the congregation for hearing you.' I said, 'Will you stand before the congregation to give satisfaction for your attendance on us?' He replied, 'I never will; I have never known the priest to do any good; and I see the country round blessed by your coming into it.'"

"Glory be to God, our Catholic converts are going on steadily; and I trust they will prove a blessing in their families and among their neighbors. Last Thursday brother Ouseley preached in the fair in this town, and we had a blessed hearing. The truth, when delivered in public, bears down all before it."

A few months after, Mr. Graham again writes:—"I know you will be glad to hear how we fared in the south. I had my doubts whether I was adequate to the undertaking; but, hoping against hope, in the name and strength of the Lord I set out, though I had been spitting blood the day before. All glory be to God! it was unto me according to my faith; for of eighteen weeks that we were in the south I was not confined to my bed except five days, and this was oc-

casioned by heavy colds. I doubt not but the Lord intends I should open the way through the island before he lays me by; for I see clearly this out-door work will hasten the downfall of Popery. Glory be to God for what he hath already done among them! the poor Catholics! they have got a spirit of hearing the word. We had a blessed prospect on our way to Limerick, preaching in the streets and markets. Even in places where we might have expected nothing but persecution we saw them weeping and praying in the open streets. The Lord was with us; and a great work broke out in the country part, about Limerick. A mighty fire has been kindled, and continues burning. Some Catholics have fled from their parents, and left all, that they might follow the Saviour. We [Messrs. Graham and Ouseley] spent about a month on the Limerick circuit; and then went to the county of Kerry, where there was an outpouring of the grace of God on all the congregations, and much good was done. We had no opposition, till we came to Tralee, on the sabbath; and here you would have imagined that hell was let loose. Though my voice is pretty loud, I could not be heard. Such shouting of men, women, and children, I think I never had heard before. . . . We got the court-house that evening, and a guard of soldiers, and preached to many hundreds. Many of the Catholics saw clearly that their clergy designed to keep them in the dark. One of them said to three priests, in whose company he was that night, 'Your people are in the dark; and so would you have it.'

"From Kerry we went to Skibbereen and its neighborhood, where many of the poor Catholics attended preaching. At every meeting we had a gracious water-

ing. Many were awakened out of their long sleep; nay, the whole country appeared to be alarmed. We preached in the market of Skibbereen, and had an attentive hearing. Next day, being the sabbath, the poor Catholics flocked in hundreds about us; when a priest came up, riding furiously through the people, and lashing with his whip on every hand, like a merciless tyrant. The people ran from him, and, the crowd being great, were tumbled one over another. After he had dispersed them, he called them to the chapel, and lectured them. A Catholic gentleman, a magistrate, who met him, severely reprehended him, and said he would write to his bishop, and have him discarded. This, I believe, was one of the worst days the priests ever beheld; for all the people seemed to be cast down because of his conduct. We kept our ground, and preached after the hurry was over; and not in vain. Many of the poor Catholics came to hear us, both in the street and in the preaching house, and were greatly broken down: some of the poor creatures said they would follow us through the world. In Bantry we had a good time, both in the market and on the sabbath-day. We had no persecution here, but from an old woman, who made a loud noise in the market, and came out also on the sabbath-day; but one of our friends put her to silence. I thought Satan was very destitute of friends when he had none to bring forward but this poor individual. The power of the Lord fell mightily on the people. A Catholic young woman cried out, being no longer able to restrain herself."

While there were many hostile to the word, yet were favorable openings presented for publishing to multitudes of ignorant, lost sinners, the glad tidings of

great joy, in the name of the Lord Jesus; and many fell, powerfully convinced, before the word, and then believed, and received it with joy, to the salvation of their souls.

“ Deep wounded by the Spirit’s word,
And then by Gilead’s balm restored.”

“ In Brandon,” continues Mr. Graham, “ we had a powerful time. Mr. ——— joined us; and for six or seven days we labored in the streets, and in and about the town; and the Lord blessed our labors. I received a letter, informing me that my dear partner was dying, and I was called to hasten home. We took Kinsale and Cork on our way home; and sounded an alarm in the streets and markets, which I trust has awakened some of the dead. We rode from Cork to Monaghan [the place of Messrs. Graham and Ouscley’s nominal residence] in five days and a half, one hundred and seventy-six miles [Irish, or about two hundred and twenty-four English miles.] When I got home, I found my dear afflicted partner just recovered from the jaws of death. And now we are about to set out for Limerick and Cork again, as they think we have not given them half enough of our time. From Cork we intend to visit Waterford and Youghal, and other places where we have not yet been, and continue until June.”

The fellow-laborers, Messrs. Graham and Ouseley, had just returned from a tour of eighteen weeks, through the south; and now, after a short interval of alternate labor and rest, we find them preparing for another journey through Munster, which occupied at least three months, and which was prosecuted in the same undeviating and faithful manner. Brief as are the records of the labors of the Irish missionaries dur-

ing this period, they are important. A very gracious revival of religion took place at this time on the Waterford circuit. The two missionaries visited it during this tour; and by preaching in the public streets, as well as by their other ministrations, greatly assisted in the good work. Mr. Lanktree writes:—"We had at this season a visit from the Irish missionaries, Graham and Ouseley. I took my stand with them, on horseback, in the street of Clonmel. They were violently opposed by a rude mob; but they preached, notwithstanding, with fearless fidelity. The champions for sin procured a sort of mad person, and set him up to preach, in derision, but he did little harm. Next day, however, they seemed determined on hostility; and at the time of preaching advanced, blowing a horn to collect their forces. Some influential Quakers interfered, and frustrated their designs by applying to the magistrate, and procuring his protection. On the third day we again proceeded to the street, on horseback. After preaching commenced, some impudent women began an attack with bitter and wicked words, who were soon silenced by a powerful address by Mr. Ouseley. The men next advanced, the most forward of whom stooped to procure stones or dirt to throw in our faces; but received some smart chastisement from the soldiers, and were taken to prison. Another attack was made on them, when leaving town; but they received little injury. Through the goodness of God, their visit tended very much to promote the cause of truth at Clonmel. In Waterford also, both in public and private, their word was with power."

Whenever the missionaries appeared, according to the testimony of eye-witnesses, the usual order of their

meetings was laid aside. The spirit of conviction seized the congregations, like as on the day of Pentecost: the people were not ashamed to fall down in the streets, and cry aloud for mercy. Sunday after Sunday, immediately at the close of church service, would they take their stand in the streets, and preach to vast crowds of Protestants and Romanists; and, after retiring from the public places, continue at their holy toil till a late hour at night. Such were the gracious effects produced by their visits to the regular circuits that some of the preachers wrote to Dr. Coke, imploring him to use his influence with Messrs. Graham and Ouseley, to cause them to revisit the scenes of their former labor; evidently longing for such fruits as they had already witnessed under the ministry of the Irish missionaries.

Yours, &c.

LETTER VII.

A large field of labor assigned the missionaries, suited to the taste of Mr. Ouseley—Success of street preaching in Enniscorthy—Attempted persecution in Wexford—Extract of a letter from Mr. Ouseley to Dr. Coke—Ceaseless and diversified labors of missionaries—Preach in several towns in the counties of Wicklow and Wexford—Hacketstown—Priest's threats of penance—Bribe offered a young woman to bring her back to mass—Such efforts vain—Persecution in Kilkenny—Mr. Ouseley severely bruised—Escapes the mob—Writes to the Roman Catholic bishop—Conference Address—Mr. Ouseley labors another year with Mr. Graham—Feels the want of suitable tracts for general distribution—Complains to Dr. Coke on the subject—His letter manifests great acuteness—Commences another year's work under hopeful impulses—Great numbers of Roman Catholics hear the word with increasing attention—Several join society—Sketch of the labors and success of Messrs. Ouseley and Graham—Period of their association in the work closes.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—At the conference of 1802, Mr. Ouseley was again appointed with Mr. Graham to the Irish mission. With the exception of the county of Clare, which was attached to the Connaught mission,

the field of labor assigned them comprehended the provinces of Leinster, Munster, and Ulster. There was nothing so suited the views and taste of Mr. Ouseley as a wide and unrestricted range among his countrymen. The first attention of the missionaries was this year, however, directed to the districts of country in which rebellion had some time before raged with violence. The counties of Wicklow, Wexford, Kildare, Carlow, and Kilkenny, were successively visited by them, where they boldly and faithfully preached the gospel of the meek and merciful Redeemer, in the very streets which had flowed with human blood. The first visit which they paid to the town of Enniscorthy was attended with signal success. Mounted on horses, with their black caps on, they proceeded to the principal streets: the first hymn had a wonderful effect; the word fell powerfully on the crowds who heard; and some of the blessed fruits of that day's preaching, to my knowledge, continue to the present time. They seem to have had no interruption in Enniscorthy, but in Wexford, whither they proceeded, and where in like manner they prosecuted their important work, they met some slight opposition. While Mr. Ouseley was preaching in the latter town, in the street, a man who was working on a scaffold pelted him with stones and rubbish. A sturdy person, who heard with great interest, not willing to allow the preacher to be interrupted or injured, ran to the ladder attached to the scaffold, and threatened to dash the unfortunate man down if he persisted; but Mr. Ouseley interposed, and mildly said, "*Let him alone, for he knows not what he does.*"

By an extract from a letter of Mr. Ouseley, written

to Dr. Coke, dated, Athy, January 14th, 1803, a judgment may be formed of their proceedings through the year; of their diversified and ceaseless labors; the numerous places they visited; the mode of their ministrations; the perils they encountered; the treatment they experienced; and the gracious effects which in some instances followed their pious toils:—

“I know you will be gratified at hearing from us. We are just setting out again, having taken a little rest after our last tour, in which, I have the happiness to tell you, our God whom we serve has been powerfully with us. We preached through the counties of Wicklow and Wexford, in most of the towns. We preached nineteen times in the streets of sixteen different towns; and in houses, both in the towns and in the country. Both Catholics and Protestants have heard us with the deepest attention, and often with flowing tears. The priests, however, exercise great authority over them in this country; yet they heard, and allowed it to be the truth; and wherever any of them would fain make any disturbance there were others to keep them quiet—several of them here and there seemed to have been much awakened.

“In Hacketstown, after mass, we went out to the cross with our caps on us. I do not know when my knees so trembled; the street was full of people; they made way for us through them; and when we stood to preach, surrounded us in great crowds. The priest came toward us, and the people seemed somewhat uneasy; but he passed by quietly, and they stood still. Surely many hearts seemed powerfully to feel the force of divine truth. I had a letter since from that place, saying the people greatly wished our return;

and also, that the priest is using every art, by threatenings, penances, &c., to deter his people from ever hearing us again. I dispersed many little tracts among them everywhere.

“In another little town called Fcthard, county of Wexford, there were two Catholic maid servants where we lodged; one of them had taken a thought after the rebellion not to go to mass any more, and so went to church for a good while; but when her friends found it out, after using many ways, but in vain, to prevent her, they at last, by some art, got her to where they had a priest; after much counsel, etc., he gave her three guineas, which they had given him in order to get her back to the mass; so they for that time prevailed. When I went down to the kitchen, as I generally do, I began to speak to her, and she burst into tears, as did the other girl also, who was very bigoted before. Next morning, at prayer, they both wept very much; and the bigoted one was so affected that we had to pray again with her. Afterward I went up stairs, and overheard the two girls talking to each other—one advising the other to break off at once from the mass, and telling each other how their hearts were penetrated. One of the two—the one that was bought off before—came after us four miles that night to preaching, and wept all the time. I know not how things have gone since, but hope the Lord will water the seed. Another Catholic, in another part, joined the society, and is holding on her way. I hope many more have received the seed of the kingdom; but we had not time to wait and see.

“We preached in the midst of the streets of Wexford; the people were awed into the most uncommon

He had, as occasion required, written a letter to a priest or bishop of the Church of Rome; but it does not appear that he had yet published any tracts, either controversial or otherwise, such as afterward issued from his pen. Indeed, his incessant and anxious work as a traveling missionary left no leisure for anything of this kind. He, however, happily conceived the character of the brief works which would be best adapted to the moral condition of the people. He had again and again, in former communications to the Rev. Dr. Coke, pressed him for a supply of tracts; and, in a letter, dated, Dublin, August 1, 1804, he points out the necessity of this means of instruction; suggests the description of tracts which were suited to the wants, and even prejudices, of the Irish; and strongly and warmly requests a supply for the purpose:—"I would greatly wish that a number of well-chosen, dispassionate little tracts, were sent to us; calculated by no means to irritate, but to carry conviction to the heart, and gently to remove error in a way of plain reasoning. I think Tillotson's Sermon on Transubstantiation would be very useful, if carefully perused and abridged, leaving out every word that savored of ill-nature, ridicule, or contempt, &c. I do think it would greatly add to it, and render it still more useful, if, in the foregoing part of the same, the sinner's state and danger by nature and practice be laid down in as small a compass as possible, together with the only way of his recovery, and the steps to this—salvation, repentance, faith in the Lord our Redeemer, and holiness of heart and life; and to have these truths substantiated, not only by Scripture authority, in a few words, but also by a few quotations from some of the eminent fathers, and

other Popish, Protestant, Calvinist, or dissenting divines. I am sure an attempt of this kind would be grateful to our God, and perhaps of everlasting profit to numbers; and I need not say how joyfully I would do my part to spread them along. I also think Mr. Wesley's *Popery Calmly Considered*, revised, and freed of some poignant expressions, would do good, if sold by our preachers through the kingdom. I would gladly spread a tract on the necessity of reading and knowing the Scriptures, in order to obtain a knowledge of the divine mind, &c.; with some few strong dispassionate arguments for its authenticity; and some authority from the fathers, so called, to urge the reading of this blessed book: I am almost sure it would be very profitable, and would make way for the spreading of Bibles and Testaments. May our God stir up many to exert their talents in helping to disperse the gross and general darkness that has so long overspread the nations, and particularly our poor Ireland! We have to praise his holy name for those on each side the water, but especially on that who are already moved toward this glorious work."

Mr. Ouseley commences this year under hopeful impulses, and determines to visit those places where success had crowned their efforts the preceding year. He says,—“We have delayed a few days longer than we expected. We mean to set out for our destination to-morrow; to Wicklow and Wexford first. Brother Graham is blessedly recovered. I hope we shall have a good year. This morning, before I awoke, I dreamed I was preaching and weeping over poor sinners; I have often found it so these five years past, when a work of God was about to take place. I hope our

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dear friends and brethren will, as I believe they do, continue to help us with their constant prayers. I heard of a few Catholics over here that were stirred up to read the Bible; I hope the little hand will yet become a great cloud. A few days ago I was talking to a lady from the county of Kerry, a part that we only visited once, and that about two and a half years since; she told me of two Catholics near the little village she lived in who had turned from Popery when we were there: one a poor man; he is happy in God, and bears up against a flood of persecution; the other, a gentleman, who is now a constant Churchman, though not so pious as the poor man. I hope many here and there, that we know nothing of now, will yet appear; and many, many in the day of the Lord. I hope to meet yours in Enniscorthy. By a letter from Ross, received two days ago, I learn that some, who were awakened when we were there, have joined the society, and are appearing to do well."

After visiting the counties of Wicklow and Wexford, they proceeded to Carlow, Kilkenny, &c., where they were favored with a very different reception from that which has been already mentioned by Mr. Ouseley. Now both clergy and laity, to their honor, hailed the visit of God's servants. Mr. Lanktree observes:—

"We were now visited by the Irish missionaries, Graham and Ouseley. Their preaching in the colliery was attended with the power of God, and prejudice and opposition were borne down by the influence of truth and love. In Carlow, while they preached in the street and chapel, the word of life was blessedly triumphant. After I had read and explained the rules of our society, and invited those who were convinced

of sin to meet on trial, twenty persons gave in their names for that purpose. In Kilkenny, where the missionaries were formerly ill-treated, they were now honored.

“The first person who attempted disturbance was ordered into confinement by Mr. Edmuns, the mayor. The pious clergy and church people magnified the grace of God in his servants, who preached in public and private, enjoying the most ample protection, while ‘the word of the Lord had free course, and was glorified.’ After their departure, a vestry meeting was held in St. Mary’s Church, where a vote of thanks was voted to the mayor, which was afterward published in the newspapers, for his manly and Christian conduct on that occasion.”

They labored on through this year, and were graciously acknowledged in every place. Some of the circuits were peculiarly visited by the power and presence of God; and the regular preachers rejoiced to recognize the hand of the Lord accompanying his honored servants in their evangelical and arduous toil. In the month of May, 1805, they paid another visit to that country, “when several members were added to the society.” Mr. Ouseley, in a letter to Mr. Entwisle, (with whom, in the absence of Dr. Coke, he corresponded,) gives a brief statement how the work succeeded that year. This letter was accompanied with an account of expenses, in Mr. Ouseley’s hand-writing, with a characteristic heading, which, though small in itself, I cannot suppress; and, as it gives indications of the deep impression on his mind of his peculiar call, I conceive it not unworthy of notice: “A list of expenses, from the last conference, in July, 1804, to the 18th

of May, 1805, as incurred by Gideon Ouseley, minister of the gospel to the Irish Catholics." The whole letter—an extract from which I give—while it expresses the utmost abhorrence and disgust for the dire system by which the dupes of Popery were deluded, breathes naught but kindness for those who were enslaved, and joy at another and another being rescued from the foul bondage.

“We have returned,” says Mr. Ouseley, “from the country, to rest a little. We had much preaching in the streets these five weeks past. This is a fine time to be preaching among the Roman Catholics; they are still increasing in numbers, and in apparent good-will, to hear us. I have had a letter from a town I had been in, and one from another little village. That from the former says the society increased ten or twelve after I left them; six of whom were Romanists. In the latter place, thirty had joined the morning I left it: two were Romanists. The letter from it says there is a great revival, and they are doing well. In another town, Carrick on Shannon, county of Leitrim, twenty-one joined the last morning I preached there. Brother Graham was then in Boyle. In short, I can truly say, the Lord was with us in all the towns, streets, and markets; and do hope that much good is done. I thank you for your letter. Please tell Mr. Butterworth I received his letter, &c. I wrote twice to the doctor; but perhaps he was so hurried as not to have time to answer it; or, if he wrote, I did not get it. When I came home, I was quite exhausted: have been a little afflicted, too. We are now recovered much, thanks to our God! and intend to go out next week again.”

We have hitherto seen the associated labors of Messrs. Ouseley and Graham. For six years did they faithfully and incessantly pursue their toilsome, perilous, and prosperous course. The whole of the kingdom, east and west, north and south, witnessed their zeal, and rejoiced in the fruit which the great Head of the church vouchsafed to their ministrations.

The preaching of these faithful men was attended with like gracious results in every place. In many instances the Romish clergy themselves mixed with the listening multitudes, and heard in silent wonder the word of the Lord; and when any of them interposed, as they sometimes did, to excite a lawless multitude against God's servants, and to disperse their congregations, though they occasionally succeeded in their designs, yet frequently vain and impotent were their efforts to prevent their flocks from hearing the truth, when preached to them in the streets, in their own loved language. Not all their influence—though invested with the imposing robes of their order, claiming the authority which infallibility and antiquity confer, with the power to shut and open heaven—could prevent thousands and tens of thousands from hearing the unadulterated gospel from the lips of the Irish missionaries. And thus these indefatigable men went on in their hallowed work, receiving daily new evidences of the validity of their call, and encouraged by cheering indications of the presence of their divine Master, in the protection of their persons by his providence, and the power of his Spirit in awakening and converting sinners by their ministry. For several successive months, as may be perceived, did they deny themselves all the comforts of home; exposed to the rigors of

winter and the heats of summer; subjected to numerous privations and hardships, and liable to indescribable persecutions and perils. And such were their travels and preaching—in the markets and fairs by day; and in chapels, preaching houses, court houses, and barns, by night; and frequently in the open fields, until the shades of evening—that their brethren deemed it impossible they could long exist; that they must, under such wasting and incessant exertions, become victims to their godly zeal. With little variation, the tender address to the Trojan hero might have been adopted with regard to these servants of God:

“For sure such labor length of life denies;
And ye must fall, your virtue’s sacrifice.”

But God saw far otherwise: “For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord.” The great Head of the church, who had by his good Spirit inspired them with an intense ardor for his glory, and for the salvation of man, had also blessed them with a strength of constitution to endure varied and increasing toils through future times—Mr. Graham for nearly twenty, and Mr. Ouseley, in labors more abundant, for a period of nearly forty years. The conference deemed it expedient, for the purpose of more effectually extending the work, to divide these men, and unite each in his appointment with a missionary who could only preach in the English language. By this judicious arrangement, the united brothers in the ministry, who had become attached to one another by a thousand tender and endearing reminiscences, are destined to separate; and must now move and act in different spheres in the same great and glorious enterprise. Yours, &c.

LETTER VIII.

Mr. Ouseley's appointment—Mr. William Hamilton—State of religion in the metropolis—Missionary progress—Persecution at Carlow—Narrowly escapes with his life—Priestly oppression—Missionary exertions not confined to Roman Catholics—Mr. Ouseley appeals for tracts—Instance of his mode of preaching—Scene at Drogheda—Encouraging openings in Carlow, Kilkenny, &c.—Mr. Ouseley in his native province—Occurrences there—Sligo—Successful operations there—Address of the conference—Brief sketch of Mr. Ouseley's mode of working—Interesting incident—Mr. Ouseley's visit to a nobleman—Preaching to the Threshers—Conversions from Romanism—Great meeting in the village church of Easky.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Mr. Ouseley was next appointed with Mr. William Hamilton, who was a faithful man, well adapted to the place which he had to fill as a minister in the church of Christ. His gifts were of a peculiar order, not easily delineated. He was simple, yet ingenious: though cool and imperturbable himself, yet possessing great power over the passions; so that while enunciating truth in the most artless strain he would produce surprising effect on his audience, either in warning them against the dangerous consequences of sin, or winning them to the glorious end of gospel holiness. As a scribe instructed into the kingdom of heaven, he brought forth out of his treasure things new and old. He was apt to teach; patient, zealous, and persevering. His discourses were attractive and edifying, and characterized by originality of thought; and his illustrations, though sometimes quaint, seldom failed to fix attention, and leave a lasting impression on the memory and the heart. You will have an opportunity of forming a notion of his style and character by two or three brief extracts from his letters, which shall by and by appear. Such was the man who was to supply the place of Charles Graham in connection with Mr.

Ouseley; and we shall soon see the wisdom of Providence in the appointment.

From the details which have been made, and the progress of the mission in which Mr. Ouseley was engaged, you might naturally suppose that considerable effects were produced among all classes in the religious world. In some instances this was the case: many excellent men among the clergy were excited to a godly emulation, who, far from regarding the work with an eye of jealousy, cordially and kindly held out the right hand of fellowship to the missionaries and the Methodist preachers. Several gratifying instances of this may be seen in the Rev. Matthew Lanktree's Biographical Narrative, from which I have already quoted; and, in connection with the name of Ouseley, I shall, in the progress of these details, take a further liberty with that interesting and excellent work.

According to the statements of some pious persons, the character of religion in the metropolis at the beginning of this century was lamentably low; and, with very few exceptions, the country did not exhibit a much more cheering aspect. The biographer of the Rev. B. W. Mathias places on record some facts in connection with the spiritual condition of the churches there, even when "some years of the present century had elapsed;" accounts which I would not have ventured to originate, and which are here adverted to for no invidious purpose. A pious friend, writing to Mr. Mathias, then a curate in a parish in the county of Down, draws a deplorable picture of the period of which we now speak; he says: "You are aware that Mr. Hartley [Moravian minister] leaves Dublin; who his successor may be is unknown, and we can only

hope that he may preach the gospel. Plunket-street [Independent] is a close church, and the preaching in it is dogmatical declamation in favor of speculative points and forms, instead of upholding the great and essential truths of the gospel. Swift's Alley congregation [Baptist] have split on the essential doctrines of the divinity and atonement. The Seceders of Mass Lane have no meeting-house, and those of Back Lane no minister: and, alas! the gospel in Mary's Abbey [Orthodox Presbyterian church] is not that gospel under which vital religion can hope to flourish; it is too often preached as a mixed gospel, and too often prophesieth smooth things: and as to all other dissenting houses, gross error binds the ministers, and gross darkness the people. And if we turn our view to the Establishment, where shall we find anything of the gospel, except in the liturgy and prayers of the church? Not one to testify the truth as it is in Jesus, save an occasional sermon from any gospel minister who may visit the city, and perchance obtain a pulpit. Is not this a dreadful situation for so populous and wicked a city to be reduced to? And although we have been and are chastised for our sins by this sore visitation, yet we trust the candlestick will not be utterly taken away from us."*

* It is a matter of regret that the correspondent of Mr. Mathias did not take a less desponding view of the spiritual destitution of the churches in the metropolis. There may have been, though not pronouncing his shibboleth, seven thousand men who had not bowed their knees to Baal. At the period of which he speaks, there were more than eleven hundred in the Methodist society; besides several large and commodious chapels, crowded with attentive and devout hearers, who stately sat under the ministry of Messrs. William Smith, Charles Mayne, William Stewart, and other able ministers of the New Testament.

Mr. Mathias, in a letter to Mr. Walker, about the same time, says:—"I am anxious about the use that shall be made of a place [the Bethesda] that has hitherto been the *only* house in Dublin connected with the Establishment in which the gospel has been stately preached, and which, I candidly confess, I should be very sorry to see changed from the plan on which it was originally opened." And when that eminent and deservedly popular minister took possession of his charge in the "Bethesda," in 1805, the congregation was very small, scarcely amounting to fifty persons. He was *inhibited* from preaching in the churches in Dublin. It was contrary to the positive directions of the then provost of Trinity College that any of the students should attend the Bethesda, and it was not until the year 1828 that Mr. Mathias was licensed by Archbishop Magee.—See *Memorial of Rev. W. B. Mathias*, pp. 149, 228.

The period referred to was equally barren as to public institutions for the instruction of the young, or for the diffusion of evangelical knowledge throughout the land. "At the time Mr. Mathias and the Rev. W. Thorpe became chaplains of Bethesda, the only society in Dublin which was connected with the Established Church, and seemed to have any care for immortal souls, was 'The Society for Discountenancing Vice, &c.:' but at that time it excited comparatively little interest, and did not meet with the support it so fully merited, and which has since made it so useful."

The Methodist Irish missionaries had now been for several years passing through evil report and good report, and, in conjunction with the preachers on the regular circuits, had created a spirit of inquiry, even

where their instrumentality was not acknowledged. The Rev. George Carr of Ross and the Rev. Thomas Kelly were among the honored names that favored the Irish missionaries. Mr. Kelly at this time gave Mr. Ouseley several hundred copies of the tract comprising extracts from the life and epistles of St. Peter, and several hundreds of useful miscellaneous tracts, not less than a thousand altogether, for the purpose of circulating among the congregations which attended preaching in the streets. Mr. Carr, in like manner, gave a considerable number for the same purpose. These were considered of great importance by Mr. Ouseley, and were received by the crowds attending the ministry of the missionaries with the greatest eagerness, and read with delight.

In a part of Leinster south of Dublin, wonderfully gracious effects followed the preaching of the word; in one circuit alone, not less than one hundred joined society, through the means of the missionaries, in a short time, many of whom were Romanists, and, when converted, were not ashamed, in the midst of contumely and persecution, to acknowledge Christ. In one town not less than half a score joined society. In the autumn of this year Mr. Ouseley narrowly escaped with his life. He commenced preaching in the streets of Carlow on the Lord's day, before the time the church congregation had reached the place in which he stood: the streets were filled with country laborers, who had, as is common in the south of Ireland, crowded into town to look for employment, with their reaping-hooks over their shoulders; several rushed on Mr. Ouseley, determined, it would seem, to destroy him, but a friendly man, a saddler, near whose house he

stood, opened the lower half door of his shop, and dragged him in from the mob. In a short time the military marched from church, when Mr. Ouseley recommenced, and preached his sermon to an attentive congregation.

A short time after this, in a letter to Dr. Coke, he speaks under circumstances of great encouragement concerning the numbers, both Protestants and Romanists, that had joined society in the south, and of their steadfastness in the faith. In a letter from him, in January, 1806, written from Coranary, near Cootehill, in the county of Cavan, he mentions the vast crowds that thronged the streets to hear them, and the eagerness which they manifested, in the markets and fairs after preaching, in receiving the tracts which were scattered among them; and "though the weather was so severe, it was surely pleasing and astonishing to see the vast crowds hearing, while the snow, and sometimes rain and snow, descended upon them; and now," Mr. Ouseley adds, "they are come to this, that they can, calmly, and without the least symptom of displeasure, hear the most profound mysteries and peculiarities of their religion opened up and exposed, supposing it to be done in love and tenderness." If it were not so serious a matter, it really would be amusing, to think of the mysteries which he would thus open up with "tenderness and love." He would reason with them, and they would bear it, that no frail sinner or mortal man could create Christ of a bit of bread; that it is all invention and finesse to obtain power, honor, and profit; and that no informed priest believed a single tittle of what he himself taught. Such were the powerful arguments used by him on

some occasions, and delivered in such a torrent of reasoning, with tears streaming down his cheeks, that it was absolutely irresistible. In one parish, in the county of Cavan, the priest oppressed the people by *doubling their "dues,"* which they resisted, and although the Roman Catholic bishop came to reconcile the matter, he failed in the attempt; the infection spread to an adjoining parish, and the people cried out, "O that we had the black-caps among us!" Many of them were not afraid to come at night to the houses where we preached; and some of them were much affected. One of them, a respectable man, having heard us preach in the market on the impossibility of any creature forgiving sins, brought a large Bible, and the Protestant Prayer-book, to prove their doctrine of absolution; but, being satisfied concerning this and several other errors, he came at night to preaching, and heard the word with tears."

The exertions of Mr. Ouseley were not confined to the Roman Catholics; he aimed at confirming as well as enlarging and edifying the societies of God's people, and in this he was signally owned of God. "In the town of Belturbet," he says, "a few days ago we held six different meetings, which engaged us from morning till eleven o'clock at night; at three of these we preached to vast congregations in the market-house; two were class meetings, and one a meeting for renewing our covenant with God, when the preaching house was so full that we could hardly get through the people to the pulpit. The Lord was very present with us. After the covenant thirty joined the society."

Such were the incessant exertions of the brethren that the letter to Dr. Coke, commenced by Mr. Ouse-

ley on the 11th, could not be closed till the 17th. Alas! little do *they* know, who are enjoying their literary ease, or their mere local and even pastoral care, of what they have to pass through, who run into every open door, and cry, "Behold the Lamb!" O happy, happy toil!

He resumes on the 17th:—"So hurried have we been in the Lord's work from the 11th, that we scarcely have time to sit down to finish our letter. We have had blessed seasons indeed. On Sunday we had large congregations; great numbers became much affected, and joined our society, among whom was a Roman Catholic, who had heard me about five years ago in this country, having never lost the impressions which were then made on his mind. In short, much good is doing. By the vehement labors of the last few days I am much cut down; but in a few days I hope I shall be fresh and strong again." While he felt confidence and joy in being associated with the good Mr. Hamilton, he mourned the absence of Charles Graham. "Brother Hamilton," he says, "is finely; God be praised for him, as brother Graham has been *taken* from me; I never saw a more indefatigable laborer than brother Hamilton." Such were the incessant and increasing demands on their time that they found it impossible to reach Cork, which formed part of their sphere of labor; Mr. Ouseley is obliged to say, "We cannot, I am sure, get to Cork district this year. No, no! we cannot supply even the calls on the Dublin district."

He again strenuously urged for some tracts which would tend to disabuse the minds of the poor Papists, so dreadfully deceived by the duplicity and perversions

of their spiritual guides. "Something strong and plain : our Lord's sermon, with short, plain notes, to scatter among the people, to enlighten, and induce them to read the whole Bible." Mr. Ouseley, as appears above, directed his chief attention to the Dublin district and its vicinity during the remainder of the year, among all classes, and by every method, preaching Christ as a gracious, present, and all-sufficient Saviour. The first time I had an opportunity of hearing him was about the early part of the summer of this year, in company with Mr. Hamilton. I had been led to conceive of Mr. Ouseley that he was an ardent, zealous man, who made persuasive and impressive appeals to the hearts of his hearers; but I had formed a very inadequate opinion of his character as a preacher. On the occasion referred to, Mr. Hamilton had preached an excellent sermon in his own peculiar style, at the close of which Mr. Ouseley stood up in the pulpit; he wore his black cap, and otherwise his appearance was peculiarly striking; he seemed to be laboring under hoarseness from recent cold, and from out-door preaching. This gave his voice a deep, sepulchral tone, which added not a little to the solemnity of his address, and to the impression on the minds of his audience. His words were, as well as I recollect, to the following effect:—"There is a moment in every man's life in which, if he turn to God by repentance and faith, he must begin: that moment becomes the turning point for eternity. He must begin some *year* of his life—some *month* in that year—some *week* in that month—some *day* in that week—some *hour* in that day—some *minute* in that hour—some *moment* in that minute. 'Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, now is the

day of salvation." This formed the basis of a most forcible and convincing argument, in which he urged on his congregation, with great power, the danger of not immediately submitting themselves to God.

The rest of the time, till the ensuing conference, was filled up in the same manner as described in the letter to Dr. Coke; and the great Head of the church abundantly favored his servants. "While on the Drogheda circuit, as well as in other circuits," Mr. Ouseley says, "we preached constantly both in streets and houses; we have had large congregations, and great multitudes of Romanists, who appeared to hear with much attention. The priests in Drogheda do not say a word against us. On the market-day we preached in three different parts of the market to attentive multitudes, and in the evening in the Tholsel."

Here a novel scene was exhibited. Any one acquainted with the town of Drogheda knows that it abounds with beggars; and now Mr. Ouseley publishes that he will preach a sermon in the street to the beggars on the morning of his departure from the town. (This was forty years before the school for the "ragged boys," in London, had an existence.) Great multitudes of beggars attended; they stood next the preacher, and a vast crowd assembled outside, anxious to know what kind of sermon would be delivered on the occasion. Mr. Ouseley took for his subject the history of the rich man and Lazarus. God was manifestly present and gracious; and greater showers of tears were shed than at any other meeting, both by the poor paupers and those around. Mr. Ouseley retired under the blessings of the poor creatures who had so eagerly heard the word of the Lord.

The efforts of the missionaries were also greatly and extensively blessed in other places, immediately after this. In the counties of Carlow and Kilkenny, particularly, so great was the impulse produced, that the people came from distant places—some seven, ten, and even twenty miles—to attend the meetings which were held by them. Not less than two hundred in one fortnight came forward to join society. In Carlow the chapel could scarcely contain the people who thronged from all quarters to attend a love-feast, in speaking of which Mr. Ouseley says, “We had a glorious time; truly this circuit seems to lift up its head.”

In the city of Kilkenny the mob were very much disposed to create disturbance; but they were deterred by the presence of the military, and the interposition of the chief magistrate. The missionaries, for three successive days, preached in the streets—not less than seven sermons in all. “For the first time,” says Mr. Ouseley, “I laid siege to Popery every day.” A little after this he met with ruffian treatment in the town of Granard, for which the assailant, a man named Caulfield, was sentenced to imprisonment. Here, notwithstanding, the word was with power, and several joined society. “Often,” says Mr. Lanktree, “has my soul been roused by the unquenchable zeal and abundant labors of these men of God, especially Mr. Ouseley; but never more so than on the morning after this trial. He had been published to preach at six o’clock in the chapel, but at five I was surprised to hear singing in the street; when I arose and went out, he was addressing a considerable number of laborers, who were standing with their spades waiting to be employed. After an appeal to their hearts, in their own language,

he fulfilled his appointment in the chapel. Often, in the course of a day's ride with him, have I witnessed the same aptness to teach; 'instant in season and out of season:' instructing the poor Irish was Gideon Ouseley's delight."

Well might the Irish Conference, in its Address to the British, state: "In many parts of this country much good has been done the last year through the preaching of the word. A spirit of hearing has been excited in the minds of people of almost all descriptions; insomuch that no inconveniences of time or situation could prevent hundreds, in various places, from assembling in the streets to hear the gospel of Christ. These are encouraging openings, which, if followed up in the spirit attendant on the sacred ministry, will, we doubt not, be productive of the greatest benefit to mankind."

After Mr. Ouseley left the Dublin district, which happened in July, the sphere of his active and unceasing exertions for the next few years was his native province, where, in times gone by, he had gone forth "weeping, bearing precious seed;" where he was beloved and honored, and where the most tender recollections were cherished of the scenes in which he had been the principal actor. He was called by some in that country by a very expressive title, *Sheeda no var*—"the silk of men"—in allusion, not only to his name, which was in Irish *Sheeda* Ouseley, but as illustrative of his character. The Rev. William Cornwall, who has been for more than thirty years an efficient *Irish* missionary, was his son in the gospel, and tells some interesting things concerning his preaching at that time. The effects produced by his

preaching were surprising: sometimes, during his sermon, the congregation would, as by a sudden impulse, simultaneously rise from their seats, fall prostrate on their knees, and with strong cries and tears pray to the Lord Jesus Christ to have mercy on them. Mr. Cornwall, speaking of the first visit which Mr. Ouseley paid to his father's house, about six miles distant from Dunmore, says, "The first time I had the privilege of seeing him was in a class which was met in my father's house. When I was informed by a person near me, that it was Mr. Ouseley, the mention of his name had a wonderful effect on my mind, so that I shed tears incessantly. When he prayed in the meeting, I felt still more powerfully affected; but when, after the meeting, he came and shed tears over my head, exclaiming, 'O my child! O my child!' my heart was broken. The anticipation of future good then mixed my sorrow with joy. From that hour, his *appearance*, his *prayers*, his *singing*, his *preaching*, and all I saw him do, had a wonderful effect upon me." Some time before the appointment of Mr. C. to a circuit, he was the instrument of the happy conversion of Mr. John Ouseley, father of the subject of this Memorial. Mr. Ouseley used to remark, Mr. Cornwall was his own son in the gospel, and his own father was Mr. Cornwall's son.

Mr. Ouseley had resided in Sligo some time before his being called out to travel; he had now the pleasure of visiting the scene of his earlier pious efforts, and his heart rejoiced that he had not run in vain, neither labored in vain. The counties of Mayo, Roscommon, Leitrim, and Sligo, especially, invited, in succession, to labor. But in the town of Sligo and its neighborhood

the word was wonderfully successful; the missionaries not only preached in the streets and lanes of the city, but held field meetings, to which great multitudes were attracted, and many were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. Even when the weather turned out unfavorably, they held prayer meetings until the shades of evening obliged them to retire. In these meetings they were ably assisted by the Rev. Mr. Caldwell, of Sligo, a devoted minister of the Presbyterian Church. This pious man would remain until near night, even under descending rain, praying with penitents crying for mercy. "As to the work of God here," says Mr. Ouseley, "I do not know rightly how to describe it; but this I say, the whole country seems moved. . . . It is only eternity will tell what the Lord has done lately among us." Speaking of a love-feast that was held shortly after one of these field meetings, he says, "I am just come from the meeting this moment—one of the most glorious, perhaps, you or I ever saw. After about one hour's speaking, the whole house, crowded as it was from end to end, broke out into one burst of prayer and praise—the cries of penitents, and the praises of believers mingled, were most delightful to those 'who know the joyful sound.' Not less than thirty souls, it was supposed, were at this time brought into the enjoyment of the divine favor."

Abundant blessings accompanied the missionaries in their work in other parts of the kingdom; but Mr. Ouseley's ministry was most signally owned of God. The Address of the Irish to the British Conference speaks in language of rejoicing: "In our former Address we declared our expectation that we should be blessed this year with a powerful visitation from the Spirit of

the Lord; and, thanks be to God, we have not been disappointed. On various circuits there has been an ingathering; and, what we think of far more importance, many have been turned to the Lord. In speaking of the prosperity of Zion, we would not pass over in silence our beloved missionaries, whose labors the Lord remarkably owns; a considerable number, through their instrumentality, have been brought from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God: many classes have been formed by them, and may God prosper their way more and more." The fathers and brethren in England answer in the language of congratulation: "In the success of the missionaries we greatly rejoice, and congratulate you on the pleasing prospect which opens before you. We doubt not, dear brethren, your zeal in this glorious cause, nor shall our prayers be wanting in your behalf, that your labors in this blessed undertaking may abundantly prosper. Even so, Lord Jesus. Amen!"

As from the numerous and important public engagements which constantly engrossed the attention, and occupied the days and nights of Mr. Ouseley, it might be naturally supposed, that neither leisure nor strength remained for those which might be considered as minor duties. It may not be unnecessary here, in order to a more correct knowledge of his character in this respect, to give a brief sketch of his mode of working, agreeing as well with this period of his ministry, as every other part of it, before and after. The children and young people were the objects of his anxious care. This may be said also of those who labored in connection with him. They would cause them to commit to memory portions of the Holy

Scriptures, and of our hymns; and give them little reward books for their encouragement. As we have already seen, great quantities of tracts were distributed, and innumerable copies of the sacred Scriptures were put in circulation, among all classes. Mr. Ouseley was furnished with supplies for this purpose by friends in Dublin, and by grants from the Incorporated Society; and they were bought up with the greatest eagerness by all descriptions of persons. "More good news," says Mr. Ouseley; "the poor Romanists buy up the Testaments, in a manner, as fast as the Protestants: we have not one now. O hasten, hasten! let us have the books which we requested from the Book Room, and the Bibles and Testaments. The places that did not get them are crying out." The most beneficial results followed these efforts everywhere, among young and old! A spirit of inquiry was created, and a growing interest excited for the truth as it is in Jesus. This is conveyed by Mr. Ouseley, to his friend Mr. Lanktree, in strong terms:—

"We have now received five hundred Testaments within these few months, and we brought seventy more with us from Dublin, yet we had scarce one of them left when the last parcel arrived. The Lord bless you for your exertion in procuring them, and the Incorporated Society for giving them! Surely it was a charity, the effects of which only eternity will fully disclose! To have the word of God in the hands of so many who lately lay in darkness, O how blessed! These three things, out of many, are the consequences: 1st. I suppose about one hundred of the youth are getting select parts by heart for us: thus sounding the word of God in the families day by day. Surely this must have a

good effect. 2d. The grown people who hear us, read the Scriptures, and are reading too the doctrines we preach in the book of God. Thus their prejudices are removed; and they yield with trembling hearts and flowing eyes to the truth, and lead new lives, to the glory of God. 3d. The Romanists get some; and whether the priests will or will not, they read together, and compare, at times, ours with the Douay Testament. They begin to find that the Protestant Testament is not false, as was represented—the substance of both being much the same—and then say the Testament alone is right.”

Mr. Hamilton says:—“There is a great spirit of inquiry among them. They know us everywhere, and we are the conversation of town and country. Upon the whole, the devil is not likely to get near as many souls from this country as he expected. Some of our new members are very happy and useful: our own souls are greatly comforted among them. There is much good doing among the children in every place; which I think will never be forgotten. A curate in Easkey is zealously on our side.”

Nor were these the only means resorted to by Mr. Ouseley—he never seemed to cease or tire. By his colloquial addresses, as he traveled or where he sojourned, he found easy access to all classes of persons, and introduced subjects connected with their best interests to all with whom he met. Whenever or wherever he had the opportunity, he might be said never to have failed in improving it. In this respect I believe he was seldom equaled, and never surpassed. His power was singular, and his success extraordinary. He adapted his observations, with apparent ease and

facility, and without offense, to all ranks, employments, habits, and prejudices; and in every case would with admirable force convey instruction to the understanding of the several kinds of persons with whom he conversed. You could not form a just estimate of the character and talent of Mr. Ouseley as a missionary, if this peculiarity were overlooked. This species of instruction was practiced in all his travels, and in all the circles of society in which he moved. He would express himself on the important subject of his mission, to the merchant in his office, or the man of science in his study; to the professional man, or the military officer; to the farmer at the plough or casting in the seed; to the set of workmen in the field or peat bog; to the group of idlers at the smith's forge, or collecting round him at the turnpike gate. The peer or the peasant; the lady in her drawing room, or the servant maid in the kitchen; all seemed alike accessible to him: no difficulty would obstruct, no rank prevent, his attempts to do good in this way. All appeared to be impressed by the justness of his remarks, and the force of his reasonings; illustrated as they were by figures most appropriate and familiar to the parties, and best adapted to their views and habits. As an evidence of this, on such occasions, generally speaking, all business was suspended by the persons whom he addressed.

Some of his conversations in this way I have already noticed; here I will call your attention to two examples, which prove my representation. Coming up, one fine summer's day, with a number of men cutting peat, "What are ye doing, boys?" said he. "We are cutting turf," they answered. "Sure," returned Mr.

O., "you don't require them this fine weather?" "No, sir," they answered, "we don't want them now; but we'll want them in the cold days of winter, out here, and in the long nights." "And ye fools," said Mr. O., "won't it be time enough to cut them when ye want them? Let winter provide for itself." "O *muisha*, sir," answered they again; "it would be too late then." Mr. Ouseley's moral on the subject will be easily understood: he urged upon them the need of a present salvation, to make them happy here, and give them a preparation for a long eternity.

When I last resided in Dublin, a pious gentleman, a friend of mine, was exceedingly anxious about the salvation of a noble friend of his. He frequently complained to me that he could get no clergyman to go with him and visit his dear old friend, Lord —, to speak to him about his soul, although on the very borders of eternity. "I had a promise," he said one day, "from B., [an eminent clergyman of the Establishment,] that he would come with me; but six months have elapsed, and he has not fulfilled his promise. He is like every one else—afraid of his lordship. O will nobody come with me to see my dear lord? I'll tell you *what!* I'll go to Gideon; he's in town: *he'll* come with me." The gentleman seemed quite relieved; went off to Mr. Ouseley, and took him in his carriage to the mansion of the noble lord. The object of their visit being briefly hinted by the gentleman, Mr. Ouseley very affectionately and respectfully urged upon his lordship the indispensable necessity of preparing for an eternal world. "Mr. Ouseley," replied his lordship, "public business must be attended to; and we have no time for these things." Mr. O. re-

joined, "But, my lord, we must have time to die, and we should be prepared for that inevitable event." His lordship said, "And what am I to do, Mr. Ouseley?" To which he replied, "There is the New Testament: it contains the will of the Lord Jesus Christ, and tells you what you are to do, my lord." "But, Mr. O., there are many things in that book which I can understand, and that I admire. I must confess, however, there are other things I cannot agree with." "Ah! my lord, that will never do. What if your lordship had a case submitted to you by an individual, for an opinion; and after your opinion had been drawn up with the utmost care and legal accuracy, he would say, 'Why, my lord, there is part of this I like pretty well, but with other parts I cannot agree: what would you say, my lord?'" "Ah! I perceive your meaning; we must receive the *whole* as a revelation from God." "Exactly so, my lord. Take up that book; *believe* what it says, and *do* what it commands, and you will, my lord, be prepared, by His mercy, for the hour of death, and for that day when the great Judge shall appear."

"And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come, Felix trembled." The nobleman expressed his feelings of gratitude to Mr. Ouseley, and invited him and his friend to dinner. They obeyed; but Mr. Ouseley, not losing sight of the primary object of his visit, treated his lordship with a faithfulness to which he had been wholly unaccustomed. Whether any beneficial result followed, we cannot tell—we can only hope.

"The day of judgment shall declare."

During the years 1806 and 1807 considerable agitation and troubles prevailed through the province, which made it dangerous to travel. A body of nocturnal legislators, calling themselves Threshers, infested the country. They were organized for the purpose of putting down tithes, and reducing the dues of the Romish priests. They committed numerous depredations, and spread terror all around. In the midst of these alarms, God took special care of his servants, who, nothing daunted, passed through scenes of tumult, and never ceased to preach the doctrine of the kingdom of peace, publicly and privately witnessing the glorious effects of their ministrations. Even the people who had received the missionaries into their houses had become terrified, and came to the resolution not to allow them to continue their visits. Mr. Ouseley urged his way among them, and dispersed their fears; and not only retained his ground, but actually preached in the fairs to crowded congregations of the Threshers themselves.

A party of them, on one occasion, slightly injured Mr. Ouseley's horse, but they never inflicted an injury on himself; on the contrary, they warned the priest not to dare to meddle with Ouseley any more at his peril. In a letter written about this time, Mr. O. says:—"I must not omit a circumstance that occurred as I came through the mountains home, after preaching at night in a new place. The couple where I had lodged told me that the preachers could not come there any more, for they were afraid of the Threshers. My grieved soul complained to the Lord against Satan, who wanted to turn us out. Next morning the people came again together. We wept under the meltings of

divine grace, and then four or five houses were open to receive us. From that, before I tasted food, I rode off to another place, and gathered the people, Romanists and Protestants. While I yet preached, through the power of God's holy word and Spirit, an outcry began. Among the rest, a respectable Romanist cried out, and prayed most vehemently. After the meeting, when I was settling houses to receive the Sligo preachers, as it was on their circuit, he spoke out, and said, 'Come, sir, two days in the week to my house, and welcome, indeed.' 'O,' said I, 'only for the priests that are ready to eat you up, many of you would do so.' 'The priests!' said he, indignantly, 'I don't care a straw for the priest; not I, indeed.' I preached here on Saturday; and on Tuesday last in a fair, in the mountains, among the Threshers. They gave me thousands of blessings. The harvest, the great harvest, will yet come!"

In another letter Mr. Ouseley thus describes his efforts among the young to promote Scriptural instruction; his unwearied perseverance in bringing lost souls to Christ, notwithstanding the opposition of the Romish clergy; and his joy at the gracious indications of prosperity:—

"1. Then we are getting all the single people we can, with the children, to commit the Holy Scriptures to memory, which they do with great pleasure. One boy said a part of a chapter who does not yet know the letters.

"2. The Lord favored me with witnessing many conversions in several places; and, blessed be his name, we had lively meetings everywhere, many weeping,

and many shouting the praises of God, and that, too, amid such troublesome times. Hallelujah!

“In one place, where ten or twelve of the Romanists had joined society, the priest, a great drunkard, came among them. This cruel kite came, and greatly terrified and scattered them, threatening to curse, yea, to make the very hair to fall off their head; and, when dying, not give them the ‘seal of Christ,’ (the ointment!) and then what would they do? But when I came again I ran into their cabins, and, poor things, they sprang toward me with their eyes dancing with joy and affection.

“I preached them a sermon on false prophets: the Lord greatly blessed it to the congregation; two souls professed to have obtained converting grace; and all were greatly moved. ‘O the priest—the priest!’ cried one in Irish, ‘why is he hindering us from all this comfort and sweetness?’ Next morning again I had a large barn well filled; and surely it was heaven upon earth! The first that fell on her knees was a Romish woman, which affected the whole house. She was soon released from her burden, and praised God aloud. Then a Protestant young woman felt exquisite distress, and was blessedly comforted. The next was a Romanist, who roared from the disquietude of his soul; after a little time his heart got light, and he glorified God. Then a Protestant man cried to God most piteously, and soon found peace and pardon, and so on, till I supposed more than half a dozen in a few moments were made to rejoice in the Lord. ‘O,’ said a converted Protestant, in Irish, ‘God is dealing finely and fairly, for he is giving us one about of each sort.’ ‘O,’ said

the Romanists, 'the priest may talk on; that is all he 'll have for it.' "

Thus we see the Lord deigned to smile on his own work: persons of all ranks and creeds became subject to the faith; new societies were formed; numerous congregations established; places of worship erected; and many families opened their houses for the reception of the regular preachers. The missionaries now rejoiced to see themselves rewarded with the spoils of the enemy; while many united themselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant. Great numbers of Roman Catholics became savingly converted, and were permanently joined to the society. Their children were now instructed in the volume of their faith; reading of the Scriptures and family worship carried on where they had been totally unknown; the most noted sinners were converted; and even some of those who, until lately, had known nothing of the power of religion, became helpers together with God's servants, instructing those who were out of the way. In reference to one of these, a person of respectability, Mr. O. remarks, "He now exhorts and prays most vehemently in Irish and English." And again:—"We have two fine fellows that lay buried in these villages, now all on fire, and helping us most valiantly. One of them, who was a Romanist, and public catechist for the priest, is very expert at the Irish. God is greatly acknowledging their labors; many more are beginning to break forth in prayer. Hallelujah!" exclaims he, "more and more are coming to our Redeemer, both in town and country. The good work is prospering in our hands; 'all glory to Him to whom it belongs;' the most atrocious sinners are brought to the feet of the Redeemer." In

one place, where the clergyman of the parish was very favorable to the servants of the Lord, and esteemed them in love for their works' sake, they obtained the use of the parish church for one of their meetings. "We have had," says Mr. O., "a great meeting in the church of a village called Easky, and the presence of the Lord was with us. Glory to his name! Two sermons were preached. We had a noise and a shaking on every hand."

New scenes of labor now open throughout the country to the circuit preachers, who foster the gracious work, and guard and edify the body of Christ; while Mr. Gideon Ouseley prosecutes an aggressive warfare into the regions beyond, not seeming satisfied until every portion of territory, from the Irish Sea to the Western Ocean, should be in subjection to the Prince of peace.

Yours, &c.

LETTER IX.

Mr. Ouseley distinguished as an Irish missionary—Messrs. Bell and Alcorn—Street preaching at Naas—Interesting effects of, on a clergyman of the Established Church—Useful ministry and triumphant death—Mr. Andrew Taylor—In great peril—Heroic conduct—Mr. Bell in Kilworth—Effects of street preaching—Mrs. Carey—Mr. Ouseley appointed to Galway and Clare—Suffers under severe illness, induced by lying in a wet room—Extract of a letter, descriptive of his feelings—Kindness toward his colleagues—Sleep on the loft—Sustains persecution—Assaulted by a priest—Letter on the subject from Mr. Hamilton—Sympathy and liberality of the English to Irish missions—Mr. Hamilton no longer able to bear the hardships of the mission—Strong affection for Mr. Ouseley—High opinion of the conference respecting Mr. Hamilton—Long and honorable career and triumphant close—Great discouragements of Mr. Ouseley next year—Explores new places—Great success—Singular conversion of a persecutor in class meeting—Mr. Ouseley preaches in the streets of Burrisokane—Forms a society there—Extraordinary exertions during that year—Testimony of conference relative to missions—Mr. Ouseley's prodigious labors deserving of notice.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Although the honored name of Gideon Ouseley stands most distinguished in the annals of Irish missions, there were others too who were

great and eminently useful. The blessing of God was upon the efforts of his faithful servants in other places also, which would deserve to be recorded, did our limits admit of it; but I shall select a few cases which satisfactorily show "that the hand of the Lord was with them; and a great number believed and turned to the Lord."

Messrs. Samuel Alcorn and James Bell, appointed about this time to the Dublin district, entered with great zeal and diligence on their arduous undertaking. Throughout the province of Leinster they preached in the streets on the Lord's day, and on other days in the markets and fairs, with great faithfulness and power. Mr. Bell was a man of peculiar simplicity, remarkable for his sweetness and devotion of spirit; he loved his country, and wept over its miseries; and sought to lead its erring children from darkness to light. He preached in the Irish tongue with fervor and effect. Very often he did more to convince gainsayers of the truth and power of the religion of Christ, and disarm his persecutors, when under their savage treatment, by dropping the tear of pity for his enemies, and gently wiping the blood and dirt off his face, than by the strength of argument or the force of persuasion. Mr. Alcorn preached only in English, but was an excellent preacher. To mental gifts of a superior order, he added a popular address and great fluency of expression; and what gave considerable effect to his ministration was his having a fine voice, and being able to sing our hymns with taste and judgment—a matter of no small importance to an Irish missionary.

In the autumn of 1806, Messrs. Alcorn and Bell, as at other times, preached in the streets of Naas, a prin-

cipal town in the county of Kildare, on which occasion the Rev. John Isaac Harrison, the clergyman of the parish and master of the diocesan school, was among their hearers. Mr. H., a gentleman of accomplished mind, was possessed of more than common talents, and ranked among the most celebrated pulpit advocates on behalf of charitable institutions, in the metropolis, previous to the days of Kirwan. Mr. Alcorn's subject was founded on Matt. ix, 37, 38: "The harvest truly is plenteous," &c. The word of God was accompanied to the heart of Mr. H.; he felt that with all his endowments he was an unpardoned sinner before God, and must, in order to be saved, enter into the kingdom of heaven as a little child. He "was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." He came forward to Mr. Alcorn, and, under deep emotion, said, "I am a clergyman of the Established Church; but, alas! though I have been a minister for twenty years, I am one of those idlers whom I have heard described in the sermon." He then kindly invited the preachers to his house; and after Mr. Bell had preached a second sermon, they accompanied him home. A large company of ladies and gentlemen were engaged at the card table when they entered the drawing room. Mr. H. introduced Messrs. Alcorn and Bell as Methodist preachers, whom he had heard in the street. The cards were soon laid aside; and, after a short interval of silence, a reasonable conversation was entered on, and the Bible introduced. Mr. Alcorn was requested by Mr. H. to sing the hymn by which he had been so deeply affected in the street:—

"From Salem's gate, advancing slow.
 What object meets my eyes?
 What means this majesty of wo;
 What mean these mingled cries?" &c.

During the singing of the hymn every face was suffused with tears, and every heart heaved with contrition. It was sung a second time with like effect. While Mr. Alcorn engaged in prayer, the penitent spirit of Mr. Harrison laid hold on Christ as his only Saviour; he gave up every plea beside,

“Lord, I am damn’d, but thou hast died;”

and received the witness of his acceptance with God through Christ Jesus; and, to the glory of the grace of God, this delightful consciousness he retained until he exchanged mortality for life. The whole family soon participated in his joy, and became heirs together of the grace of life. His parish felt the benefit of this happy change, in his future pious exertions. Mr. Harrison’s career, from this time, was short. In about two years and a half after this scene, he caught fever in visiting one of his parishioners, and in three weeks died in the full triumph of faith. The introduction here of a short letter from him to Mr. Alcorn will be permitted, as it shows the effects of his gracious change.

“I would have been glad to see you and your family on your way to your circuit, and am rather jealous that you did not so contrive your journey as to give us one night in Naas. What pleasure equal to the conversation of a man devoted to the service of God! I reckon that a blessed day in which I met with such. Your advice to continue my sabbath-evening meetings, by the grace of God, I shall take; and, eternal thanks be to God, it is a day that always returns with additional pleasure and internal comfort to my soul. O may I be the humble means of saving, if but one soul, from the pains of eternal death! We

have been in expectation of seeing the preachers that succeed you in this district. We should unremittingly 'pray the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers into his harvest.' Should I be within a few miles of you I hope to pay you a visit. When you write to Mr. Bell and Mr. Olliffe, please remember to give my love to them."

A few days after Mr. Harrison's lamented death, Mr. Alcorn received the following letter from his son, the Rev. John Harrison:—"The public papers must have announced to you the decease of one who was your son in the gospel, my dear father. He knew that by grace he was called from the captivity of Satan, and from the course of this present evil world, in which he had no dwelling, nor indeed desired one; he was brought from death to spiritual life, and born again, so that God was his Father by the power of his Spirit, and Jesus a full Saviour by his atonement and righteousness. Religion, which was the zealous object of his latter days, and the love of Christ which was shed abroad in his heart, made him happy in death, and, in his own dying words, 'did cast out fear.' I shall be glad to hear from you soon and often. The diocesan school will be conducted by me, having obtained the appointment of the bishop, and, please God, the sabbath-evening meetings shall not be forgotten."

It was thus, while in the west the blessed men engaged there gathered glorious spoils, their brethren in other parts of the kingdom were richly rewarded by such signal trophies of success. "Let not ambition mock their useful toil;" let no man assume that their vocation was not *divine*, lest haply he be found to fight against God; for do not such facts as have been stated,

which stand out before the world, give evidence of the *divine* approval of the men and their call, by the power of God so manifestly accompanying their ministrations ?

Mr. Bell, in conjunction with Mr. Andrew Taylor, labored the next year with unabated fidelity and zeal throughout the Cork district. Mr. Taylor, though not acquainted with the Irish language, was so efficient and successful a missionary as not to be undeserving a place in the list of those who lived for the regeneration of their country. He endured hardness as a good soldier ; and was like-minded with him who exclaimed, "None of these things move me." In the early part of his ministry he was in perils among his own countrymen ; and when called in these circumstances to bear witness of the truth, evinced a spirit worthy of the purest ages of Christianity. During the reign of anarchy, in 1798, he was made a prisoner by the rebel forces, in the garrison of Wexford. While hundreds of Protestants were sacrificed at the shrine of intolerance, and victim after victim, from the points of the enemy's pikes, swelled the tide of the blood-stained Slaney, Andrew Taylor was brought before the inquisitorial court. The usual interrogatories were put : What are you ? &c. "I knew," said Mr. Taylor, (I heard him relate it,) "I knew if I had said, 'I am a Protestant,' that would have been bad enough : to have said, 'I am a Methodist,' would have been worse, but to have said, 'I am a Methodist preacher,' was the worst of all." Raising himself up, in calm defiance of the ruffian host, he boldly exclaimed, "I AM A METHODIST PREACHER," not knowing but the next hour would have been his last. Strange to say, they

seemed, by his intrepid avowal, impressed with awe; one of them interposed, and he escaped unhurt. Many years afterward he preached the gospel through that very country, with wonderful success. For further information relative to this subject I refer you to a tract, written by the Rev. R. Huston, in the Wesleyan Mission Series, in which he presents the reader with many interesting details of the labors of Mr. Taylor, and their delightful results, throughout the counties of Wicklow and Wexford. The ministrations of Messrs. Bell and Taylor were graciously acknowledged by the great Head of the church. I may be allowed to select one instance, which, with many other interesting circumstances, came under my own knowledge, that will establish this gratifying fact.

The town of Kilworth is beautifully situated at the foot of a large ridge of mountains, called Kilworth Mountains, about twenty-seven English miles from Cork, on the Dublin road, with wild, romantic scenery, rising to the north, and a rich, cultivated country, diversified with wood and water, toward the south and west; it, and the surrounding neighborhood, present a peculiarly picturesque appearance. Many of the inhabitants were, at least at that time, persons of opulence and respectability. Into this town Mr. Bell found his way on the sabbath-day, about the time that divine service commenced. He entered the church, and requested the sexton to show him to the pew of a lady who he had heard was religiously disposed. At the close of the service, he addressed her by saying he was a Methodist missionary, and begged she would have the kindness to order her servant to bring him a chair, as he was about to preach in the street. She

said inaudibly, "Lord bless me! is it not enough for this gentleman to bring the eyes of the congregation upon me? does he want to make me a spectacle to the whole town?" In a moment, the words of our blessed Lord rushed into her mind: "Whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels." She immediately answered, "Not only my servant, but, if requisite, myself." Mr. Bell soon mounted on his chair—the lady standing beside him—and commenced singing a hymn. The church congregation, not less attracted by the lady taking her stand beside Mr. Bell, and assisting him with the singing, than by the novelty of a street preacher, several of the more respectable among them said, "We'll not let Mrs. — stand alone;" and immediately another and another drew near them: by and by the church congregation, and then that of the chapel, thronged around the preacher, while he proclaimed liberty to the captives in the name of the Lord Jesus. Soon were the labors of these zealous men followed with the divine blessing; and Mrs. Carey, the lady referred to, was then among the first-fruits of their preaching. She was a gentlewoman of singular sense, of highly cultivated mind, and of great energy and decision of character. She was of a Protestant family of rank, but married to Roger Carey, Esq., a Roman Catholic gentleman, of considerable property. He was a man of education, and of masculine understanding; who could ill brook the flagrant errors of the Church of Rome, and the duplicity and disgusting conduct of her clergy. I feel no hesitation in placing these things on record, as I had

them frequently, without disguise, from the lips of the lady and gentleman themselves. Unhappily, as is the case with many persons in that rank of life, he became conversant with infidel works, and regarding Christianity as exhibited in the models around him, he sunk into complete skepticism in relation to everything sacred. "He was not an atheist from the love of atheism, but because the iniquities of Rome and its church had made him think that the religion which sanctioned such abominations could not be true; and in the recklessness of a thoughtless mind he concluded that all was false." Such was his state when the Methodist missionaries were invited to his house. The progress of error was soon arrested; and, although he was not brought under the influence of personal religion, he became favorable to it, and sincerely attached to those whom he believed to be the true ministers of the gospel. I frequently visited him during his last illness, in which he at least manifested feelings of sincere and genuine penitence. I brought the Rev. Thomas Wakeham, a pious clergyman, to administer to him the Lord's supper; and his death, which I witnessed, was not without hope.

The grave has long since closed on all that was mortal of Mrs. Mary Carey; I have learned from others that her end was triumphant: though no memorial is preserved of her excellences but that which is cherished in the bosoms of her friends, save an expression of the debt of gratitude which she owed to the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, in a bequest to its funds, which stands in its proper place in the General Report. Such were some of the fruits of the gospel in that part of the Irish mission, which afford pleasing

evidence that the labor of those faithful men was not in vain in the Lord.

In the year 1808, Mr. Ouseley, with Mr. Hamilton, found his way to the county of Clare, which was for some considerable time to be part of his field of labor. They soon penetrated as far as Kilrush, a seaport in the west of the county. In the early attempts to cultivate that moral waste, peculiar hardships were to be encountered. With these I shortly after became acquainted; and such were they, that, stern as was the resolution of my dear Mr. Ouseley, and firm as was his physical strength, they were sometimes both affected. When contrasting the scene of his toil with well-cultivated circuits, powerful emotions sometimes agitated his bosom; and his great strength occasionally sunk under the privations which he endured while seeking after lost and wandering souls in the desert. Having lain in a room in one of his lodgings in the county of Clare, the floor of which was wet, (for it was more than damp,) he caught a severe cold, which turned to ague, and by which he was for a short time laid on a sick bed; but when at all convalescent, he was eager to be again at his Master's work. These things are best described in a letter of his own:—

“I know you are anxious to hear as to my illness, &c. During the year I had not before this one day's sickness. My health was very good: but the night before I came home, I lay in a room, the floor of which was very damp and wet; so I got a double disorder—a heavy cold and ague. On Friday, through mercy, I got a little change for the better, and have been recovering since. Now I get up; and you see, thanks to

our God, I can write to a friend, and hope soon to be at my Master's work again.

“And now as to our circuit. But I must first cast my longing eyes on yours. How pleasant, my brother, to range through meadows fair, and fields productive of crops in various states or stages, ready to make the tiller's heart to dance; where there are meandering crystal streams and sweet fruits clustering all around! But to have the huge rocks, hard as adamant; wild deserts, where savage beasts seek their prey, and scarcely a green herb, or spring, or fruit, is found; how dreary is the sight! When the poor traveler does not know where to rest his weary head—how dismal the contrast! This is our case. Yet, glory to God, my brother, the Lord came with us; and then ‘labor is rest, and pain is sweet.’ Some of the solitary places are becoming glad; the desert begins to sing and blossom as the rose. Friendship and good-will are beginning to appear. We have now from twenty-four to thirty places at which to call and lodge; and in two classes, for which we have got leaders, there are in all about sixty or seventy members, with a prospect of more. My friends there will be glad to hear that I am alive—alive to live for ever! Hallelujah!”

The lodging in which Mr. Ouseley caught his illness, reminds me of a similar place on the same mission, and perhaps not far from it, some circumstances relative to which I shall relate. Mr. Ouseley was remarkable for his kindness and attention to his young colleagues. He used sometimes to say to me, that he was more careful of their health and comfort than of his own. Many proofs had I of this when, a short time

after, I traveled with him. In a country so extensive, and where so many excursions must have been taken to new places, our traveling must have been desultory, and our plans, consequently, irregular. Some of the traveling-plans, drawn up by my revered superintendent, were curiosities in their way. One locality never escaped his special attention, and always, with regard to me, forced a smile: "Sleep on the loft," was a stereotyped note connected with that place. It was the house of a wealthy farmer. The room which was assigned the preacher was indescribably cheerless—though a kind of state-room. It was a small back apartment, with an earthen floor; a small window, opening into a kitchen-garden, was darkened by nettles and hemlock, which rankly grew outside; the walls were covered with a green sepulchral damp, and the room floor, being much lower than the ground without, rendered it liable to continual wet. When I at any time entered that dismal apartment, my feet sunk in the floor; and whenever I lay down in my bed I thought of my grave. It was here, particularly, Mr. Ouseley never failed to write, "Sleep on the loft." You may perhaps be curious to have a description of this loft. It was a small erection over the kitchen, between the rafters of the house, in which you could not stand upright, and ascended to by a step-ladder. Of this, the old couple, the united head of the house, had long had the undisturbed possession. I found it not easy to remove them; so that for three years I never but once effected an entrance. I, in this, broke through the anxious direction of my kind superintendent. It was here, or in some place like it, that Mr. Ouseley caught the cold already described.

Not only did Mr. Ouseley suffer from privations and consequent affliction, but also had to endure sore persecutions. A few months before his late illness he suffered severely from a Popish mob, led on by a drunken priest. After having been inhumanly treated, he was, in the depth of winter, obliged to ride seven miles without a hat. Good Mr. Hamilton describes this, and other things connected with their mission that year, in a letter to Mr. Lanktree, an extract of which I subjoin:—

“Such a year of persecution I never had. ‘Cruel mockings’ are nothing, and showers of stones and dirt are but play; but ‘bloodshed and battery’ are no joke. Last Christmas we were waylaid, and robbed of our books. Ouseley was hurt, and lost his hat in the fray: he had to ride seven miles before he got one. I thought we should never leave the spot. It happened near Eyrecourt, on the Shannon. We had preached there that day, and had a battle with the priest and his people. The priest beat my horse greatly, and the people dragged him down on the street, and I on his back; but a soldier got me into the barrack-yard. Ouseley was hurt there too. The soldiers then got to arms, loaded their pieces, fixed their bayonets, marched out before us, and formed a square about us both on the street, until we preached to the market people. They then put us safe out of the town; but never thought that our persecutors had got out before us, and lay concealed until we came up, and then surrounded us with horrid shoutings, as if Scullabogue barn had been on fire. At another time a big priest and I were in holds with each other as he was going to pull my Ouseley down: I could easily have injured him, for he was very drunk.

“We have penetrated as far as Kilrush, looking over to the county of Kerry. In several places we have a good prospect. Our circuit is near two hundred miles round. Weary work for poor *me*—full of rheumatism, with which I was confined for some months after conference; and I cannot look less than five years older than I appeared then. My dear brother Ouseley is coming round from the county of Clare. We have divided for some time past. . . . We have no wonderful work this year, as we had about Ballina. We are very glad that we are alive, and the winter over. We have, indeed, a few places opened for preaching that I hope will lead to a good and lasting work.

“In the church of Gort there is nothing sung but hymns and hymn tunes. Dean Foster’s is one of our lodging places.”

The Irish Conference expresses itself in terms of strong affection to the English, at the end of this year, for their sympathy and liberality to the Irish mission: “The joy you feel at the success of our missionaries greatly encourages us to persevere in this very arduous undertaking; and we have the pleasure of informing you that three additional missionaries have engaged in the blessed work this year. Our beloved brethren who have retired from it were some of our most useful men, whose health declining under the fatigues thereof, were reduced to the necessity of returning to their regular place. To your kind exertions, and the generosity of the good people of England, (under God,) thousands of souls in this country are indebted for the light of the gospel. May God reward you all a thousand fold!”

Mr. Hamilton, when no longer able to endure the toils of that mission, parted from Mr. Ouseley with re-

gret. He had from the first entertained a lively affection for him; he had proposed him to the conference to be admitted on trial, a fact to which he always adverted with peculiar satisfaction; and now that he had been for years "his companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ," his attachment became more confirmed; and to the end of life he cherished a fond regard for his brother and friend. When he had reckoned what he terms his "eleven years of Sundays," he says, "Mr. Ouseley has been a blessing to thousands in Ireland; and his zeal has stirred up many of the preachers to open their mouths wider. I am glad I had the pleasure of recommending him to travel about forty years ago. Our connection should value him very much." The numerous privations and labors through which Mr. Hamilton had to pass, reduced his robust constitution, and brought on a speedier decline of his strength than ordinary circumstances would have done. A long period, therefore, was he laid aside from the regular work. But, though incapable of sharing in the active labors, he for many years maintained a useful place in the church of Christ.

The high opinion the Methodist Conference entertained of his worth, is seen in the testimony which is on record in the Minutes with regard to him:—"He was a faithful and successful laborer in the Lord's vineyard. For a considerable portion of that time he was the companion of the indefatigable Gideon Ouseley and Charles Graham; and while he shared with them in their arduous toils and trials, he enjoyed the privilege of witnessing many blessed revivals of religion; and participated with them in the joy of beholding sinners turned 'from darkness to light, and from the power

of Satan unto God.' Through increasing infirmities he was, in 1816, compelled to retire from the regular work of our ministry; but during the years of his comparative retirement he labored, as his strength admitted, in the service of his blessed Master, and was made a blessing to many in the several localities where he resided. Previous to his last illness, he wrote on a blank leaf of his Bible, 'Even now my soul is on the wing. I am very happy. I bless the day that I was born. What hath the world to equal this? I bid its frowns and smiles farewell; for "angels beckon me away, and Jesus bids me come."' Some of his last words were: 'If I could shout so that the world might hear, I would tell of the goodness and love of God my Saviour. Not a cloud! not a cloud! Victory over death! The sting is taken away; glory, glory to God!' He died October 8, 1843, in the eighty-second year of his age, and the fifty-sixth of his ministry."

Mr. Ouseley commenced his second year on the Galway and Clare mission not under very promising appearances. Mr. Wm. Rutledge was his colleague; a gracious, prudent, and zealous young man; but whose constitution was wholly unequal to the duties of that toilsome circuit. He followed his great leader; "but not with equal steps." He was sometimes heard to say, "Why, Mr. Ouseley preaches more on his horse's back, as he rides on the way, than in all his sermons." He soon sunk under his oppressive work, and before another year had closed he was called out of a world of suffering and toil, to where the "inhabitant shall not say, I am sick." This is briefly noticed in the obituary of 1811: "William Rutledge traveled nearly two years; one of these was on the Irish mission, the severe labors

of which brought on that affliction from which he never fully recovered."

Mr. Ouseley, notwithstanding great discouragements, which were increased by the debility of his pious companion, pursued his course with undeviating diligence. He made Ennis (the county town of Clare) his centre, from which he went forth, preaching in the streets of the principal towns, and the smaller towns of the adjoining counties, not only maintaining the ground which had been already gained, but penetrating recesses, and exploring new places, to the extremities of that extensive district: and he rejoiced in witnessing great, and, indeed, unexpected success. Many favorable openings were presented to him; some of minor interest, but others of great importance. One of these secluded places, to which at this period he found access, was rendered interesting by an incident which may be regarded as not common. The spot itself is within a valley, through which runs the river Shannon. On one side are the rising hills, and on the other are the banks of the river studded with trees, which, while they partly intercept the view of it, add considerably to the effect of the whole scene. Here stood a small village, and not far from it, along the vale, some comfortable farm houses, occupied, for the most part, by Protestant families. In this serene region, so favorable by nature to tranquillity, it might be supposed that all was order and quiet; but, alas! it was quite otherwise; the bulk of this rural population had received for "doctrines the commandments of men;" and of them it might have been said,—

"Wild as the untaught Indian brood
The Christian savages remain."

The word of the Lord was faithfully and successfully preached in this neighborhood; and in due time a class formed, of devout and serious persons. In this infant society, as well as others, the principal difficulty was the obtaining of a suitable class-leader; the person appointed for this purpose had to come on the Lord's day morning from a place several miles distant. This circumstance, as well as the missionary's appearance, raised the jealousy of the enemies of truth, who resolved to extirpate this novel heresy. Several of them banded together for this laudable object, and one, more desperate than the rest, who had gained a bad eminence among them, was to lead on the intended attack. He entered the house before the meeting commenced, that he might at a fitting time open the door for the gang. The violent character of this intruder was so well known by the little company within, that a suspicion was excited of some evil being designed. The hymn, however, was given out and sung. He said, "This is very purty; I'll not disturb them." Prayer was made: he said again, "I'll let them alone till they have done their prayers." The class meeting began, and Pat, for that was his name, took his seat among them, saying to himself, "I'd like to hear what they have to say!" The leader, who was a judicious man, met the class, leaving the rude stranger for the last, who, before he reached him, seemed under evident emotion, when the leader addressed him to this effect:—"My good man, have you any knowledge of the things of which we have been speaking? Did you ever feel yourself a sinner before God, and that you deserved for ever to be excluded from his presence?" He roared exceedingly, from the disquietude of his

soul, and cried out, "Lord, have mercy upon me! What shall I do? I'm a wicked sinner!" The whole meeting felt the unexpected shock, and their cries and prayers became general. In the mean while, the party without, who had already become impatient for the reappearance of their companion, and could not get in without forcing the door, paced back and forward, reiterating, "The devil's among the Swaddlers." They little suspected that the strong man armed was bound and east out; and the man out of whom he had departed, "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind." I knew him afterward, as noble an advocate for the truth as he had been before a daring opposer.

Burrisokane, in the county of Tipperary, was the principal place of which, this year, Mr. O. took possession. Having been informed that there was a very destitute neighborhood a few miles from that town, where a considerable number of ignorant Protestants resided, who were like sheep without a shepherd, he went in quest of them, and on his way stopped at an inn in Burrisokane. This occurrence took place about the Christmas of 1809; Mr. Ouseley inquired of the innkeeper, "Are there any Methodists living in this town?" He answered in the negative; but informed him, however, of three persons of respectability, Messrs. Hackett, Holland, and Reed, who seemed more attentive to religious exercises than their neighbors. One of these had been connected with the Methodist society, and then, with the other two, attached to the principles of the Baptists. He called on one of these, Mr. Wm. Haskett, whose house was soon kindly opened to receive the servant of the Most High; and,

with that of Mr. Anthony Holland, became the home of the Methodist missionaries. These two good men, and their excellent wives, who were sisters, were among the best and most faithful friends and members of the society during their life.

Mr. Ouseley writes, some time afterward, in a letter to Dr. Coke:—"Our principal work is still in the county of Tipperary. When I went alone, in the name of my God, into the town of Burrenokane, last Christmas twelvemonth, there was no Methodist in the place but one, and he a Baptist: nor did I know a single person in it. I was told it was a most wicked place, in which very many efforts to preach the gospel had been baffled." After repeated visits of himself and his colleague, he determined on forming a society. Accordingly, on Easter Monday, 1810, accompanied by his friend and brother, the Rev. Adam Averell, he took down the names of such as were seriously disposed. The number of those thus admitted on trial amounted to sixty. Some of these, as might have been expected, afterward declined; but others became united to the infant society, so that in the July following, when I first visited this town, there existed in it a large and prosperous society. The coming of Mr. Ouseley at that particular time seemed quite providential. The old church had been pulled down, the building of a new one not yet commenced, and the people in a state of spiritual destitution. With two or three exceptions, the whole town and country were in a deep sleep, from which none but the voice that wakes the dead could arouse them. Such was the condition in which he found this people; and while he earnestly cried out to them to turn to the Lord by

faith, and to do works meet for repentance, the power of God accompanied the word preached by his honored servant. The trumpet gave no uncertain sound; many heard and received with gladness the gospel invitation.

Among the first-fruits of his preaching was Mr. Thomas Ballard, then quite a youth. He saw Mr. Ouseley mounted on a table in the street, preaching to a crowd, and was attracted to the spot, at first from curiosity, but soon the word preached came home with power to his heart, and his young mind becoming deeply affected with a sense of his condition as a lost sinner, he cried out, "What shall I do to be saved?" These early impressions were not transient, like the morning cloud; they resulted in his happily obtaining redemption in the blood of Jesus, even the forgiveness of sins, and eventually in the consecration of himself to the Christian ministry.

Many others believed to the saving of the soul. Doors were opened for preaching, and societies formed through the surrounding country. Some of those who were then gathered in from the world to the fold of Christ, "remain unto this present, and some are fallen asleep."

The societies formed and edified by Mr. Ouseley were generally well grounded in the principles and discipline of our Methodist economy, and in the nature of pure Christianity; and, if the character of the elements be taken into account, would not suffer by a comparison with those churches which have been fostered by the honored fathers of our connection. As I became acquainted with these societies immediately after their formation, I had an opportunity of judging

for myself; and the opinions then entertained have not been altered by years of subsequent experience.

There is no portion of his life which has more impressed my mind with admiration for the man, and for the grace of God in him, than the part of which we have just taken a survey. Notwithstanding great difficulties and discouragements, he proceeds onward; nothing seems to impede his course; that which would have repressed the ardor of common minds, in his only seemed to inspire confidence, and give a new impulse to his energies.

A great enlargement of the Redeemer's kingdom was this year witnessed throughout Ireland, nearly two thousand souls being added to the society. The conference, in referring to this, says that this revival of the work of God "was partly by means of our dear brethren the Irish missionaries, whom the Lord has made peculiarly successful in opening new places." But had it been acquainted with the peculiar and extraordinary efforts of Mr. Ouseley, such as immediately after came to my knowledge, it would very likely have given him a distinct place in the record. With a colleague physically unable to assist him, and an already extensive field to occupy, he regularly preached in the streets of the several towns through which he traveled; still making advances on the kingdom of darkness; attacking the enemy's strongholds, and achieving conquests through the power of the gospel, until he is led exultingly to exclaim, in the language of the apostle, "Now thanks be unto God, who always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of his knowledge by us in every place."

Yours, &c.

LETTER X.

Mr. Ouseley's third year in Galway and Clare—Obtains two colleagues—Entering into Killaloe—Field of labor—Romish devotions at Kilmacduagh—His traveling to remote places—Two women grinding at the mill—Scene in the west—Studious habits of Mr. O.—Things the subject of his study—Metaphors appropriate—Sermon in Limerick barrack—Out-door preaching varied—Villages—Assizes towns—Fields—Ballineven—Engaged in building preaching houses—Visits Conne-mara—Letter to Dr. Coke—Mr. Maberly—Rev. Adam Averell—Roman Catholic clergy contribute to the erection of Methodist chapels—Scenery of Lough Derg—Father Keating—Parish priest of Castletown Arra—Letter to priest Thayer—Mr. Ouseley in danger of being greatly injured by a stone thrown at him—Tour through Coonaught—Controversy with father Glin—Tumult in Loughrea—Persecution in Ballina—Assault in Westport, occasioned by father Judge—Curious encounter with a priest in Erris—Travels through the province of Connaught—Returns to Dunmore—Attempted persecution—Successful labors of Mr. O., for five years, in Clare and Galway mission.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have at length reached the time in the career of Mr. Ouseley when it became my privilege to enjoy a personal intimacy with him, from which I was able to form a more perfect estimate of his labors and his worth.

The connection of his *public* life with the progress of the Irish mission has compelled and encouraged me to enter into it so much at large; and I have purposely delayed the notice of some things in his movements and habits which, though in themselves more private and minute, are of importance to the entertaining of a correct judgment of his character, and which could be known only by one closely associated with him. To describe the *public* scenes of succeeding years would, for the most part, be but a repetition of those already acted; I shall therefore only occasionally refer to these, unless where some incident was connected with them which renders them worthy of special notice.

Anxious to improve the advantage gained during the two preceding years, Mr. Ouseley strongly urged the necessity of a reinforcement of the mission; and

the conference, not unfavorable to his design, granted him *two* young men, John Nelson and William Reilly, to assist him. Why the latter was selected for that arduous and peculiar service, unless on account of his Milesian name, I have always been at a loss to know. I received the appointment as from God; and still believe, however inadequate I was to the undertaking, it was in accordance with the design of divine Providence. If in this part of the narrative there may appear, more than is consistent, a reference to myself, it is owing simply to the fact of my personal connection with the mission, and my being so long associated with Mr. Ouseley in his travels and his toils. I may here be allowed to state, that such was the extent of this field of labor, and such the incessant attention which it required, that my excellent and valued brother Nelson and myself could not see one another for six months, and then we had to travel fifty extra miles for the purpose. From my retiring disposition, my want of gifts as well as grace, my inexperience and defective knowledge of the world, I was but ill-qualified for the work to which I was now called. When I had left home, and friends, and Christian associates, I for a few months ministered on the Carlow circuit—little more than a day's ride from the place of my nativity; and there I mingled with some of the excellent of the earth, with an enlightened, pious, affectionate people. Here were many things favorable to the improvement of my mind, and much to soothe and encourage me in the work. But on the mission very different scenes of traveling and labor opened before me; and often, over almost trackless wastes of moral destitution, I had to follow, or move onward with, a man possessing

“A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.”

My very advantages became sources of discouragement; that which should have animated to enterprise, at first but served to furnish motives for despair; and, indeed, nothing but the great, unseen power of God, could have sustained my mind in a work so difficult and onerous. It is not my intention to impose on you the task of reading any lengthened extracts from my journal, though occasional reference to it may be allowed: and here some brief reminiscences of the first few days will at once afford some notion of the mission field, faintly depict my emotions in my novel situation, and exhibit the first impressions made on my mind of the character of Mr. Ouseley.

I started from Dublin on Wednesday, the 18th of July, with instructions from my superintendent to preach in Burrisokane on Sunday morning, the 22d, and on the evening of that day eighteen miles further on, in the town of Killaloe. I reached Roscrea on Saturday evening, where I had the pleasure of meeting the Rev. Robert Crozier, a Methodist preacher possessing gifts of a high order, and deservedly and generally beloved and respected by his brethren. He perceived my depression, coming, as he observed, to travel among the Shanavests and Caravats of Tipperary and Clare; and he soon, by his kindness and ingenuity, succeeded in cheering me. This timely and thoughtful attention has not been forgotten by me. Mr. Moses Woods and his excellent wife hospitably received me into their house; and early next morning he assisted

me to prepare for my journey of thirteen miles. I reached Burriskane in time for preaching at ten o'clock. This place has been already brought under your notice, as the scene of the successful ministrations of Mr. Ouseley, for the six or seven previous months. I had now the happiness of witnessing the character and spirit of this infant society, resembling, as it did, the church in primitive days, when

"They all were of one heart and soul,
And only love inspired the whole."

In the evening I reached Killaloe, and there met my beloved and honored friend, Mr. Ouseley. Unfit as I was, after my long journey, I was obliged to preach. When the sermon was closed, Mr. Ouseley delivered an exhortation, in which he related his early Christian experience: That nineteen years before, his divine Master had taken away his intolerable burden of sin and guilt, which memorable event took place in the middle of May, 1791; and three months afterward, to use his own language, his "great Prince, who sits upon the throne, said, 'Behold I make all things new.'" It was peculiarly interesting to me, that the first public address which I heard him deliver on the mission should embody his own experience, expressed, as it was, with a tenderness which produced the most hallowing effect on his congregation.

This town is pleasantly situated on a rising ground on the western bank of the Shannon, near the noted "Falls of Killaloe," about a mile from Lough Derg; and is connected with Ballina, county of Tipperary, by an ancient bridge of nineteen arches. Mr. Ouseley's first visit to these parts I should have noticed at an earlier period, but that my sixth letter, where, in order

of time, it should have appeared, has been already too much lengthened by details; and I deemed it better to reserve the account of it for this place.

In the summer of 1801, Mr. Ouseley rode into town with Mr. Graham, and, as their custom was, on the Lord's day they attended divine service in the church, at the close of which they retired, mounted their horses, with their black caps on, took their stand where four streets met, and just in the place whither, after mass, the Roman Catholic congregation generally resorted. They first gave out their hymn in English, but perceiving some indications of uneasiness among the people, they turned it into Irish: almost instantly the multitude became as still as night, and continued so, while, for an hour and a half, the missionaries preached with great power. Mr. Ouseley's discourse was overwhelming. The whole congregation seemed pierced to the heart: many groans were heard, many tears were shed, and eternity alone shall disclose the results of that day's preaching. Several of the Roman Catholics, who until then had not heard the joyful sound, were brought under the saving influence of the gospel; and, had it not been for counteracting and hostile agencies, scores of converts would have been, it is believed, the visible fruits of that one day's ministration. Those of the Roman Catholics who had become favorable to the truth were soon subjected to bitter persecution, and for the most part shrunk from the danger; while those who remained at all firm were either secretly or forcibly driven into banishment, so as to place them beyond the reach of the gospel and the heretics.

A year after this, the missionaries again visited this

town. Mr. Thomas Barber, of Cloughjordan, to whose kindness I am indebted for the above account, and who then resided in Killaloe, met Messrs. Graham and Ouseley on the bridge, as they rode into town, and relates the following characteristic anecdote:—There were groups of people on the bridge. Mr. Graham rode on, but Mr. Ouseley halted, and pointing to a neighboring mountain, said to some of them, “Boys, what mountain is that?” They replied, “It is the slate-quarry hill.” He then said, “Are there good slates in it?” “O yes, sir, very good.” Then he preached a nice though short sermon on the words—*good* and *very good*. The preaching of these men of God was at this time also attended with blessed effects.

Mr. Ouseley witnessed some of these results after many days. We had now a very good congregation on each side of the river, and though not a large, yet a good, society.

On Monday, the 23d, I proceeded, in company with Mr. Ouseley, to Ennis, the principal town of the county of Clare, and the centre of the Galway and Clare mission. This opened new scenes and associations to me, who, until the last few days, had never been in Munster province, and had not until then had any intercourse with Mr. Ouseley. The day was peculiarly fine, and the late rains after long-continued drought had produced an agreeable freshness in the air, which enabled me more fully to enjoy the conversation of my excellent friend. I soon discovered Mr. Ouseley to be, what he afterward appeared before the world—a man of varied and extensive knowledge, of profound and just thinking, of great and accurate observation, and

of much godly wisdom. Nor need I add that all these were combined with ardent love to Christ, inflexible regard to truth, and intense zeal for the salvation of immortal souls. Such, however, were the impressions made on my mind during my very first day's traveling with Mr. Ouseley.

At this time the Leitrim regiment of militia was quartered in Ennis. Many of the officers were favorable to Methodism, and several of the non-commissioned officers and privates were in our society. A gracious work was among them, and not a few, through the ministry of Mr. Ouseley, had been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. This was most favorable to our infant cause in that town; it served to give consistence to the society; besides that the presence of the military gave us much greater facility and security, in preaching in the streets. Mr. Ouseley was peculiarly interested for men in the army, and seemed to think that they had a more than common claim on his regard. It was by some pious soldiers in the barrack of Dunmore, that the Methodist preachers, in the year 1791, were invited to that town, by means of which the gospel was first brought to his ears by Messrs. Thomas Davis, David Gordon, &c. At that time, too, he became acquainted with Quarter-master Robins, of the 4th dragoons, who, though but a private member in society, was made a great blessing to him in the incipient stages of his religious experience. "He was, in the hand of God," says Mr. Ouseley, "the instrument of leading my mind to serious considerations, which, blessed be God, issued in my conversion!" These circumstances, no doubt, gave an additional motive to the mind of Mr. Ouseley in favor of soldiers, and made

him the more anxious to preach to them the word of life.

In Ennis, on this occasion, I was first introduced to Mrs. Ouseley, from whose acquaintance, for several years, I derived no small advantage. Thursday 26th, after spending three happy days with my friends here, I commenced my plan of traveling, and went to a place about eight miles distant, not far from the town of Corrifin, to one of those recesses discovered by Mr. Ouseley. Lonely, and heavy at heart, I rode through a country rude and uninviting; the rocks which presented themselves to the eye, almost unrelieved by any cultivation, resembling but too truly the moral sterility which was spread around. It was not until now that I felt the full pressure of my situation, my total want of qualification for such an onerous undertaking as that on which I had entered. The thoughts of home, and Christian associates whom, some few months before, I had left; and of the societies on a regular circuit, among which I had for some months previously labored—all rushed into my mind; and the suggestions of the great enemy, in connection with the spiritual desolation which surrounded me, well nigh overwhelmed my broken spirit. My heart was wrung with anguish! I wept aloud, and cried out in accents of real distress, "O, sin, sin, what hast thou done! How hast thou, not only riven those tender bonds which endear social life, but spread misery and death throughout the world! But 'a necessity is laid upon me; yea, wo is unto me, if I preach not the gospel!'" I heard once more the blessed invitation of my Lord and Saviour: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I humbled

myself—cast myself on his unchangeable love and power—and, “coming as at first I came,” I found rest to my soul. In a short time after this conflict I reached my destination, and preached to a goodly number, who ardently longed to hear the word of life. Here too a small society was formed of members who were “as lights in a dark place.”

Friday, 27th. In passing the celebrated Kilmacduagh, on my way to Gort, I was attracted by a great crowd of people in irregular movement, at a short distance, about the ruin of an ancient monastery. I turned to see what, to me, at first seemed a tumultuous assembly; but by perceiving a bush that grew near a well on the road side, covered with old rags and shreds of cloth, of a variety of colors, I became aware that they were congregated for a religious purpose. When I rode up to the place, such a sight was presented to my eye as I had never beheld: men and women promiscuously, in the most indecent and unbecoming manner, walking on their bare knees, over rough gravel and stone; their hands clasped over their heads, lest they should in their progress derive any assistance from them; while you could have traced their track by the blood that streamed from their mangled knees. I turned with a sick heart from the revolting and disgusting spectacle. In another stage of the penance there were some running round the extensive ruin; while others descended into a narrow cell as a purgatory, not unlike that described in Lough Derg. At a distance, on the plain, stood the stump of a large tree, which had been for the most part cut away piecemeal, as affording a charm against every evil. Such are the frightful superstitions by which myriads in our unhappy country are deluded. As the

views which they entertain of the virtue of these observances will be best explained by one of the most shrewd and knowing among themselves, I shall set down a conversation which took place at the time between myself and a person who, for his superior sanctity and devotion, had been raised to the office of public instructor of those persons engaged in these mortifications. He was a proficient in everything connected with the rites of Kilmacduagh; and he kindly tendered his services to me as *my* guide. After he had led me over the whole ground, the dialogue commenced:—

Missionary. You seem very well acquainted with the nature of these religious performances.

Guide. Yes, indeed I am.

Missionary. Will you be kind enough to inform me why those people expose themselves thus, and are cutting themselves in such a frightful manner?

Guide. O, for penance; for the benefit of their souls.

Missionary. What is the cause of so much of that tree yonder being cut away?

Guide. I'll tell you: the saint of this place, Macduagh, traveled round the world on his knees till he came to a place below there, [pointing to the spot,] and there a girdle, he had round him, fell off; there was a tree standing there which received such virtue that a bit of it would preserve from sickness and accident, and, if thrown into a house on fire, would put it out.

Missionary. And where is that tree now?

Guide. O, it 's all cut away.

Missionary. Did it then transfer its efficacy to the one which they now are cutting away?

Guide. When the first one was all gone, why, they

began at the other. Do, sir, take a piece of it with you; it will keep you from all harm; nothing can ever happen to you while you have it about you; nor can any house be burned where it is.

Missionary. Thank you; I shall not mind it now. You seem so very well acquainted with these performances, I suppose you have been frequently engaged in them yourself; have you?

Guide. Not as often as I ought for myself; but I often have to perform penance for other people.

Missionary. How is that?

Guide. Why, when any of them are sick, or their children sick, they make a vow to the saint, that if they recover, they will go through so many rounds here; then, when they don't like to go through them themselves, they get me to perform their vows for them.

Missionary. Do they not pay you for thus performing their vows for them?

Guide. O ycs; if they didn't, there would be no virtue in the thing at all.

During this dialogue, which, on the part of the devotee, was intermixed with several oaths, he frequently vociferated curses on such of the penitents as had not performed their rounds according to his instructions. I expressed my unbelief with regard to a system so preposterous and unchristian: and, to add to the absurdity, where the principal actor, himself a profane wretch, could perform works of merit and superegration for the good of the souls of others. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "you are not Irish." "Indeed I am," was the reply; "I have never been in England." "If you are not English," he retorted, "you belong to them,

so you do." I then administered some suitable admonition, and retired from the scene of moral degradation with sorrow and disgust.

You will not, I hope, think these descriptions tedious, as they are given merely for the purpose of affording some outline of Mr. Ouseley's field of labor, and of the moral state of his countrymen, by which his pious soul was so deeply affected. To many of the places in this extensive district did he travel with me for the purpose of preaching in the streets of the several towns, and of introducing me to our friends in the preaching places, particularly in remote parts of the country, to which he had found his way. Many houses of respectable farmers were opened to receive the word; and, in some instances, the mansions of the more opulent; but the cottages of the poor, and of the small farmers, had been searched out by this servant of God, and there to many he preached the gospel with power and great effect.

From what I had conceived of the public life and labors of Mr. Ouseley, no leisure would have remained on his hands to pay attention to smaller places, or preach in remote country districts, much less form societies there, frequently visit them, foster them, and build them up in the faith of the gospel. Yet he did all this with an assiduity and perseverance which surprised me. His rides were sometimes very long; and any town through which he had to pass was sure to hear from his lips, both in English and Irish, the word of life. One day, in the beginning of our first year together, we had ridden several miles to one of the places above described, and halted in Ennistymond, a town near the seacoast, about fifteen miles from Ennis.

Here he sounded an alarm; and after his having preached with great vehemence and power, we passed on five miles further to a remote neighborhood, and never tasted refreshment until the meeting was over at nine o'clock at night. This was, however, uniformly the case in this place. There was nothing like a window in the house: there was one broken pane of glass, a sort of irregular polygon, stuck in a green sod, which served for a sash-frame, and this was the only means of admitting light into the apartment in which we slept. Next day we proceeded to a place, though more inland, still more remote from a town. We reached our destination earlier in the afternoon than we had on the day previous, and Mr. Ouseley, as was his custom, as soon as he sat down in our lodging, sung a hymn of praise to almighty God for preserving and redeeming mercies. Two women were the only persons then at home, the men being employed at some distance. The old provisions of the year had been exhausted; the potatoes not yet ripe; and, to provide a dinner, one of the women went to the corn field, brought some sheaves of oats, scorched them over the fire, and, in a short time, we had a practical illustration of the divine word, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill." About this time Dr. Adam Clarke gives the etymology of the hand-mills or querns, and states, "So late as half a century ago I have seen these querns or hand-mills in *these* kingdoms." But here the *Irish* missionary and his companions were supplied with their dinner by means of the querns, in a remote district in the county of Clare.

But far higher were the designs of the Christian missionary than to furnish matter for the antiquarian.

Here, and in many places like it, were hundreds of immortal souls, who would never have heard the voice of a gospel minister, if not sought out and followed to these remote regions, to show them the way of life. Before I call your attention to another particular in Mr. Ouseley's character, I wish to lead you to one more of these places whither the gospel was carried by the subject of this Memorial. Early in the autumn of this year, Mr. Ouseley directed me to a place in the west of the county of Clare, many miles beyond the town of Kilrush, and not far from the light-house at Loop-head. Passing Kilkee, than an inconsiderable watering-place, and touching on a small creek, on the strand of which were drawn up some fishermen's canoes, I advanced westward, on a road resembling a goat track, and found myself on the peninsula called the *West*, bounded on the west and north-west by the Atlantic, and on the south-east by the river Shannon. The land, rising before me and on the left, bare and mountainous, while the cliffs on the right, of terrific height and form, bounding the ocean, and presenting a bold and imposing aspect, wakened in my mind new and wonderful sensations. Nor was my surprise much less at the thought, how this retired spot could have been explored. I could not repress my feelings at the moment, and audibly exclaimed, "O, Mr. Ouseley, Mr. Ouseley, how did you find out this lonely retreat!" Proceeding still further, I at length descried a neat cottage on the moor, a short distance from the shore, which proved to be my destination. The family it contained had received the word, and formed a little church in the wilderness. The solitary place was glad, and this spot in "the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the

rose." To these and some few more I ministered the word of life, with as pure delight as to the crowded congregation in the city.

As evening approached I wandered toward the sea; and, standing on the most elevated part of the cliff, I pondered on the works of an Almighty hand. But such a sight I had not anticipated. The evening was unusually fine; all around tranquil beyond description; and naught to break the silence of the hour, save the flapping of sea-fowl's wing, for the sound of the wave which washed the base of the cliff did not reach the ear. The sky was cloudless, and the azure vault was reflected by the deep profound.

"When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene."

All the visions of the grand and beautiful which in childhood had flitted before my fancy were here outdone. I lingered on the lofty summit until, with indescribable glory, as a mass of molten gold,

"The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost."

I retired under devout and thrilling emotions; and, quite in keeping with the situation, a hammock, composed of gulls' feathers, suspended from the roof of the cottage, invited to repose, in which, after the diversified scenes of the day, I comfortably slept. But not all the wonders of nature, or monuments of art, since beheld, could efface the magnificent images impressed on my heart by the evening scene on the iron-bound coast of Clare.

Next morning I returned by another way, across the peninsula, from the elevated parts of which I had

an extensive view of the Kerry Mountains, and of the estuary of the river Shannon, which sweeps sixty miles along the banks of the county of Clare. On the right is Carrigaholt, a small seaport, near which I passed, in which, more than a hundred years ago, the Rev. George Whitefield landed, and where he was generously and hospitably entertained by Mr. M'Mahon. This fact affords a greater interest to the place than even the majestic and extensive view, or the ruin of the ancient castle of the M'Mahons, that once stood in proud defiance on the summit of the rock.

During the years I had the privilege of traveling with Mr. Ouseley, I had frequent, if not constant, opportunities of witnessing his deep and habitual devotion of spirit. He was pre-eminently a man of prayer. His ardent zeal and vehemence in his public ministrations were but the result of his private meditations, and his earnest wrestling with God for poor sinners, and for the accompanying of the Holy Ghost; this, too, under the most solemn impressions of the mysteries of Calvary. Some of the most hallowed reminiscences associated with the character of that saintly man are those in which I witnessed his pure and fervent devotion. He made it a rule when we traveled in company, (and sometimes we were several weeks together,) that when we retired we should alternately pray with and for each other, and for the work in which we were engaged. But his devout breathings when alone, which I often overheard, were most affecting. It was difficult on such occasions to determine whether the love of lost men, or the love of Christ, predominated. "My gracious Master! my gracious Master!" had generally an accompaniment of, "O poor lost sinners!

O my deluded countrymen! O Lord, save my country!" Often have I listened with deep emotion to these pious sounds echoing through the prophet's chamber. Mr. Noble, who was his companion on the mission for eight years, says: "Indeed Mr. Ouseley could not be satisfied in holding any meeting unless souls were brought to God. For this he studied, for this he preached, for this he prayed. Never shall I forget the exertions of this faithful man of God to promote the glory of the Redeemer and the salvation of immortal souls. O how often have I known this blessed man, when all the family with whom he lodged had retired to rest—how often have I known him to spend hours together wrestling with God in ardent, *mighty* prayer for the conversion of lost souls! And he would plead with God, in great earnestness, 'If thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence.'"

Next to his spirit of prayer were his habits of *reading* and *study*. I know some persons have supposed that Mr. Ouseley's sermons were mere extemporaneous effusions, without any previous forethought; but unless when some passing circumstance occasioned a departure from it, they were generally the result of a preconceived plan. Little leisure in the ordinary way, indeed, was allowed for literary pursuits; yet he was never idle. During a journey, whether long or short, he generally, if not uniformly, carried a book; and it was his habit to read while on horseback: this, with a companion, at intervals gave rise to observations most instructive and agreeable. Sometimes he would have a work selected from the best of our old divines of the Church of England, or non-conformist churches; Gallagher's Irish Sermons; the Council of Trent, in Latin; or his Greek

Tèstament. Thus did Mr. Ouseley redeem the time, and prepare his mind for the work in which he was engaged. When he reached his place, while he was instant in season and out of season with all the inmates, from the drawing room to the kitchen, he soon retired, (and his pen and ink were ever at hand,) to resume some piece in which he had been engaged, or to commence a new subject. His sermons, too, were subjects of close study: not, indeed, the style or diction so much as the *things* which were contained in his discourses. When necessarily engaged in visitation, he seldom lost sight of the subject on which he next intended to preach. When in the city of Limerick at one time, soliciting subscriptions toward the erection of chapels, in the business of which he was then very much occupied, a respectable friend, Mr. Thomas Tracey, accompanied him. Mr. Ouseley frequently in the course of the day spoke most impressively to those with whom he conversed, on the several topics connected with the new birth. He preached in the evening, and Mr. T. was one of his audience: the new birth was the subject; and powerfully did he explain its nature, and urge its importance on those present. Mr. Tracey exclaimed, "I always wondered how Mr. Ouseley could get time to study his sermons. I am not now surprised; for I perceive that wherever he goes the whole day, or however busily employed, he never fails to keep before his mind the subject on which he is to preach. No wonder that he is always ready to address a congregation; for his thoughts are engaged as if in his study."

Mr. Ouseley was peculiarly happy and successful in the use of metaphors in the illustration of divine truth.

These, however, by no means bore the mark of being studied; they were generally, after the example of the great Teacher, drawn from some incident, or from the surrounding scenery. I shall refer to one occasion on which, in his discourse, he gave evidence of his peculiar talent in this way. He had been invited to preach in Limerick, at the barrack of the Sligo militia. My friend, the Rev. William Ferguson, who was then stationed in Limerick, was among his hearers, and has kindly furnished me with an outline of his sermon. "The place and circumstances," says Mr. F., "made Mr. Ouseley's remarks peculiarly striking. It was in the barrack of the Sligo militia—the Shannon flowing under the windows of the room in which he was preaching. The text was Proverbs xxii, 3. After describing the prudent man—*where* he hideth himself—and his state of perfect safety, he proceeded to describe the character of the simple: 'A man without the knowledge of God, and a stranger to the wisdom from above. He may be very acute in transacting the business of life—an eminent statesman, a profound philosopher, an eminent artist, or a distinguished scholar—but he passes on according to the course of this world, and dies unconverted. His punishment:—the *place*—the *company*—the DURATION.' Then with more impressive emphasis he added:—'If you were to count a thousand years for every drop of water that ever flowed in the Shannon, from Drumshambo* to the sea, it would be but a *point*, when compared with that eternity through which he will have to endure the wrath of God.' It made an impression on my mind,"

* A small town near the mouth of the Shannon, well known to his hearers.

Mr. Ferguson adds, "that can never be effaced. Most of his hearers were from the neighborhood of the town mentioned, about one hundred miles from the place where they were assembled—the mighty river flowing on under their windows to the sea in a continuous current: it had flowed for six thousand years—it was rolling on still. What an emblem of duration! It was a most solemn and instructive sermon."

Mr. Ouseley never, if possible, let an opportunity pass which he did not endeavor to improve, whether riding on the way, or in company at the houses of our friends. I remember spending an evening in his company, in the house of a friend in Burreisokane, where a large company were at tea. A young lady sat at his right hand, who had not discovered any indications of seriousness; he turned to her sister-in-law, who was on his left, a person of piety and sense, and said, "Is this young lady born again?" The lady replied, "She is of age, ask her." That moment the young lady was filled with deep emotion—cried to God for mercy, and tasted that the Lord was gracious. The whole company felt under the divine influence; such, indeed, was his general mode of spending a social hour with his friends that these opportunities were turned into means of grace. Very often his occasional conversations, as he traveled, were attended with similar gracious effects. One instance of this kind, Mr. Noble mentions. "On one occasion," says Mr. N., "as he was traveling in the county of Wicklow, and while his horse stopped to drink in a stream that ran across the road, Mr. O. saw a young woman standing at her father's door; he went toward her, took her by the hand, spoke to her a few moments about her soul, and

at parting prayed that the blessing of the Lord might rest upon her. About two years afterward he happened to be in the country : after preaching in a gentleman's house in that neighborhood, a young man came up to him, and invited him to his house. The next evening, on his arrival, the lady of the house received him in the most affectionate manner, saying, ' Mr. Ouseley, I believe you don't know me.' He replied, ' No, my dear, I do not.' She then recalled the circumstance above narrated to his recollection, and added, ' I am the person you addressed on that occasion ; up to that period I had known nothing of the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ, but the observations you made resulted in my conversion : I am now a married woman ; the young man who invited you is my husband, and is a class-leader. The Lord is with us, and is blessing us ; and we now rejoice to see under our roof my father in the gospel.' "

I have not anywhere noticed any remark upon Mr. Ouseley's mode of out-door preaching in smaller places. From a variety of circumstances, he seldom arrived at an early hour in the day ; but time enough, if no chapel was there, to secure a house for preaching in at night : sometimes about the hour in which men were returning from field labor, and the villagers loitered an hour before their supper. At this time would Mr. Ouseley stand up, perhaps under the spreading branches of an ancient tree, " with seats beneath the shade," and give out a verse of a hymn, such as,—

" Sweet muse, descend, and bless the shade."

This, sung to a plaintive Irish air, would produce an immediate movement to the spot ; and then would he

turn, perhaps, to a very favorite hymn, and sing a verse in English and Irish alternately. I set down a verse in both languages:—

“ Behold the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!”

“ Féuchaidh air Slánuighthoir an domhan
Fáirnéatha dhou cran go géur!
Naeh mór e'n gradh do thug e anúas
Chum bás dfullang deun go léir!”

He would then address the congregation in English and Irish. The effect would be generally very great; preaching published for chapel, or barn, or dwelling-house, as the case might be; and great numbers would flock to hear the word.

In larger towns he generally sat on his horse—and though he passed through the crowd with his black cap on, not seeming to notice anything, he eyed everything around—placed himself before a shop-window—an apothecary's shop if possible, and the proprietor a Roman Catholic; and there he would preach as has been often described. Another thing is worthy of remark:—Mr. Ouseley endeavored to be in the county towns at the time of assizes; and on the Lord's day, after service was over in churches and chapels, he would stand forth, and to thousands of all ranks, of town and country, to lawyers, magistrates, jurors, yeomen, and lower orders, boldly and affectionately declare to the multitude the free and full salvation of the Lord Jesus Christ. This is a part of his mode, which, as well as that mentioned above, though I have not seen noticed, I have often witnessed. Toward the

close of our first year, which was wonderfully successful, Mr. Ouseley held a *field meeting* in the lawn of Ballineven, near Burrisokane, kindly given for the purpose, by our excellent friend James Wilson, Esq. Here, it was calculated, many thousands assembled, not only from the surrounding towns, and from every part of Lower Ormond, but from the adjoining counties. I never since witnessed such a multitude at a field meeting. Mr. Clegg, from Cloughjordan, first preached, then Mr. Ouseley; and O with what effect! It was indeed "in demonstration of the Spirit, and of power." I closed that part of the service with an exhortation. You will thus perceive that Mr. Ouseley's method of out-door preaching was as varied as the wants of the country required, and as the circumstances admitted; suiting his endeavors to every case, and ever watchful for new opportunities to run into every open door, and cry, "Behold the Lamb!" The work so increased, and the word so prevailed, that a growing demand was made for the erection of places of worship, as the temporary places obtained were precarious in their tenure, and, in some instances, inconvenient and small. This opened a new field of enterprise for Mr. Ouseley. In eight several towns he projected the erection of chapels, or the fitting up of houses exclusively appropriated to the worship of almighty God and the preaching of his holy word. Besides other towns of minor note, Galway, Burrisokane, Nenagh, Ennis, and Kilrush, required suitable chapels.

Mr. Ouseley, in the spring of 1811, received an invitation to visit Connemara, which, notwithstanding his incessant engagements, he attended to; and it soon became one of our stated preaching places. "I was

yesterday," he writes to Dr. Coke, "for the first time in Connemara, a mountainous country west of Galway. I dined in company with a priest of rather good information, at the house of a respectable man, who, about two years past, gave over going to mass. The priest and I spoke gently on many doctrinal points in the presence of the family; and I was, through mercy, enabled to maintain the truth without the least irritation. I preached to three families, and some Papists, last night and this morning; they were all in tears. The gentlemen did not leave me last night till about twelve o'clock. They wished to lay an embargo; but I came away in the midst of a great storm, as I must, as it were, fly from place to place." More than fifteen years before, this country was visited by Mr. John Hamilton, (brother of William,) who was a most laborious, zealous, and ardent preacher. His voice was very tender and pathetic; and he seldom preached that the tears did not roll plentifully down his benevolent face. Mr. Hamilton's journeyings in Connemara were very exhausting, and sometimes his fare very scanty; but he persevered in his work until he sunk into a low fever, in which he was almost destitute of care and advice. The great Physician brought him through; and when becoming conscious, and in some degree convalescent, he found himself in a hut, in which he had sought an asylum, lying on a pallet of rushes, with his feet toward the door. Soon his appetite returned, with scarcely any nourishment, save a mug of cold water laid by his bed-side by the humane hand of a poor woman. Just then, it is related, a dog came into the hut with a large fish in his mouth, which he dropped on the floor beside the bed. This afforded

a timely supply, and conduced to the return of his strength. What rendered this incident the more remarkable was, that the place was two miles from the lake where the fish must have been caught. Though I entertain no doubt myself as to this strange circumstance, you may, of course, receive it or reject it as you think proper.

Throughout the year 1811 the word of the Lord wonderfully prevailed on the mission, especially in Burrisokane and the surrounding neighborhood. Indeed, a blessed revival took place in all that country, and many new and promising openings were presented on every hand for the promulgation of the "glad tidings of great joy." In a letter to Dr. Coke, in April of that year, Mr. Ouseley states:—"We have more than one hundred and fifty, perhaps near two hundred, in society in Burrisokane, there, and about it, and six blessed class-leaders; and about five hundred at times in our congregation. The most notorious offenders are, by the power of the gospel, reclaimed. Surely the desert blossoms as the rose. We are just about erecting a large preaching house there. I think we have nearly two hundred increase since conference; and in many places on our mission the people are calling for preaching houses. I hope we shall have five or six, some built, and some beginning to be built, before conference. Thanks be to God who hath thus so blessedly opened our way, even in this small degree, in such a wilderness."

While the parts of our circuit here referred to gave cause of great joy, there were other portions of it by no means so cheering. Though in the county of Clare many delightful indications of fruit appeared, yet, as a

whole, it was barren and unpromising. Of this Mr. Ouseley complains in his letter to Dr. Coke:—"The county of Clare is the worst ground for the gospel I ever met with; but even there, in spite of opposition, good is done: even there we have sons and daughters born to God."

The attempt to erect such a number of chapels throughout a district so recently reclaimed was no ordinary thing. In a work of such importance it required no small degree of confidence in the great Head of the church, and of self-denial and perseverance in carrying out the bold and pious undertaking. The friends of religion in England contributed very generously to the design, and transmitted their bounty to the amount of £400 by the hands of the Rev. Adam Averell, the representative of the Irish to the British Conference. This not only formed a foundation for the purpose, but afforded a strong plea in favor of our interests with the friends of the gospel at home. Mr. Ouseley, in referring to it, says, "The money Mr. Averell has brought us from England has greatly encouraged us."

As the origin of the above generous gift is little known—indeed known, perhaps, only to myself—I shall briefly refer to it. We were indebted for this liberality to the spontaneous kindness of a gentleman belonging, I believe, to the Independent body. In the latter end of July, 1810, I reached the town of Galway; and in the evening of the day (Saturday) went to our preaching place. It was in a miserable back lane, chiefly occupied with herring stores: in the midst of these we occupied a kind of room like a cellar, a most filthy, disagreeable situation. In the congrega-

tion appeared an elderly gentleman, evidently of great respectability. He proved to be a Mr. Maberly from London, whose son, who had been connected as partner in an extensive mercantile house, had lately died; and Mr. Maberly was there for the purpose of arranging his late son's affairs. When our service had closed, Mr. Maberly, in a very kind and polite manner, introduced himself to me. He said most emphatically, "Mr. Reilly, this will never do. The Methodists of Galway must have a fit place for the worship of God. I am not a Methodist; I am a dissenter; but I will, on my return to London, speak to some of my friends, and I think I shall get something to assist you in building a suitable chapel." Mr. Maberly was faithful to his promise. Immediately on his return he obtained £250, and handed it to Mr. Averell, who was then at the London Conference. Mr. Averell obtained £150 in addition, and by that means was able to remit to Mr. Ouseley £400. By the time the chapels, eight in number, were finished, they were found to have cost £1,300; the other £900 being raised by subscriptions, chiefly throughout the province of Connaught, in about two years.

New scenes opened to Mr. Ouseley in consequence of this undertaking; persons and places were now visited by him that otherwise he would not have seen, and innumerable opportunities were afforded him for preaching the gospel to many who could not in ordinary cases have had the privilege of hearing it from his lips. He sometimes said, "It falls to my lot to offer the people that which they don't like to take, and to ask from them what they don't like to give." At the conference of 1811, Mr. Ouseley had *three* colleagues

allowed him, by which means he was able to devote more time to this special service; and by this accession to our number I was enabled to give him some assistance in the work. All kinds of people, and all classes of religious society, contributed to the funds for the erection of Methodist preaching houses. The Protestant gentry and clergy freely subscribed, with many of whom Mr. Ouseley had considerable influence; and, strange as it may seem, many Roman Catholics, and several of the clergy of the Church of Rome themselves, were among those who aided him in this enterprise. In the town of Galway a remarkable stretch of liberality was manifested by the priests on this occasion. The Roman Catholic warden subscribed a large sum, and appended to his name a strong recommendation to his clergy and people to follow his example. This is a fact worthy of particular notice. The reverend gentleman gave as a reason for his conduct, that it would prevent Mr. Ouseley in future preaching in the streets. This affords no mean proof of the good effects of street preaching. I am willing to ascribe it to higher motives; but to whatever cause it may be attributed, it was an extraordinary instance of generosity. In other parts, too, the priests and some of the people contributed with surprising readiness to the erection of Methodist houses of worship; and at the very time too that Mr. Ouseley was publishing his controversial tract against father Thayer. I shall make no remark on the character and style of the chapels built by Mr. Ouseley. Some of them stand to the present day; and if others have been superseded by buildings of a superior order, very likely those would never have been built, nor had any occasion for them

existed, had not those been, in earlier times, erected by the pious zeal and toil of Mr. Ouseley. I have heard some complaints of the upper room in Galway. This house was purchased and fitted up at considerable expense; but no suitable site for a chapel could be procured for any money by Mr. Ouseley. A dwelling house was offered for sale in Court-House Lane, then (before the erection of the present court-house) a very respectable situation. Mr. Ouseley on the occasion did the best he could. If now a more worthy and suitable place in which to worship God and preach his holy word exists, I rejoice; but "let not him that girdeth on the harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

Mr. Nelson, whose ministrations are still gratefully remembered in that country, was removed to another field of labor at the end of one year; a circumstance of general regret, and which Mr. Ouseley also regretted: but obtaining two faithful, zealous young men, Messrs. Edward Johnston and Cobain, he became reconciled, and their labors were made a blessing to hundreds. Mr. Johnston and I, in the absence of Mr. Ouseley, on the 21st of June, 1812, held our annual field meeting in Ballineven; and the great Head of the church honored his own word, and many in the large assembly felt its gracious and enlivening power.

Being a good deal engaged with Mr. Ouseley, in my second and third years, in assisting him in raising funds, &c., I had many more opportunities of witnessing his character and spirit. Sometimes we would meet at the most important places, and then separate for the purpose of visiting isolated districts, where there was any prospect of obtaining pecuniary aid.

Having, in the month of August, 1812, spent some days in the neighborhood of Mount Shannon, for the above purpose, I sailed with some friends from Cloonrush, across that part of the river Shannon known as Lough Derg, to my friend, Mr. Francis Kent's, of Garrykennedy, to try what could be done in the county of Tipperary. The evening was beautifully fine, which contributed in no small degree to the effect of the delightful prospect which opened on every side. It is impossible to give anything like an adequate delineation of the various views afforded in crossing this part of the river Shannon. The lough is in length nearly thirty miles, reaching from Portumna to within a mile of Killaloe; and besides its several extensive bays, varying from three to four miles in breadth, bounded on the south-east by the Mountains of Tipperary, on the north-west by the Woodford Mountains, and on the west, at Skariff Bay, by the craggy rocks of Clare; presenting wild and beautiful scenery as far as the eye can reach.

This evening we approached the Tipperary side, in full view of the ridge of mountains which stand in bold and striking contrast with the rich lawns, woodings, and deer-park, skirting the lake. With other objects which heighten the interest, are the parish church of Castletown Arra, near the margin of the lake, and the ruins of the ancient castle from which the parish takes its name, casting its shadow on the water. It is impossible not to be deeply interested in the survey of this noble, expansive sheet of water, with its castles, towers, and monastic ruins; its islands, creeks, and bays; and the numerous beauties which

crowd upon the eye in this most picturesque and diversified landscape.

When, more than two years before this time, I first rode along here, and the scene suddenly burst on my vision, and raised my astonishment, there was no one through that extensive country who received either the gospel or its messengers. Now, thank God, there are many who hear and believe, and two most respectable houses which receive the messengers of the Lord Jesus; some Roman Catholics converted; a most interesting society formed; and large congregations in two places who hear the word.

A short time before this I was induced to pay a visit to the parish priest, father Keating, to solicit a subscription toward the erection of the Nenagh chapel. Being introduced to him in his own house, when my name was announced, he exclaimed, "*O'Reilly!* you are, sir, a real Milesian. When I was in college, in France, I had two fellow-students of your name. One of them is now primate; and here I am, a poor parish priest." Upon his understanding the object of my visit, he said, "Indeed, asthore, I will give you a guinea, on account of your name." "You act, father Keating, on higher motives," was the reply. "I could give you the money now; but I want," said the kind old gentleman, "to see you again." I went; and he, in the most affectionate manner, handed me the money, and wrote his own name in the subscription book. He requested me to lend him some Methodist books. I said, "Your neighbor, Mr. Caswell, has a good library, and can lend you any you require." He replied, "No: I would prefer your own selection; for I

want to form a judgment for myself of your religion." Before I returned, he was no more an inhabitant of this world. There is another circumstance worthy of being mentioned, as it shows his freedom from the spirit of intolerance so prevalent among the clergy of the Church of Rome. Some of his flock had been awakened under the preaching of the word, and especially one lady of respectability; which gave great alarm to his coadjutor, a Mr. Harty. The latter came to him, and said, "There now—what will you do? Your whole parish are going after the Swaddlers. There is Mrs. K——, the most respectable woman in your flock, gone too." The good old man said, "And what would you have me to do?" The other replied, "Denounce her from the altar." "Muisha, then," he said, "I'll not denounce *her*, or *any one else*. Let the *decent woman go where she likes*."

In the mean while Mr. Ouseley pressed very urgently his arguments on father Thayer. God in his providence overruled the folly and presumption of an American Romish priest, who arrogantly challenged the whole Protestant literati to answer his arguments. Mr. Ouseley not only replies in defense of truth, but by aggressive warfare enters into the enemy's strongholds, routs his ill-fated antagonist, and leaves him no place on which to set his foot. Thayer died shortly after, and it was stated to me, by a Limerick gentleman of respectability and piety, that there was no question his death was occasioned by the mortification endured by his defeat. Be this as it may, Mr. Ouseley's great work, "Old Christianity," took its rise from this beginning; and but for the knight-errantry of father Thayer, might never have had an existence.

The work became enlarged from time to time by a variety of circumstances; generally, when by some temporary illness he was laid aside from his public labors, his pen, when at all able to employ it, was ever ready; and then would he, to use his own words, "amplify it a little," and produce new arguments in that important work. When unable at any time to exercise his public ministry, he would look so tranquil, and even pleased, and would say, "The gentle hand of my Master is upon me, that I may do something for him with my pen." In the early part of the year 1813, when he got out the second edition of his work, he was so afflicted with a pain in his eye that he could neither preach nor write. He stopped in Limerick, at the hospitable house of his kind friend, George Evans, Esq. While there, two young ladies, one a daughter and the other niece of Mrs. Evans, prepared, under his direction, his papers for the press, until, if they did not become adepts in polemical divinity, they at least felt perfectly satisfied as to the validity of Mr. Ouseley's doctrines. They, however, thought that as they had received such a plenary application of extreme unction, it was hardly consistent to detain them so long in the pains of purgatory. Although the first letter did not exceed forty pages, this second edition reached one hundred and forty pages.

On the third of May, 1812, Mr. Ouseley narrowly escaped being dangerously hurt. We met in Ennis, and after I had preached in the evening he went to the stable, to another part of the town, to look after our horses. Some persons intent upon injuring him watched his return; the night was rather wet, and Mr. Ouseley providentially held up his umbrella; a stone was

thrown at him with great force and precision, but instead of hitting his head, as was intended, the handle of the umbrella prevented, and his thumb which was on it received the blow, and was laid open from the top to the joint. He calmly said, "Thank you; you have drawn my blood at last." They ran off, and he proceeded to Mrs. Lloyd's, where, with some friends, we spent the evening. A gentleman present wanted to pursue the assailants, but Mr. Ouseley would not permit it: and, although the incision was exceedingly severe and painful, he rejoiced that he was counted worthy to suffer persecution for the name of Jesus. By a very remarkable interposition of divine providence the offender was soon discovered. He was a fine-looking young man, an apprentice to a carpenter, who at the time was employed by Mr. Ouseley in building our chapel. This rendered the assault the more unaccountable. Some few days after this occurrence, the young man went to bathe in the river Fergus, and standing on the wall, which bounded the river, from which he was accustomed to take a plunge, a stone rolled under his feet in making the attempt, and he fell on his stomach; immediate inflammation set in, and, in a few days, he died in the utmost agony. His associates in the late attack disclosed the affair—he was the person who aimed the blow at the head of God's servant. We said nothing of it, but the people generally drew the moral; and Mr. Ouseley passed unmolested the rest of his time in Ennis. Two instances of a like fatal nature took place in other parts of the mission—one in O'Brien's Bridge, and another in Barrisoleagh—the circumstances relating to

which would be too tedious for this place. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord."

Mr. Ouseley went on his way to the close of the year, "offering the people what they did not like to take, and asking from them what they did not like to give," but succeeding wonderfully in giving and receiving, until, on the one hand, many were enriched with gospel blessings; and, on the other, many contributed largely to the work of the Lord. According to the direction of the conference, Mr. Ouseley visited all the counties in Connaught, and parts of Munster, Leinster, and Ulster; and in his course preached everywhere, and solicited pecuniary aid in the work of his great Master, in which he was engaged. It supplied many incidents of a most interesting kind, and exhibited Mr. Ouseley's character very often in some new and striking feature, as he came in contact with a variety of persons.

On Wednesday, December 9th, he proceeded on his tour through the province of Connaught, after preaching in Birr two or three times; and on Thursday, 10th, reached Eyrecourt, where he preached. I had to accompany him in this journey, which was one of great interest, and afforded many incidents. We were invited to breakfast on Friday morning, by a magistrate, a relative of Mr. Ouseley; but, some family affairs requiring Mr. Ouseley's influence and presence, we were delayed beyond our expectation. We proceeded to Killimor, the residence of Mr. Hardy, and, as we could not reach the next place before a late hour, Mr. Ouseley was prevailed on to remain for the night.

Just before the family went to tea, a tall gentleman, of very marked, intelligent countenance, entered the room; but it was evident, from his appearance, that his constitution was impaired. His outside coat hung loosely over his shoulders, and he, by his whole manner, seemed on a familiar footing with the family. He was no other than the Rev. father Glin, the parish priest; who, as is the habit with many of his order, among respectable Protestants, had cultivated an intimacy with the family. He very soon gave indications of dissatisfaction at seeing the missionaries there; and not knowing Mr. Ouseley, he threw down the gauntlet, already imagining himself secure of victory. He said, "It would be a very desirable thing if there were a convention of representatives from all the states in Christendom for the purpose of settling the faith of the world, and giving the true sense of Scripture; and not to have every tinker and tailor that pleases standing up as an interpreter of the word of God." This was too plain to be misunderstood; and although Mr. Ouseley said, "Indeed, sir, if this could be accomplished, it would be a very desirable object," I was aware that there was something in store for the priest, of which he had no anticipation; and, wishing to give Mr. Ouseley time for the defense, I showed some reasons for my dissenting from the opinion advanced. He replied, "It is impossible, sir, that the judgment formed by such an assembly could be anything but infallible." Mr. Ouseley then commenced his attack on the system of Popish infallibility already existing, and which had stood for centuries. "I feel," he said, "strong and increasing objections to that system." The other inquired, "To what part of it, sir?" "I

shall," says Mr. Ouseley, "begin with extreme unction, which is no Christian sacrament according to your own definition." He replied, "O, my dear sir, was it not taught by St. James as having been instituted by Jesus Christ?" Mr. Ouseley replied, "No sir; you are aware that, in order to its being a sacrament, it should have been *instituted* by Christ; and so was the Council of Trent at a loss, that three hundred bishops, with the pope at their head, could not find a single word of our Lord to sanction its institution. Lest you might suppose me arguing unfairly, I'll quote the words of the Trent Council for you: 'This holy anointing of the sick is INSTITUTED, AS IT WERE, a true and proper sacrament of the New Testament: HINTED at indeed by Christ our Lord, in St. Mark, but recommended and promulgated by the apostle St. James,' &c. And thus you build the doctrine on a mere insinuation, (*insinuatum.*) Besides, you say it is necessary to salvation, and at the same time not necessary; for it is forbidden to such as have not come to the use of reason; and if a man be about to die under the sentence of the law, he cannot receive this sacrament. Therefore you cannot believe it divine, when you say it is necessary and *not* necessary." Many other things he added until the priest, though possessed of considerable argumentative powers, was glad to change his ground, though, unfortunately for his creed, to no better purpose. The next subject was that of half-communion—I need not dwell on their denying the cup to the laity—the doctrine of intention, &c.; but these various topics are fully treated of in his "Old Christianity." So pressed was he at length, that he hoped to make his escape by exclaiming, "O, my dear sir, if you were to see all the books

that I saw when I was at college in France, on that *one* subject—the real presence—you would be afraid to speak a word upon it all the days of your life.” Mr. Ouseley rejoined, “My dear sir, there are some things which a child can know as well as an archbishop; for instance, how many panes of glass in that window,” pointing at a window in the parlor. “Poh!” said the priest, “that’s a physical fact; any one can tell that.” Mr. Ouseley retorted, “Is it not equally a physical fact that John the Baptist was not the son of the Virgin Mary?” The priest said, “Very true indeed, sir.” “Why,” returned Mr. Ouseley, “is he not her son?” “Because,” said he, “John the Baptist was never born of the Virgin Mary.” “Could any man,” said Mr. O., “that had never been born of her by any power ever become her son?” “Certainly not,” said the priest. “Could any *thing* that never was born of her ever become her son?” “Indeed I think not.” “I have you now, my good fellow—can the corn which grew up last year, ground by the miller, baked by the baker, and consecrated by the priest, by any power of God or man become the son of the Virgin Mary?” “O,” said father Glin, “all things are possible to God.” “No,” said Mr. Ouseley, “all things are not possible to God; for it is impossible for God to tell a lie, or work a self-contradiction, which would be necessarily involved in the doctrine of your church. Besides, there are, according to your own canon, twelve cases in which defects may occur in the eucharist—defects in the bread—in the wine—in the form—in the ministry, &c.; so that, according to your own doctrine, it is utterly impossible to know when there is a true sacrament. And

how can any rational being believe that the accidents to which the host is liable can happen to the Son of God? It can be carried away by the wind, and totally disappear; be devoured by an animal, by a mouse, or rat; a spider can be drowned in the cup; it can be frozen, fall on the ground, be vomited by the priest, piously swallowed up again, licked up with the tongue; and the wine can, if poisoned, be poured on linen or tow, dried, then be burned, and the ashes buried in holy ground. Now, sir, permit me to ask, can you believe the doctrine of your own church? Can any man in his senses think that any of the above occurrences take place with regard to the true Christ?" The priest was confounded, and said, "True enough, sir; a great many people think that all things are possible to God; but he could not make this stick in my hand without two ends on it, nor make two hills without a valley between them." Thus he fairly acknowledged himself vanquished.

The above conversation lasted four hours, and therefore there can be no more than a brief summary of the arguments employed by Mr. Ouseley on the occasion; and though the very expressions are for the most part given, I cannot account for the exact form of the argument in every case. There is a note in Mr. Ouseley's book referring to this controversy. Next morning the priest came into the gentleman's house, and said to his son, "Why, master James, these Methodist preachers are queer fellows; I declare I did not think that they were such men." The young gentleman said, "But what do you think of your own argument, father Glin?" "If it were not for the bit of bread," he replied, "I

would never celebrate mass as long as I live." This was no slight admission in a family in which he had sought to ingratiate himself!

On Saturday, the 12th, we proceeded on our route through Loughrea. As we approached the town Mr. Ouseley suddenly reined in his horse, and exclaimed, "I feel as if the atmosphere were crowded with devils; we'll be attacked in town." Before we reached the town Mr. Ouseley rode to the residence of a magistrate in the suburbs, to request his protection through the crowd. The magistrate not being at home, he turned away, and meeting a military sergeant, he mentioned to him the apprehension he was under of being attacked by the mob as he passed through the town, and requested him to walk in company with us. He kindly consented, and turned with us toward the town. It was market day, and the main street, which is a long one, was exceedingly thronged from end to end, so that we were obliged to ride in single file. Mr. Ouseley did not attempt preaching; but the moment he made his appearance a most hideous yell was set up, which never fails in an Irish mob to prepare for the most ferocious acts: we rode on at an easy gait, for we could not possibly ride fast, having to pass through a dense crowd. Every kind of abuse and execration was heaped on the object of their hate by the vile mob; and all kinds of missiles flung with the utmost fury at his head. At length we reached the guard-house, at which a sentinel was placed, and Mr. Ouseley halted, and, facing the crowd, turned his back toward the guard-house. It was in vain to expostulate with them on their savage conduct; they still persisted in throwing everything they could lay hold on, until at

length a large cabbage-stalk hit the sentinel, and nearly knocked him down; he leveled his musket at the person; the mob thinned, and drew back, and the fellow was made a prisoner, and lodged in the guard-house; and, in the mean while, Mr. Ouseley and I rode off unhurt. Then the mob attacked the guard, and would have torn down the house had not their companion been liberated. We rode on to Mr. Cannon's of Millmount, three miles further, and rejoiced together with our friends, at the great deliverance that God had wrought out for us. And such an overwhelming power of the divine presence I have hardly ever witnessed as was then manifested. It certainly was one of the most memorable days I have ever yet seen: the awful presentiment on the mind of God's servant—the frightful, unprovoked, and murderous attack of a furious mob on the man of God—passing through thousands of them without receiving any injury, and, at last, under the divine Providence, escaping unhurt.*

We passed on to Galway against Sunday, and on Tuesday 15th proceeded to Tuam, where Mr. Ouseley preached without interruption in the street, and I afterward in the chapel. Mr. Ouseley went to Dunmore on Wednesday; and I followed him on Thursday, and preached to a room full that evening, in his father's house, and had the pleasure of being introduced to

* An account, which had appeared in a newspaper, is given by the Rev. James Caughey, in his Letters, which agrees in some of its circumstances with what I witnessed; but the attack on Mr. Ouseley is said to have taken place at the barrack of Loughrea. There may have been a second attack, but I have never heard of it. And there is some doubt thrown on that version of the affair from the fact, that the barrack is some distance from the main street where the guard-house stood. The above is a literal description of the occurrence.

the old lady and gentleman, the mother and father of Mr. Ouseley.

On Friday, 18th, we traveled to the neighborhood of Hollymount, and thence to Castlebar, Mr. Ouseley preaching in the streets as we traveled along. A little opposition to street preaching in Castlebar, attempted by the mob, was soon put down by the magistrate. Here I received a letter from the county of Clare, informing me of a most disastrous event. Mr. Ouseley had found access to the house of a Roman Catholic gentleman of respectability, whose excellent wife was a Protestant, and who had trained two lovely daughters in the principles of the gospel. The gentleman himself continued a Roman Catholic, and high in the esteem and confidence of the clergy. But soon after he heard Mr. Ouseley, his mind was opened to receive the truth, and he was too independent and ingenuous to conceal the change. The consequence was, that a systematic persecution was commenced against him: and by the hand of the incendiary his house, and offices, and farm-yard, were all burned to the ground; and himself and interesting family narrowly escaped in the dead of night, by flying in their night-dresses to the open fields; thus in the depth of winter were they left to seek shelter in the ditches of their own land. It was too much for husband and father; his great mental powers received a fearful shock, and his reason for a short time reeled under the calamity, inflicted for no other reason, than for his having received and avowed the truth of the religion of Jesus Christ!

Mr. Ouseley, on Tuesday the 22d, came to Newport; but his attempt to preach in the street was frustrated by the violence of the mob, and nothing of note

occurred until we came to Westport, a beautiful town at the termination of the road from Dublin. I rode round it the day after my arrival, and was greatly struck with the picturesque scenery surrounding it. The approach from Castlebar is singularly fine, being adorned with the demesne of the marquis of Sligo, with which his splendid mansion is environed. It commands a fine view of the Mountain of Croaghpatrick—the famous Rick; the lofty ranges of Achill and Erris, terminating in the stupendous Mountain of Nephin; and of Clew Bay, studded with innumerable islands.

Here, in street preaching, a singular scene was exhibited. Mr. Ouseley, on Thursday morning, about eight o'clock, stood up in the market, in an open part where not much business was going on. Great numbers ran to hear him; and he preached with great vehemence in both English and Irish. Two priests took the alarm, and, repairing to the place, endeavored to scatter the congregation, and in some degree succeeded. They then retired, and Mr. Ouseley again commenced, and rallied the congregation. He cried out, "My good people, don't mind these men; they are like persons who utter base coin, and when an honest man comes into the market with his scales and weight, to prove that their money is bad, they don't like it." He proceeded to show the congregation what the genuine doctrine of Christ was, which the priests, though sworn on the New Testament to believe it, endeavor to destroy. One of the priests, of the name of Judge, seeing the multitude reassembled, ran in among them, and wrenching a bludgeon out of the hands of one of the countrymen, began most unmerci-

fully to lay around him, and dealt heavy blows on all the people. Mr. Ouseley then addressed father Judge in these words:—"That is it—that is the way to convince the reason of men, by a buille mhaide, (vaide,) the stroke of a stick." Again they were partially scattered, and again they were rallied, and Mr. Ouseley continued his discourse. But some man, partaking the feeling of his spiritual guide, standing at a distance on Mr. Ouseley's right hand, seized upon a hard peat, rendered harder by the frost: I stood on a chair, on Mr. Ouseley's left, he standing on another chair—I saw the missile coming, had not time to warn him of his danger, but stooped instinctively to avoid the blow, when it hit him on the right cheek and temple and nearly knocked him down, producing a severe contusion in the whole of the right side of his head. Though the priest succeeded in evading the ends of justice, he was soon called into the presence of the great Judge. There did not seem a second person in the crowd engaged in this assault: while many with great earnestness heard the word, one only, by the instigation of the priests, raised the hand of persecution.

Though Mr. Ouseley preached in every town, in the most public places, very little persecution was he called to endure. In Ballina he was in some danger. In the market of that town, in the beginning of January, 1813, we preached in the street; the spot he chose to stand on, was before the window of a respectable friend, Mr. Oram Lundy. I had first preached, and being greatly fatigued, sat down on the chair on which I had been standing. Mr. Ouseley's manner that day I shall never forget. He held in his hand the tract he had

written to father Thayer ; informed the people that the priest had been a Protestant, and was brought in his own country, America, to embrace the Catholic faith ; and then he comes over to Ireland to convince us all of the errors of Protestantism, and lead us back to the true church. "I'll read his challenge for you," said Mr. Ouseley ; and he read the challenge which father Thayer gives to all the Protestant clergy. While this was going on, thousands around seemed delighted, and hung upon his lips ; but when he laid open their religion, and stated his own objections, some of them took the alarm. A large potato was flung at him, but, instead of hitting the object for which it was intended, it came with great force against Mr. Bruce, who stood at Mr. Ouseley's left hand ; happily his head was protected by a strong hat, or the effect of the stroke might have been very serious. Two daring fellows in the crowd, however, were determined to take the preacher down, and one supplied his companion with ammunition, while the other leveled a stone at the head of Mr. Ouseley. Just as he raised his hand in involuntary action, the stone passed under his arm, and struck the lattice of Mr. Lundy's window, bent it, and broke the window inside. Mr. Ouseley, however, escaped unhurt, and some friends who had been watching the assailants seized on them both, and they were soon lodged in Bridewell. Mr. O. was obliged to lodge informations, as he had in the case of father Judge, not for vindictive purposes, but to secure the protection of the law in the performance of the duties of his important and sacred calling. The men were admitted to bail ; he who flung the stones absconded, while he who supplied him with them was tried before the assistant

barrister, at the quarter sessions, and sentenced to two months' imprisonment.

Mr. Ouseley at this time passed into Erris, a peninsula in the west of Mayo; a part, at such a season, very difficult of access. There, for several days, he labored, as at other times, with fervor and faithfulness. The Rev. Robert Bruce, who accompanied him in this excursion from the Ballina circuit, regarded it as a high privilege to be associated with Mr. Ouseley, for even a few days, in traveling and labor. He writes in strong and affectionate terms on the subject, and delineates with vivid effect some of the scenes which he on that occasion witnessed. Mr. Bruce describes him as indefatigable in preaching Christ to all ranks of persons, and the effects to be most powerful. He says: "Accompanied by me, early in 1813, Mr. Ouseley went into Erris, where we remained for a week. I had never been so long in his company before. His spirit and manner, his zeal for God, and his anxiety to bring souls to Christ, were the subjects of my observation and serious reflection; and I trust, not without profit. We stopped at Major Bingham's three days; where he preached to that gentleman and his family, not only generally, but individually, with powerful effect."

The most remarkable incident during that visit was a rencounter between Mr. Ouseley and the parish priest. This scene was also witnessed by Mr. Feely, then a sincere and intelligent Roman Catholic. Mr. Bruce continues: "On Sunday morning Mr. Ouseley preached in Major Bingham's parlor; and, accompanied by the major and myself, proceeded to Bingham's Town. Father Jordan had celebrated mass at the end of an

old house, and had gone into a shebeen-house to take his grog. A number of people strolling along the shore, and some standing in groups talking to each other, Mr. Ouseley took his stand in a convenient spot, with the major on the one hand and myself on the other. While he sung two verses of a hymn in English and Irish a large congregation assembled, and he addressed them in Irish. They seemed amazed; and soon indications of deep interest were evident, the big tears streaming from their eyes, and the heavy sobs which were perceptible. All showed that the Holy Spirit applied the word to their hearts. In the mean while father Jordan came forth from the cabin in which he had been regaling himself, and such a scene took place as I shall never forget in this world. The reverend father began by driving the people away; sometimes using his stick for the purpose. Mr. Ouseley spoke to him on the impropriety of preventing the poor people from hearing the gospel, when a desultory argument took place between them, Mr. Ouseley sometimes quoting Scripture, and sometimes the Council of Trent, and sometimes the fathers. The priest soon relinquished the contest, and again used the stick to drive the people away. Mr. Ouseley cried out, 'Don't be surprised, my good people, at what this man is doing. He is sworn on the holy evangelists to prevent you from hearing me.' The priest denied it; but said he did his duty in preventing his people from hearing heretics. 'O!' said Mr. Ouseley, 'you need not tell me. I know your oath as well as you do yourself.' Then taking the Council of Trent out of his pocket, he read part of it in Latin, and translated it into English and Irish, to the no small annoyance of the priest."

A Roman Catholic gentleman in the crowd, a Mr. O'Donald, who had heard Mr. Bruce in his own house, and was very much pleased, was anxious to hear Mr. Ouseley, and said aloud, "We must hear what the gentleman has to say. We will wait and hear for ourselves." The priest addressed him in a very angry tone: "Go home: you have heard mass; that's quite enough for you." The gentleman turned at the priest in the most contemptuous manner, and gave him such a reply as was suitable to the character of the holy father; but, while it exposed him to the ridicule of all present, partook too much of the ludicrous to be inserted here. At the suggestion of Major Bingham, Mr. Ouseley rode across a stream at a little distance; and then, in his usual style and manner, preached on, "Thou art Peter; and on this rock I will build my church," &c. The word was with powerful effect; although the priest in the mean while was beating an old kettle, in order to drown the voice of the preacher; in which work, according to Mr. Feely, he was aided by an itinerant tinker, who was there, selling his ware. Major Bingham and Messrs. Ouseley and Bruce were all the time on horseback. In the evening Mr. Ouseley preached again in the major's parlor. "Thus ended," says Mr. Bruce, "one of the most memorable days of my life."

Mr. Ouseley soon rejoined me; and we visited several more towns in the western province—Sligo, Boyle, Carrick-on-Shannon, Ballinamore, Mohill, Strokestown, Elphin, Roscommon, Castlereagh, &c.; and even for a short time proceeded into the county of Cavan, and for eight or nine weeks matters of great importance and interest were of daily occurrence. He visited

gentry, clergy, and bishops, on his way, and almost in every case met a generous reception ; and I have reason to believe that, through the blessing of his divine Master, his visits were not only gratifying but profitable to the several classes of persons where he called, as were his public ministrations in the numerous towns in which they were exercised.

When we reached Dunmore, Mr. Ouseley's presence was hailed by his friends ; but even here, where a little rest would have been requisite and natural, he must preach in the street. Standing at the end of an inn in the town, with his own father's residence in view, he delivered to a dense crowd a discourse, in Irish, of a full hour's length. Such a torrent of Irish eloquence I never before listened to. One man in the crowd endeavored to interrupt him, but he was soon silenced by Mr. Ouseley ; and the whole assembly was greatly affected. When we came to his father's, the old gentleman heard that some fellow had interrupted his son. He was ready to sally forth "to chastise the ruffian that dare, in his own town, to interrupt his beloved Gideon."

If one week or day which Mr. Bruce spent in Mr. Ouseley's company was really so memorable, what effect must three years of Christian communion, and of associated labors and travels, have had on my memory and heart ? Some of those impressions have already been faintly depicted ; but no language could adequately describe the veneration which I entertained for that singular man—veneration increased by every day's acquaintance, and blended with tender affection, which time cannot efface. But the period arrives when a separation must take place. While I am ap-

pointed to a more limited sphere, Mr. Ouseley, after five years of almost unprecedented effort, and corresponding prosperity, is removed to another province, to pursue a similar course of unwearied toil, and to witness like gracious evidences of divine approval and success.

Yours, &c.

LETTER XI.

Irish Conference of 1813—Dr. Coke presides for the last time—Mr. Ouseley offers himself for India—Conference interposes—Appointed to labor in the north—Mr. Arthur Noble to be his colleague—Awakened under a sermon preached by Mr. Ouseley in Fintona—Many who were destined for the ministry converted by means of Mr. O.—Rev. William Copeland, Rev. James Horne, and others—During the first year Mr. Ouseley extends his labors beyond the prescribed bounds—Obtains two more colleagues the second year—Labors very generally through the kingdom—Not confined to Ireland—Visits England and Scotland—Mode of preaching, the same as described, pursued with increasing success—Appointed several successive years as a general missionary—Tours to the south attended with great success—His description of Philip Korke—Rebukes a priest at Manorhamilton—Travels extensively—Witnesses wonderful effects of the gospel—Preaches to great crowds in Euniskillen—Narrowly escapes with his life from a mob in Killeter fair—Escape in the south of Ireland—In Connaught—Field meeting in the county of Donegal—Rides twenty miles through incessant rain—Labors in Eunniskillen—Dungannon—Monaghan—Superstition of the English with regard to the encroachments of Romanism—Preaches in the open air in Dublin—Many real converts who from fear dare not avow the change.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The conference of 1813 was one of deep interest to the preachers of the Irish connection. It was the last time that Dr. Coke filled the president's chair. His mind was deeply impressed with the claims of India, so that he sometimes seemed wholly engrossed by the all-absorbing subject; Buchanan's Christian Researches before him, his fore-finger embossed in his check, and at intervals crying out, "I am now alive only for India!" When the question, "Who will offer himself to accompany Dr. Coke to India" was heard in the conference, Mr. Ouseley was one of the first to volunteer for this new and arduous under-

taking. He stood forth in the conference, with tears streaming from his eyes, lamenting that he had been comparatively unsuccessful among his countrymen, and that he believed he would be more useful in a strange land. Dr. Coke would have been delighted to avail himself of the offer of his friend as his colleague; but the conference interposed. "Mr. Ouseley cannot be spared; he has not yet fulfilled his mission in his native country, and his place cannot be supplied on the Irish mission." In vain the doctor pleaded; in vain the candidate for India urged, with tears, a variety of reasons why he should go; his knowledge of the classics gave him facility in learning languages, and that there was a great affinity between the Irish language and some of the languages of Europe spoken in Ceylon, &c. The conference was inflexible, and overruled the determination. It will be seen, in the course of this letter, that the Irish Conference was under the direction of divine Wisdom in its decision, and that the providential sphere of Mr. Ouseley's future labors was Ireland.

The next appointment of our Irish missionary was to the counties of Antrim and Londonderry; but in reality a much more general field of usefulness was occupied by him than that nominally assigned him. And whatever restrictions seemed to mark his limits, nothing could control his indomitable zeal and determination in going forth at large to preach the gospel throughout the land. And during the following years he was directed by the same hallowed impulse in his arduous enterprise; and, as will appear, his labor was not in vain in the Lord.

Mr. Ouseley's ministry was effectual, in numerous

instances, in the conversion of young men, who were themselves destined by Providence for the sacred calling, and who became able ministers of the New Testament, not only in the Methodist connection, but also in other churches.

Mr. Noble was among the fruits of his early ministry. A short time after their appointment to the Irish mission, Messrs. Graham and Ouseley, with their Bibles in their hands, their black caps on, rode into the town of Fintona, and opened their great commission to surrounding multitudes. Mr. Ouseley was the preacher on the occasion; his text was Rev. vi, 17, "For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" All heard with the deepest attention and many tears. A youth, about fifteen years of age, was by curiosity drawn to the spot, and was deeply struck with the appearance of that extraordinary man, while tears, mingled with perspiration, rolled down his face. At the conclusion of his discourse, and just as he was riding away through the crowd, he raised his voice, and vehemently cried out, "O Fintona, Fintona! remember that on the great day which I have been endeavoring to describe, you will recall to mind that a man, sitting on his horse in the street, warned you to prepare to meet your God." The lad referred to was overwhelmed with a sense of his sin and guilt, cried earnestly for mercy, and soon obtained forgiveness, and a sense of his acceptance through the atoning blood. This was the person who was now appointed to share for seven or eight successive years in the toils and travels of his spiritual father. "The late venerable Gideon Ouseley," says Mr. Noble, "was my father in the gospel: and little did I think at the period of my

conversion, that the providence of God would have called me into the mission field, much less that I should one day be appointed by the conference as fellow-traveler with this faithful man of God, who had been the instrument of my conversion."

The late Rev. William Copeland, about the same period, then a youth, was led to a saving knowledge of Christ by the same instrumentality. By a street sermon of Mr. Ouseley he was brought under spiritual concern, which issued in his conversion, and subsequently to the consecration of himself to the Christian ministry. He many years sustained a high place in the Methodist connection as a man of saintly character, and a distinguished minister of the gospel. On Mr. Ouseley's first appointment to the Galway mission, the Rev. James Horne heard and received the gospel from his lips, and was always after claimed by Mr. Ouseley as his spiritual child. In one of his letters to the committee he does not hesitate to state this fact. Mr. Horne has long been a useful missionary in the West Indies. Many more might in like manner be named, who, in after years, were through his means made the ministers of grace to others; and some clergymen of eminence and distinction in the Established Church received their first religious impressions under the ministry of Mr. Ouseley.

During 1813, and the three or four succeeding years, the Irish missionary extended his labors and travels far beyond the bounds prescribed; and so convinced was the conference of the value of his exertions in this extraordinary way, that he was granted two additional colleagues, and the year following, three; so greatly grew the word of the Lord. By very strong argu-

ments, Mr. Ouseley shows his peculiar call to the Irish generally, and supplies many instances of undeniable evidence confirmatory of his views on this important subject. "I have left Messrs. Kidd and Johnston on their station, Mr. Noble and I having resolved to take the kingdom at large, and preach in the broad places thereof—even in the open streets."

So intensely was he engaged in pursuit of the great object, that sometimes he would, in distant places of the kingdom, continue in incessant labors during six months without being more than one week at home. "On the 11th of May," Mr. Ouseley remarks, "I had to lay by my pen before I could close my letter, nor could I take it up again, with preaching, long journeys, &c., till I have at length reached home, not having spent more than one week in all with my dear wife since November last till now, nor having seen her but twice in all that time; for the work of the Lord so increased on every hand that I could not spare time, properly speaking, for anything else but to attend to it. I have been always of opinion, that if I would do good to the Roman Catholics, while my health continues, and as I speak in the Irish tongue so much, there is no better plan for me than to travel through the kingdom as extensively as possible, and to preach all I can, without and within. Thus I come to them unexpectedly, and they hear quietly before the priests can have time to warn them. This has so well succeeded this year that more Roman Catholics have been awakened, and joined our society since last conference, than I have seen for five years together. Even since I last wrote to you, in January, about twenty have joined in my course."

The prosperity attending the extraordinary labors of Mr. Ouseley had been so remarkable, and the prospects were so cheering, that the conference was anxious to have the opening everywhere, if possible, entered, and therefore directed that he should, at this time, take an extensive range, not only through the dark places of the earth, but among our societies throughout the kingdom. Wherever he went his presence was hailed by his brethren, and in every place God vouchsafed unequivocal indications of divine approval. Mr. Ouseley visited the counties of Wexford and Wicklow; and in the towns where I then labored, the visits of this servant of this Lord were attended with unprecedented success. In a letter to Mr. Ouseley, about this time, I stated my views of the work, which I may here be allowed to quote:—"Nothing can exceed my astonishment at the work in Arklow and Wicklow, &c., since you and brother Noble were there. The most extraordinary conversions which I have ever seen or heard of, have taken place in this country. The subjects of this work, of course, are various; some very respectable, some abandoned, one atheist, and some most singular persecutors, have been convinced, converted, and saved from sin; and some of our old professors have been sanctified. Jehovah smiles over all the land, 'the wilderness rejoices and blossoms as the rose.'"

Mr. Ouseley visited these places again with like results. The whole south of Ireland was wonderfully affected; and every part where he visited the good Lord accompanied his word, until, according to his own account, not less than two thousand, from November to May, were added, by his instrumentality, to the

Methodist societies. Mr. Noble was so exhausted as to require some rest, and he went home for that purpose, while Mr. Ouseley with undiminished strength and ardor continued his toil. I was urgently requested to take a tour with him, leaving Mr. Andrew Taylor in my place. This was mentioned to Mr. Ouseley in a letter to the mission-house:—"Brother Reilly has been on a short tour or two with me, in brother Noble's absence." One "*short tour*" was through nearly all the counties in the south of Ireland, and lasted six weeks. I heard Mr. Ouseley frequently, and again witnessed his uncommon zeal and wonderful success. When in the city of Cork I admired him more than on any former occasion. Night and day, in public and private, with unwearied diligence, he endeavored to persuade men to be reconciled to God. I cannot forget one discourse of his in the large chapel in Patrick-street. The Rev. Thomas Waugh and I sat behind him in the pulpit, while, on a Sunday evening, he earnestly and affectionately urged the crowded congregation to give up their sins, and yield their hearts to God. He placed before them the danger of continuing in sin—that it would be as fatal to the soul as poison is to the body. He illustrated this by a reference to an occurrence which took place in Kilrush, in the county of Clare, some years before. "I knew a lady in the county of Clare,"—and, as if he wished to confirm his testimony, he turned round suddenly, and said, "brother Reilly knew her too. She one day took a vial off her sideboard, and, mistaking it for another, poured out a glass of its contents, and swallowed it. She felt herself indisposed immediately, and rang the bell most violently; and when the servant approached

she cried out, 'What was in that bottle?' 'Laudanum, ma'am,' was the reply. 'Laudanum!' she said, 'I am a dead woman! I have swallowed a glass of it.' She ran to the office of her husband, and cried out, 'P——, my love, I am a dead woman! I have swallowed a dose of poison—send for Dr. Elliot immediately.' The doctor was sent for; he administered a strong emetic, and the poison was dislodged; but she had not an easy moment while the poison remained. And yet," he added, "you will eat, and drink, and sleep—you will laugh, and sing, and dance—take your pleasure, and transact your business, and the poison of hell in your soul." This was expressed with a gravity and force that were indeed appalling, and must have greatly affected all who heard it.

The details of the years of which we have been taking a survey are most interesting and important, but far too numerous to be transcribed into this letter; yet some of them are so striking and characteristic, that they cannot be dispensed with in a record like this, though the transcriber might earn to himself the charge of prolixity. Among those places in which large outpourings of the Holy Spirit were experienced, we have seen numbered the towns of the county of Wicklow. Those of the counties of Carlow and Wexford may also be included. The town of Newtownbarry is mentioned by Mr. Ouseley as being greatly "moved," especially at a morning sermon, &c. "He preached on Monday morning," says Mr. Thomas Barber, "and after preaching held a prayer meeting, as he had done the evening before, when others professed to have found peace with God. His mode of preaching that morning was very peculiar, and did

great execution among the people. His subject was, the opposition between the flesh and spirit, as mentioned in Galatians v, 19. 'Every person under the dominion of the flesh,' said Mr. Ouseley, '*is possessed by a monster with seventeen mouths; and every mouth seeking food suited to its nature.*' He here named the mouths—the people appeared horror-struck, and many of them roared aloud for mercy. The result of these meetings was the addition of sixty members to the society."

In the beginning of August, 1818, he passed on to the city of Derry; and in a tour of thirty-two days he traveled four hundred miles, and preached in his usual manner, "in and out of doors." He then went home to breathe a day or two, and immediately returned to the work at Derry. He preached in the morning at nine o'clock, at the love-feast, and the meeting continued until one o'clock. Here a Roman Catholic schoolmaster, who had heard him the week before, came that morning seven miles to hear him, remained at the love-feast, was powerfully and deeply affected, trembled, and wept, and cried aloud for mercy, but soon was able with joy to cry out, "Glory to God for his mercy."

Another Romanist near Burrisokane, whose name was Philip Rorke, a great devotee, was, about this period, led to a saving knowledge of the truth. Before Mr. Ouseley saw him he had become acquainted with some Methodists in the neighborhood of Burrisokane, by whose means he was enlightened, and heard the Bible read, which created wonder in his mind. He was about fifty years of age, and was wholly uneducated, though in several orders of the Church of Rome

—such as the scapular, St. Francis's cord, St. Joseph's habit and ring, &c. He repeated many rosaries, and was reputed a person of great piety. But the Lord laid great trouble on his mind, and he found no rest because of his sin. In his distress he went to several priests, to inquire what he should do to be saved. One said to him, "Go to Lough Derg;" another said, "Go to Lady's Island;" a third said, "Receive the Lord's body;" to whom he replied, "Does your reverence think you can make the Lord's body for me?" "I have that power, Philip," said the priest; "can you doubt it?" "Please your reverence," said Philip, "I have two little hens, but no cow, now if you can turn them into two milch cows for my children, to give us milk, I shall believe then that you have the power you say." This was too severe a test; no reply was attempted, but "Get agone, get agone," and so they parted.

Mr. Ouseley having to pass through this country immediately after the conference, on his way to Connaught, met with Philip, and got for him a pair of spectacles and a spelling book. The experience of this poor man is related by Mr. Ouseley; and shows, in a striking degree, the power of divine grace. He was blessedly led out of ignorance and sin into the enjoyment of gospel light, and into the favor and the peace of God; and he clearly and satisfactorily expressed himself on this interesting subject, and in his own artless way prayed and talked with his neighbors, so that they would rather have heard him than the priest.

Several others that year, especially of the better educated, who had read Mr. Ouseley's work on the Popish controversy, were convinced of their errors;

and being induced to hear him preach, were more fully enlightened, received the gospel, and joined the Methodist society. One woman, Bridget M——, in the county of Down, had heard Mr. Ouseley seventeen years before, and received the truth; but, being kept back by the priest, though she retained her confidence, she was prevented from meeting with the Methodists for ten years, and never all that time heard another sermon than that she had heard from Mr. Ouseley, until she joined the Methodists. He met her now, after her seven years' connection with the society. A singular instance of the power of divine truth is also mentioned by Mr. Ouseley, of one of the Romish priests of Sligo, who preached vehemently against the errors of Rome; and so high was he in the esteem and affection of the people, that the bishop dare not depose him. He soon after died, and they found it very difficult to supply his place.

Mr. Ouseley on this tour reached Manorhamilton; and while preaching in the street was opposed by a Romish priest, but the veteran warrior retorted on his antagonist with powerful effect. "Pray, sir," said Mr. Ouseley, "is it not one of the six sins against the Holy Ghost to oppugn the known truth? You know that what I am saying is the truth of God. You are sworn on the gospel to believe it, and yet you oppose it. You are guilty of one of the sins against the Holy Ghost." The priest fled as if for his life, and left Mr. Ouseley in possession at once of his argument and congregation. He by and by got back again into the skirts of the crowd, crying to the people, "The devil take you all! what are you doing there?"

Mr. O. next proceeded to Enniskillen, where a

wonderful excitement was produced by his visit. He invited the people in the market to come to the suburbs of the town to hear the word of the Lord. Two thousand people followed to hear him preach in the skirts of the town. He rode through the market with his black cap on, and his Bible in his hand, inviting the people to follow. Many of the Roman Catholics left the market to hear the word; and it seemed as if all business was suspended, while he preached, in English and Irish, the mercy of God, and the unsearchable riches of Christ, to all returning sinners, without respect of persons. "The Lord gave us," says Mr. O., "a most solemn season; while tears flowed, and sighs and sounds of prayer were heard throughout the whole crowd." No remark is requisite in relating these extraordinary exertions and their blessed effects.

In July, 1819, Mr. Ouseley expresses himself in strong and grateful terms on the subject of his toils the preceding year:—"The past year has been the most laborious and most prosperous year, for the conviction and conversion of sinners, and of the enlightening and conversion of Roman Catholics, that I have witnessed in Ireland these eighteen years; nay, or since I commenced my itinerant course, this conference twenty years. I have also kept an exact account of the miles I have traveled on horseback, and all nearly on the same horse—about four thousand four hundred miles."

We have seen some of the varied movements and labors of Mr. Ouseley in this and former years, and the gracious results which followed in every place. Some things are deserving of particular notice, however, and I shall advert to them with as much brevity

as possible. On the 21st of May, Messrs. Ouseley and Noble preached in the fair of Ballybophay, county of Donegal, to a listening and deeply affected multitude, who prayed for blessings on them while they rode away. Very different was the reception they met with in Killeter, county of Tyrone, another town, about nine miles from the former place. It was either a fair or a great market, and the town was filled with mountaineers of a peculiarly ignorant description, and of a very desperate character. They reached the place between three and four o'clock; and commenced singing in English and Irish, and nearly the whole fair gathered around them, and listened for awhile with a degree of attention; but some drunken men came into the crowd, and some reckless young men, who began to push and pull one another to create disturbance. Mr. Ouseley spoke to them in Irish, to no purpose; when they commenced throwing stones at the horses' feet, to disturb rather than hurt, it would appear. Soon, however, the young people seemed intent on murdering God's servants. A person led Mr. Noble's horse out of the crowd; and an opening being made, Mr. Ouseley followed; but Mr. Keys, who accompanied them, was detained by the mob. This is most affectingly described by both Mr. Ouseley and Mr. Noble. "My beast flew off," says Mr. Ouseley, "as did brother Noble's; and a shower of cudgels and stones instantly flew after us. One hit him on the head, stunned and bruised him, and knocked off his hat; but I escaped without any contusion. The whole fair pursued us; but our horses were too swift for them, and God was with us. Those whom we met on our retreat, seeing our black caps on, thought we were

running a race, and did not annoy us. Brother Noble was foremost in the flight, for I had reined in when I found we were out of danger. I began to laugh a little, when I beheld him in such terror, still making off with all speed, for he feared they would take some short cut, and come in with us and murder us. He almost feared to look behind, thinking I had been killed, or at least that he should see me covered with blood; but, to God be the glory! we escaped with our lives, to praise our great Deliverer. They beat our hats most heartily, when they could not get ourselves. Brother Keys they surrounded, after returning from us. They threw at him, struck his beast, and made her leap from side to side; and he fell among them. At length one of them spoke out, and said, 'Mr. Keys, I know you. I heard you preach at a funeral a few days ago. I liked your doctrine and yourself. No man shall injure you. Fear not.' His hat, however, fell off, and it they cut up with their cudgels; but the Lord preserved him unhurt. He got but one stroke, and was not much the worse for it. The man and his party put him on his horse, led him a piece out of the town, and after he had ridden two or three miles he came up with us galloping, while yet we were wistfully looking behind to see if he were coming, not knowing how he could possibly escape their fury. Thus I have given you the narrative of our happy escape; and doubt not but you will join with us in giving glory to Him that sits upon the throne, and hath kept all our bones, so that none of them was broken."

Mr. Noble says, "While we were in the midst of the crowd, they seemed afraid to throw the stones with great violence, but on our getting clear a shower of

stones came after us; one of them struck me on the head and carried off my hat, which I had just put on over my black cap, and I never saw it since. As several of the people followed us, and got through the fields in order to intercept us, we had to put our horses to their full speed; and in passing men who were returning from the fair, and did not perceive the crowd after us, but concluded we were jockeys running a race, they said to one another, 'Dear me; but the little fellow is a good rider; he'll beat the old fellow all to pieces.'

"We reached brother Mathewson's," continues Mr. Ouseley, "where was a smile of joy and welcome on every countenance. We got refreshment; and soon a great crowd assembled, to whom I preached once more the words of eternal life. They had not seen me for several years, yet they, and the country round, well remembered the great revival which took place when brother Graham and I last visited them. We now again had a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." It must have been peculiarly delightful to the persecuted men of God, to have found such a retreat in Mr. Mathewson's after their narrow escape from the savages who sought their lives. "The village where this attack was made upon us," remarks Mr. Ouseley, "is not far from the place where Mr. Coudy of old had a contest with a priest, and was near losing his life."

One instance or more of a similar kind will at once show the virulence of the persecutors against the messengers of Christ, and the watchful providence of God in favor of his servants. In a tour in the south of Ireland, Mr. Ouseley resolved to preach in the streets on the Monday, it being the fair day; but while he and

his companion were in their room, imploring the divine presence and aid, the gentleman in whose house they stopped waited upon them with tears in his eyes, begging that they would not make the attempt, as the mob were just preparing to attack them. However, Mr. Ouseley would not be dissuaded from his purpose, "for," says Mr. Noble, "he was one of the most courageous of men." The missionaries took their stand, next door to the barrack, thinking that in case of danger they would have the protection of the military. The service, as usual, was commenced by giving out a hymn, but immediately the stones began to fly in every direction. Mr. Noble attempted to reason with them; asked if they were resolved to take their lives; said that they were strangers that had come to tell them of Christ Jesus, who had suffered and died to save them. But he might as well have reasoned with the tide. After they had received many blows and bruises, the sergeant kindly received them into the barrack. "Meantime," says Mr. Noble, "we could easily see the providence of God in our going to the street. Mr. Ouseley, who could never be idle, began to preach to the soldiers, twelve of whom came out to our chapel that night, and to a prayer meeting after preaching; and six out of the twelve were made happy in God, and became steady and useful members of society." So the designs of Satan were frustrated, and God overruled evil for good.

On another occasion, while Mr. Ouseley was preaching to a vast crowd in the street of a town in Connaught, and many of the people hearing with deep attention, three or four of their spiritual guides came into the congregation. Their presence intimidated

many; and caused them to run away; while others commenced on the aged servant of God, when he received a blow on the mouth which knocked out two of his teeth. He placed the teeth on his hand, and showed them to the crowd, while the blood flowed from his mouth. "The sight," says Mr. Noble, "was truly affecting; and if he had been killed on the spot, I believe he would have offered up that prayer with his latest breath,—'Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.'"

Whenever Mr. Ouseley found it practicable he held field meetings, and these were attended with abundant blessings. On Sunday, the 30th, he and Mr. Noble held a field meeting about two miles from Ballintra, in the county of Donegal, at which nearly a thousand persons were present. Mr. Ouseley states—"We both preached at the field meeting, commencing at three o'clock. Divine power attended the word; the presence of the Almighty overshadowed us; and the whole congregation seemed under conviction. How lovely a sight, to see such a multitude on their knees on the grass, and the floods of tears streaming down their faces, before the Lord! Some retired to the Lord's supper, and others to an adjacent house to pray. Many were set at liberty. Surely it was a day to be remembered—a day of the Lord! We then went off to the Manorhamilton circuit, and a most blessed visitation from God had they among them."

On Monday morning they held a meeting in Ballintra, and rode off to Manorhamilton, a distance of twenty miles. The day turned out exceedingly wet, but, as a meeting had been published for that evening, nothing could induce Mr. Ouseley to rest short of the end of his journey. "A disappointment to an expecting con-

gregation," says Mr. Ouseley, "is to me an evil of such magnitude, that I would prefer running a great risk rather than be the cause of it. We were wet to the very skin; poor dear Noble now and then cried out, 'What shall we do? My very boots are full of water; I am wet all over.' My dear fellow, said I, let us imagine that we are in the water, that we are swimming through; let us push on. When we arrived in Manorhamilton, our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Graham, instantly got dry clothes for us, for we had to take off everything. The people flocked out in the evening, which was fair, and the gracious Lord our God honored us with a season of delightful refreshing from on high."

Mr. Ouseley had been very unwell through incessant toil before he left the county of Donegal; but after the severe wetting and the night's labor, he was quite well the next morning, and, as he expressed it, "through mercy we were able to go on twenty-eight miles to our next appointment." Thus he, without any cessation, travels, and preaches in streets, and fields, and houses. We next find him in Enniskillen, he and his colleague mounted on their horses, their black caps on, calling on the people to come and hear the word of the Lord. "Such crowds followed us," says Mr. Ouseley, "as that the market-place was completely emptied. All descriptions of persons seemed equally interested. We both spoke, and with all patience did the Romanists as well as the others hear. God was among us, blessed be his name."

A field meeting had been appointed some distance from Enniskillen, but the day turning out wet, they could not remain in the field, but went to an adjacent

village. No two houses could contain the crowds; therefore the men in the congregation proposed, that if the missionaries would remain outside, they would also; and the females got into a pretty large house, while the missionaries preached a sermon each to all present. "The dear men," says Mr. Ouseley, "stood outside all the time under the rain, and we in all the wet, without refreshment or a change of clothes. We preached again in town, and," Mr. Ouseley adds, "the Lord gave us souls for our hire."

He next proceeded to Dungaunon, twenty-one miles. He says, "We were both completely jaded, from our unremitting labors and riding; and when we came to the house of our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Heathers, we certainly were fitter for our beds than for anything else. Poor Noble was quite done: yet it was the market-day. The magistrate had prevented brother Bayley from preaching in the street a little before. This, and our exhausted state, might have discouraged us; but I resolved, as I still retained a little strength, that we would go out, and that I would preach, determined that I would rather go to prison, if God permitted, than not preach. We bowed our knees before our gracious God, went out, took our stand, and met no interruption whatever, while I declared to them the counsel of God. Glory to him, the hearts of all men are in his hands."

Mr. Ouseley then permits his colleague to return homeward to recover his exhausted strength, while he proceeds in his usual way; next day preaches in the streets of Aughnacloy, and then goes to Monaghan, where he meets brother John Armstrong, who for awhile supplies the place of brother Noble. Mr. Ouse-

ley says, "I met John Armstrong, a blessed, zealous lad. He and I mounted our horses, and rode through the market; the people crowded after us, and though it rained, they stayed most patiently; I preached, and he exhorted."

Mr. Ouseley had often lamented the apathy of the English evangelical churches with regard to Popery. On the 17th of June he remarks: "I rode in the morning about two miles to visit the Rev. Mr. P——, a friendly clergyman of the Established Church. He laments much the growth of Popery, and told me with grief, that he was well informed the Jesuits in England had proselyted ten thousand Protestants in the last year. I should not wonder; for as I lately passed through that land, I perceived a great supineness in all ranks and denominations with regard to Popery, as if it were an entirely harmless thing." And he greatly feared that many of the lower orders in England would become an easy prey to its wiles. Alas! that the warning voice of the faithful ministers of truth was not regarded! On Sunday, the 11th of July, Mr. Ouseley says, "Brother Reilly and I preached in the open air in this city to a great crowd indeed. I met a man who accosted me; he had been an Irish Roman Catholic in the army. He first heard me in Halifax, in Yorkshire; he was told that an Irishman was to preach; he came to hear his countryman, and the Lord awakened him under the sermon, and he is now a consistent member of our Dublin society. How important to be instant in season, out of season, and to preach publicly in the open air the gospel of our God to the erring sons and daughters of men!"

We have thus seen, from time to time, not only a

solitary instance of genuine conversion from the errors of Rome to the truth of the gospel, and from sin and guilt to holiness of heart and life, but considerable numbers, here and there, who became joined to the Lord in one body with the people; and some cases have we witnessed, where the converts have themselves become gifted and successful ministers of the word to their countrymen. This is cause of unfeign'd and devout thanksgiving to the true Christian patriot who looks forward with pious solicitude for the regeneration of his country. But it may be well inquired, Why have not more general and permanent effects appeared from the preaching of the gospel by Mr. Ouseley and other godly men throughout this country? It has been already stated, that the great obstruction to the improvement of our native land is the false system prevailing here under the hallowed name of Christianity, which, alas! subverts the gospel of Jesus Christ, and contains in it the elements, at once, of corruption and tyranny. It is still a problem, which neither statesmen nor philosophers have solved, how the greatest and freest empire in the world comprises millions under the foulest bondage, and over whom is exercised an irresponsible control, (irresponsible to the state,) which forbids freedom of thought and inquiry: where BRITISH SUBJECTS are destitute of mental and moral freedom; where the tyrant is allowed to brandish his scourge, and fix his manacles on the limbs of a noble and naturally generous race. Why does not the British senate vindicate and establish the sacred rights of conscience and religion on behalf of British subjects? Let no man be persecuted for his religion, but let all be alike protected in the free exercise of that on which their reason and conscience

decide. If such freedom as is the inalienable right of Britons and of men were allowed us in this part of the empire, we should soon see Ireland one of the fairest portions of the globe. Some striking facts have been already stated which indicate the spiritual tyranny existing in our unhappy country: I shall introduce another here, though in reference to an humbler person, which will show the malignant power by which the destinies of our country are governed, and which will answer the inquiry above proposed,—“Why have not more general and permanent effects *appeared* from the preaching of the gospel?” Mr. Ouseley was preaching in the house of a gentleman, in the county of Louth, when a young woman, a Roman Catholic, was, with others, deeply affected. He conversed in his usual way with her and another, and the word of the Lord had a powerful effect on her mind, and she immediately turned from lying vanities to the living God. Mr. Ouseley states,—“Respecting this interesting person, she sought mercy from God through the blood of the covenant, with much diligence, and was soon made conscious of the mighty change and blessing of justification. Her grief and hardness of heart fled before the bright beams of the Sun of righteousness, and she became very happy through faith in the Redeemer. She at once, as soon as she was convinced of the danger of following human dogmas, and before she had received that blessing from the Lord, resolved that she would go to mass no more. This created a great alarm among the superstitious; and a plan was laid to snatch her away from heresy and her heretical master. Her sister, a strong girl, and a Carmelite, called on her early in a morning, saying that she

wanted to speak to her; she objected to go with her, but she seized her to force her off. Her master heard the bustle, came to her help, and extricated her. When it was found that evil was determined her, she was removed to the Protestant clergyman's until she read her renunciation of Popery, which she, with another, did in the parish church on the ensuing sabbath. When the priest found that the sister and party missed their aim in getting her off, he, it seems, was horribly mortified, and a messenger was instantly sent for her father, who lived forty miles off. The poor soul came to see what was the matter, and by his reverence's advice, he went to demand his daughter; but in vain; the gentleman would not give up his servant; nor did the father persist much, for he privately owned that himself, wife, and son, had lately read their recantation in the county of Cavan, but durst not let it be known here lest he should be murdered. On his return to the priest, he told him her master would not let her off till her time would be up. 'Go,' said the zealous divine, 'get a case of pistols charged, and then demand your daughter, and shoot him on the spot, or any one else, who dare detain your child.' 'But I would be hanged for murder; and what would my poor wife and children do without me?' said the poor man. 'Well, then,' said the priest, angrily, 'I'll tell you what you will do: she will be passing to church on Sunday to read her recantation, and *be cursed to the vagabond heresy*; seize her then, and there will be help enough at hand to overpower the police themselves if they interfere; so there shall.' The man replied, 'Maybe lives would be lost, please your reverence, and what would I do then? She is of age; and if it be her will to do so, how can I

help her?' They, however, watched for the hour of her passing to church, and the place was full of people who had been waiting for mass. But the minister acted wisely, and sent her so early that they missed her, and she and the other persons conformed in peace. The magistrate also signified his purpose to protect her, and punish any that dare molest her in future; and so the matter ended. All this I received from her master, who also told me that she would go ten miles on her feet to see and hear me again. I have been thus circumstantial in this case to show you the watch the priests have over their dupes, and the vast dangers that lie in the way, and the difficulties those have to grapple with, who would embrace the truth when they know it, where the population around them are influenced by the priests. Many such, at heart, feel their thralldom and errors in some sense; but they fear to be *murdered*, or *their cattle destroyed*, or *their houses burned*, should they dare avow it. May almighty God open their way!"

Mr. Noble, in stating the effects he had witnessed by means of street preaching, while in company with Mr. Ouseley, expresses himself on this subject in forcible terms. "I must say," he remarks, "that it is my firm conviction that hundreds, if not thousands, of the poor Irish will be found at the right hand of God, in the morning of the resurrection, who heard the gospel in the streets, from the lips of the venerable Ouseley, in their native tongue; but who had not the courage to meet the persecution they would have had to encounter in giving up their former mode of worship, and joining themselves to the Wesleyan society; though many of them did break through, and have

continued to the present day ; while some, to my own knowledge, have died in the full triumph of faith." There were some who, without shrinking from the avowal of the truth in the hour of persecution, took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, knowing that they had in heaven a better and an enduring substance. But for many more the ordeal was too severe : they could not sum up sufficient resolution to bear the " trial of cruel mockings and scourgings " which they would have had to endure ; so that either they mourned in secret over their hapless condition, cherishing a hope of future deliverance, or mingled again with those who wandered from the good and the right way. What can true Christians in this case do ? They can keep the *truth* before the world—the pure, unadulterated gospel ; they can take every legitimate means for spreading genuine Christianity, and exhibiting in their own life and conversation evidences of its saving power ; and by the subduing charities of the gospel soften the hostility of the enemies of the cross of Christ. They can offer up fervent, constant prayers to almighty God, that he would take the matter into his own hand, and by his unerring providence and saving grace effect that change in our country for which we must otherwise in vain look to human means. O God, is anything too hard for thee ! Make bare thine arm in the midst of the nations ; and let our countrymen—our interesting countrymen—be brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God !

“ O let the pris'ners' mournful cries,
As incense in thy sight appear !
Their humble wailings pierce the skies ;
If haply they may feel thee near.

“The captive exiles make their moans,
 From sin impatient to be free:
 Call home, call home, thy banished ones!
 Lead captive their captivity!”

O Lord, hasten the time when the morning of Christian liberty shall dawn upon our benighted land!

Yours, &c.

LETTER XII.

Mr. Ouseley suffers severely from exertions during a snow storm—Richly rewarded by the gracious fruits—An atheist converted—Conversation between a Roman Catholic gentleman and a priest—A soldier converted on the battle-field of Waterloo—Light of the gospel spread by the writings and preaching of Mr. Ouseley—In perils among his countrymen—Laid aside for a short time by a cold, caught while preaching in the street—Preaches by star-light—Describes the first church among the Gentiles—Retires to a watering place—Successful labors while there—Rev. John Feely appointed to travel with him—Mr. Feely's character of ——— Preaches from thirteen to fifteen times a week—Violent conduct of a priest—Several torn from mass—Novel argument against the real presence—Priest M'Gouran—Mr. Ouseley returns to Dublin ill, after a tour of sixty-six days—Street sermon in Ballina—Great success in every place—Ingenious and convincing argument from the Rhemish version—Conversation with a priest—Prospects of new openings—Laments over the state of Ireland—Arguments with a casuist—Receives a severe blow in Monaghan, while preaching in the street—Cause of the miseries of Ireland—Intolerance of a priest in Kilrusb—Discussion in Carrick-on-Shannon—Invited to Easky discussion—Its amicable termination in favor of truth—Mode of preaching varied—Arguments for a general mission to the Irish, and his peculiar call to that work.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—During the year from July, 1819, to 1820, the same course was pursued by Mr. Ouseley, with undeviating fidelity, although sometimes feeling the effects of such ceaseless exertions. In the winter he endured great hardship, traveling through snow-storms; in one instance the snow being so deep that he was obliged to return to the place from whence he had come. These efforts in such a season, as might be naturally expected, brought on an illness, which lasted eight or ten days; from which, however, he had

scarcely recovered when he resumed his loved employment. In his letter of March 8th, 1820, he acknowledges that he ran a risk in leaving home before he had fully recovered; but such are the gracious fruits which result from the toil, that he is richly rewarded. He left home on the 6th of February, although in a state of bodily weakness, after the indisposition above referred to. "It was at a venture," says this self-denying man, "that I left home, I was so weak; however, I resolved to go as far as I could; and the Lord has fully restored me, and enabled me to go forward in his work." From the latter end of harvest to the beginning of spring, he rode upward of fifteen hundred miles; and twenty-seven hundred from the conference until that period. But he rejoiced in witnessing a very gracious work throughout the kingdom, in several parts, notwithstanding all the obstacles that obtruded themselves. "The Lord favored us with seeing many souls awakened to a sense of divine things, and many joined the society. As I preached in the streets, many of the Romanists heard; though at times some of them showed a disposition to annoy us." In many instances numbers of them heard in the chapels too: some came five miles through storm and rain to hear; and some became united to the society. When Mr. Ouseley traveled through the south, I lay in a dangerous fever, and my dear brother Noble came for some weeks to take my place. Mr. Ouseley continued in the work alone, and sometimes preaching three or four times a day in the street, as well as in houses; and it was often his custom to preach in the winter season two hours before day. In one place he says: "Our congregations were principally Romanists: they refused to be

hindered by the priest. One young man, in the county of Kerry, who had been a Romanist, and became an atheist, was providentially led to hear Mr. Ouseley, and became deeply convinced of his sin and error, fell down on his face, cried aloud for mercy, and was directed to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world. During his tour through the county of Kerry, very gracious effects followed the preaching of the word. In Tralee, one Roman Catholic girl, describing the state of the congregation during a meeting that Mr. Ouseley held before day, said to her mistress, "O, ma'am, they were weeping all around me; and I cried and wept a great deal myself. God forgive me!"

Mr. Ouseley relates a remarkable conversation which took place between an educated Roman Catholic gentleman and his priest:—"We breakfasted with a Roman Catholic gentleman, who had been hearing us, and kindly invited us. He appears to be under gracious awakenings. He told us of several conversations which he had with the priest lately, who told him he had no objection that he should read the Bible, as he was a man of learning. 'Why,' said this gentleman to the holy father, 'do you keep the cup from the laity in the sacrament?' The priest replied, 'Don't you know we are very numerous, and very poor; the expense of wine would be very heavy.' 'But,' he rejoined, 'do you not make them pay for baptism, for confession, for masses, and for extreme unction, &c., rich and poor together?' 'Yes, certainly we do,' said the priest. 'Why then,' he said, 'do you not make them pay for the wine also, as it is a part of the sacrament enjoined by our Lord?' 'Really, sir,' said

he, blushing, 'this is certainly an error in our church.'

On Mr. Ouseley's return to Dublin at this time, after eight weeks' absence, the Rev. Matthew Tobias related to him a very encouraging circumstance of the effect produced by a sermon preached by him in the street, many years ago. A soldier stood up in the love-feast some time since, and stated that he had heard Mr. Ouseley preach in the streets of Ballyshannon, about eighteen years before, and that he was brought under deep emotion on the occasion, which he endeavored to put away from time to time, but it would again and again return to his mind; when on the field of Waterloo, in the midst of the battle which decided the destinies of Europe, multitudes falling around him on every hand, some particular expressions of the sermon came again with great force to his mind; and then, and there, in the heat of action, he surrendered himself to God, found mercy after all his perverseness and folly, and, at the time he related his singular narrative, he was walking steadily in the ways of the Lord. "I hope," says Mr. Ouseley, "that this is and will be the case with multitudes in this land of darkness and superstition, where a combination of hinderances deters them from an immediate and open avowal of what they believe."

Mr. Ouseley was encouraged almost daily by seeing the light of the gospel diffused, by means of both his writings and public ministry. He mentions two cases in which the power of truth prevailed over error, even in the midst of persecution. One of these was a young man who had read his tract in answer to father Thayer, in consequence of which he read his Bible

also, which created serious alarm in his father's mind, who, when he could not prevail on him to go to mass, forced him to where priests were holding confessions, hoping thereby to reclaim him from his heresy. The priests reviled the lad, and desired his father "to tie and beat him, for a villain." The youth replied, "If such be the only arguments you can use, they can never convert me." And he nobly chose to live as a servant with a Methodist family, where he enjoyed the advantages of Christian society and instruction, rather than live in comfort at home, deprived of these blessings. The other case was that of an intelligent school-master, who read some of Mr. Ouseley's tracts, intending to answer them. Though indignant at first, he became convinced, abandoned his errors, and joined the Methodist society.

During part of this year Mr. Ouseley had to go through perils among his own countrymen; as what he calls a "dreadful insurrection" prevailed in the province of Connaught: yet he not only passed unhurt, but, as it had been in former years throughout this country, a great and blessed work of God broke out among the people in the counties of Sligo and Mayo; many of the Roman Catholics who had heard him twelve years before flocked with eagerness to hear him now, and some of them became united to the society. Notwithstanding his mental energy and physical strength, he sometimes complains of the effects produced on his system by street preaching. He expresses himself on this subject thus:—"On our last tour I preached a good deal in the streets, to multitudes. It is true, it is rather a severe service, for after preaching I feel for awhile lassitude, and as if my ribs

had been beaten; but it is a glorious work, is delightful on reflection, and always leaves a good conscience. When I arrived in Dundalk, I felt so poorly, that I feared going to the streets, and yet I wished to go. I went, however, and had a patient hearing, and a blessed time; our house was filled at night; nor did I feel the worse."

A little after this, he states, that in a tour through a part of Ulster and Connaught, which lasted fifty-two days, he had traveled eight hundred miles. After an excursion of thirty-three miles, during this period, he reached the town of Ballyjamesduff. It was in the month of March. He arrived a little before sunset, and, the evening being very fine, he stood up in the street, and commenced preaching. Soon, almost all the inhabitants of the village surrounded him; he continued his discourse by star-light; and many of the Romanists, taking advantage of the shades of evening, came to hear, and listened with devout attention. He then published preaching for the chapel, when many of the poor Roman Catholics requested to be admitted; and while they heard a second sermon in the house the Lord was present, as in a former case, to apply his word. Mr. Ouseley remarks, "It was a most delightful and solemn season. Surely the 'Master of assemblies' was there to melt down obdurate hearts, evident by the copious streams of tears which silently flowed."

Very shortly after this, however, he caught cold by preaching to a large congregation in the market of Lurgan, and a violent pain in the ball of his right eye was the consequence, which in a few days became so alarming as to oblige him to come to a pause, and

take to his bed in Aughnaeloy; but not having such medical aid there as was judged sufficient, he struggled as far as Monaghan, and there was confined to his bed again, and had to undergo a severe course of treatment—bleeding, blistering, &c., for several successive days. On the 21st of June, after more than three weeks of painful affliction, he says, “Last Wednesday, the evening before I returned to Dublin, I was bled again; I had to come by the coach and leave my horse, as I was then too weak to ride. I am now free of the pain, thank God, and hope I shall soon be able, through divine aid, to return to my heavenly employment once more.”

His account of his sermon in Lurgan, by means of which he caught cold, is very interesting, and shows that his was indeed a “heavenly employment.” “On the 25th I preached to a great multitude in the market of Lurgan, who, Romanists and all, were as if they were fastened to the ground, and being bathed in tears together, sobbed, and cried, and prayed, as of one heart and soul.”

He did not, however, get over the effects of his affliction so readily as he had hoped. In consequence of it, he was obliged to retire to a watering place, for a few weeks, to try sea-bathing as a restorative from his late illness. Dunleary (since called Kingstown) was the place chosen for his temporary retreat; but, when a little rest might have been supposed excusable, he could not be satisfied without doing something for his divine Master. Here he preached four times a week—witnessed some signal instances of conversion—and, when about to resume his general labor, left a little class, consisting of fourteen members, under the

care of the Dublin superintendent. As soon as he was restored to sufficient health for the work, he commenced his labor in the street of Trim, where he had preached fourteen years before. When he addressed the people in Irish they appeared electrified; and two priests listened for some time, and gave no annoyance. On Monday evening he preached again, in the Trim court-house, when many Romanists, and almost all the Protestants, flocked to the place, and manifested great attention and satisfaction, while he brought before them the character of the first church among the Gentiles, (Acts x,) which was planted by St. Peter, and which ought, he affirmed, to be the model of all Christian churches to the end of time. He labored on through the year, and had the satisfaction of seeing many sinners awakened, and brought to a knowledge of the Saviour. "Light," he says, "is going forth by various means—schools, Bibles, preaching, &c.; and I do think moral darkness is daily decreasing. Thank God, there is a good work going on in several parts, in spite of every opposition, which is peculiar to our bigoted and benighted land."

Mr. Ouseley toiled in the way we have seen for one year without a colleague to support him in his arduous work, as a general missionary; but for the two succeeding years there was appointed as his companion Mr. John Feely, a young man who had been converted by the means of the Irish missionaries from the Romish creed, in which he had been educated. Mr. Ouseley speaks of him in terms of high respect and affection. "Brother Feely," he remarks, "is quite in his element when he stands or rides in the streets to address his

countrymen in their own tongue, which he speaks with great facility. And as they learn he has been of their own church, they are the more eager to hear him." And Mr. Feely's views of his revered superintendent will confirm those descriptions already given of him. In a letter of Mr. Feely, which lies before me, he says, "I met Mr. Ouseley a few times before I was appointed to labor under his superintendence, and admired his great zeal, and his style in addressing the people, and his evident concern for the salvation of souls. Upon my appointment with him, I confess to you, I purposed having on this extraordinary man an eye of observation. I found him a man of deep devotedness to God, and, if possible, of still greater missionary zeal. As a minister of Christ he was indeed instant in season and out of season, endeavoring at all times, and by all Christian means, to lead sinners to the one all-sufficient Saviour. I need not tell you that he constantly published the message of mercy in the open air; and often did he encounter things of an unpleasant nature while in this work; but his intense desire to pluck sinners as brands from the burning bore him onward in his arduous course. And often where he might with apparent propriety rest himself, and enjoy the society of his friends, he was seen in the streets and places of public resort, warning men to flee from the wrath to come, and directing them to 'behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' And O! how did he labor in prayer, both before and after these exercises, that God would grant his blessing to accompany his word! Often have I heard him weep, and agonize, and wrestle with God in mighty

prayer, especially on those occasions, so as to produce on my own mind the most humbling effect.

“ I sometimes accompanied him when, coming into a town, he stood on the most convenient spot he could select, and commenced forthwith to sing a hymn in English and Irish. For a few minutes we had hardly any audience; yet in a short time a goodly company, of various denominations, might be seen attentively listening to the words of eternal life. Those services were sometimes partially interrupted by a few of the lowest of the people offering observations and comments, frequently of the most absurd and ludicrous description; and again expressing their hatred and malice to the man who was so determined on doing them the greatest good, but, as they imagined, the greatest possible injury.

“ On one of these occasions a multitude of persons came together, and after addressing them in the most affectionate and impressive manner, showing that the provision of mercy in the gospel of Christ was no sectarian thing, but free for all—that English, Irish, and Scotch, as well as all other nations of men, were equally welcome to Christ, who died for them all—he invited them to hear me in the Wesleyan chapel. Among this assemblage were some Roman Catholics, one of whom was led, through that day’s ministration, to commence religious inquiry, the result of which was his conversion from error, and, I trust, from the power of Satan unto God.

“ *You* are aware that young men laboring with Mr. Ouseley were placed in a bad school for learning self-indulgence. I recollect accompanying him some distance to a fair, where we both preached, and afterward

rode twenty miles, without the least refreshment, to fill other appointments.* I know it is not in my power to describe Mr. Ouseley as a preacher of the gospel; but you will permit a word or two: would we had many such teachers as he! I often thought I hardly ever heard any one else who so clearly expounded the moral law, in its spirituality, extent, and requirements; and who more convincingly described the evils of the heart, 'issuing,' as he used to say, 'in the thirteen streams of corruption from that impure fountain;' or who would show the sinner more distinctly his guilt, and ruin, and helplessness. And this work being done, as no man felt more the value of the atonement, so no minister preached it more faithfully than he. In the redeeming work of the Lord Jesus he saw the meritorious cause of human salvation; and through that work he pressed on the acceptance of his hearers a present pardon, peace with God, freedom from the dominion of sin, the entire sanctification of the soul, and, finally, eternal felicity in the heaven of heavens. Sin he described as the seed of damnation in the soul, which must be extracted by the application of the blood of Christ to the heart by the Holy Ghost, through faith, or else the soul is lost eternally. He certainly was a great enemy to Popery; but not an enemy to its unhappy subjects. Them he greatly pitied, particularly the uneducated peasantry; but the priests he considered awfully instrumental in the delusion and ruin of human souls. He knew the system well; and often

* The fact here related by Mr. Feely was Mr. Ouseley's usual habit. In traveling long journeys, and frequently preaching in the course of the day, although more than once feeding our horses, I don't recollect a single instance in which we took any refreshment, unless we happened to call at the house of a friend.

taught the people by showing them how truth and error conflicted in their own books and catechisms. He knew that the errors of the Church of Rome were fearfully calculated to neutralize the effects of truth—even of such portions of truth as were retained in its own system; and he would demolish all refuges of lies, that he might lead the people to Him that hath said, ‘I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father but by me.’”

Such is the description given by Mr. Feely, in a letter to me, of the character and labors of the venerable subject of this Memorial. There were no men in the Irish connection who had such opportunities of knowing and judging of Mr. Ouseley as Messrs. Noble and Feely, and myself, we having been successively his companions in travel during one-third the period of his ministerial life. I therefore regard the above description as a most valuable record, given, as it is, by a man of such judgment and discrimination as Mr. Feely.

Mr. Ouseley and his companion took tour after tour, and incessantly engaged in the most toilsome and exhausting exertions. Generally Mr. O. preached from thirteen to fifteen times a week; and even through the severity of winter his labors were uninterrupted, and yet his health continued unimpaired. “Brother Feely,” says Mr. O., “preaches nearly as much. On one of these tours, I remarked that for nine days successively I have preached in the open air, besides twice a day generally in chapels: so that we have preached to vast multitudes.”

In one place, at this time, a schoolmaster, who had been a determined bigot, through the violent conduct

of his own priest became suspicious. The priest knocked down a man in the chapel, and kicked him while down. This so shocked this intelligent man, that he abandoned at once the service and communion of the Church of Rome. He obtained a copy of the Rhemish Testament, and compared it with the authorized version, which he had been taught to esteem as a wretched, diabolical fabrication of Luther and Calvin; and on finding the difference very inconsiderable, he preferred the Protestant version, as being more elegant and correct. He found also that the religion he had believed differed from even the Rhemish Testament; and, quite alarmed, waited on the priest, and told him he was very uneasy. "I fear there are errors in our religion," said he; "for it does not agree with our Testament, which you know, sir, is the word of God." The holy father replied, "What errors? If I hear any more such language, I'll give you the whip: so I will." "If you do, sir," said the other, "I will give you the law. I will surely indict you, if you strike me." After this he went and joined the Methodist society.

Another schoolmaster in the same vicinity read Mr. Ouseley's "Old Christianity," and deemed it unanswerable; and declared it was calculated to convert more Roman Catholics than all the other books he had ever seen. He soon renounced the mass, as did also one of his neighbors to whom he stated his scruples.

Just at this time, a young gentleman, who had been educated in Maynooth College, conceived himself competent to defend his doctrine, and had frequently assailed Protestant gentlemen on the subject of their religion. He wished to have an interview with Mr. Ouseley, and was invited to dine in company with him.

After dinner he introduced his favorite theme. They conversed very freely and cordially for some hours on the various dogmas of his system, to the great satisfaction of one of the gentlemen he had so often attacked. After he found he could not defend the pope's supremacy, he turned to the famous topic of transubstantiation. He said that our Lord had turned the sacramental bread into his own body, &c. Mr. O. asked him, "Did not our blessed Lord eat of that bread, and drink of that cup, after the consecration?" He answered, "Yes." "And do you think," said Mr. O., "that he ate himself?" The young disputant replied, "I believe he did." "Then," retorted Mr. O., "*his own head was in his own mouth*, as were his feet and his whole body. And so a part is greater than the whole, &c. And yet his feet were on the ground!" The gentlemen present laughed immoderately at such an absurd notion. The young man was quite confounded, and virtually relinquished the doctrine, by saying he did not believe that the human body of Christ was in the bread; but that some virtue assigned it by our Lord made it equivalent to his body, &c. He took with him a copy of "Old Christianity," and there were favorable accounts heard from him afterward.

Mr. Ouseley's method of treating the doctrine of transubstantiation was as varied as it was ingenious. Preaching in Irish, in the market of Arva, about this time, to a great multitude of Roman Catholics, he took for his text, Heb. x, 5. When he came to that part, "but a body hast thou prepared me," he collated it with Matt. i, 20, and Luke i, 35. He called the attention of his numerous hearers particularly to this part, by which they might readily perceive that as neither the

Father nor the Holy Ghost became incarnate ; but the second person, the Logos or Son, only : so neither the Father nor the Son created the humanity, or natural body, of Christ ; but the Holy Ghost only. Therefore as every priest is on his oath to believe the New Testament is truth, so he is sworn to believe this part, that Christ never created his own natural body ; and if not, then that which he called his "body," at the last supper, as it could not be his human body, so it could be no more than his figurative, commemorative body, as Protestants say of it. And if Christ did not make his own natural body at any time, then to give power to any man to do so, is totally inadmissible : and therefore the priest's oath, that he can make the natural body of Christ of bread, is not only absurd in the extreme, but stands in direct opposition to his other oath, that the gospel is true. Then if the body of Christ was not, is not, made of bread ; and if to give divine worship to what is not, cannot be, Christ, is damnable idolatry ; then to give the host or wafer divine worship is of course most frightful. The attention of the crowd was deep and devout while he thus reasoned with them ; and when he pointed them to Christ alone for salvation, the tears flowed copiously down their faces ; and when he prayed, it was most delightful to behold with what unassuming sincerity, with what sighs and groans, they joined in the worship of God. He then added : " Alas, my dear people ! all you get for the gospel of which you are deprived, is a stamp of the foot, a lordly look, or a crack of the whip, if you dare inquire for yourselves." They shook their heads significantly, by way of assent.

The very next sabbath after this extraordinary ad-

dress, the priest, the Rev. Mr. M'Gouran, came up to a young man in his chapel, whom he had married a few days before, (he had got a pound note for so doing,) and called him a great rascal; and instantly struck him with his fist, and either knocked him down or staggered him. When the poor young man recovered himself, and got his hat, he said to his reverence, "What have I done?" "You villain," said the priest, "why did you not tell me your wife was related to you?" The young man replied, "And what do you want me to do?" "Why, to buy the affinity from the bishop." "Does your reverence," he replied, "want me to give money to the bishop too?" "Yes; by all means." "Then, sir," said the injured man, "if one farthing would gratify him and you, I would not give it; and had I my pound note again, you never should handle it." "Ah," said a spectator, "it's true what the preacher says: 'A thump and a crack of the whip is the gospel that we get.' God help us!"

Many evidences of good appeared at this time through the kingdom, both from the circulation of his controversial works, and from his public labors. One instance I shall here insert. When in Queen's county, at this period, two young men of classical information waited on Mr. Ouseley, for the purpose of conversing with him on religious subjects. One of them having got his "Old Christianity" before that, had taken it to his priest, and asked him, "Reverend sir, are these quotations true, or does the writer caricature our church?" The priest replied, "They are indeed correct." "Then, sir, we are ruined." "Come, come," said the priest, "we must answer it. You are a good scholar: you will do it." "Answer it!" rejoined he:

“answer truth! No, sir, never. Good day. I must quit the mass for ever.” He fulfilled his threat, and became an assistant in a Protestant school. The other young man, who supposed his arguments impregnable, after some conversation, appeared greatly astonished, and burst into tears, confessing he never saw these matters in such a light before.

In consequence of a contusion which Mr. Ouseley received in his great toe, he was obliged to come to Dublin to take some rest, and after a tour of sixty-six days was confined for several weeks; but during the interval he employed his pen in the defense of Protestantism. He got through the press a statement of a young convert who had been educated for the Romish priesthood, and recently brought to the knowledge of the truth; and also replied to some pernicious works then in very general circulation. While in Dublin he received from his young friend, who had been lately converted from the errors of Rome, and whose Statement he edited, a most interesting letter, a brief extract of which I shall here give:—“The gospel seed sown by you, and nourished by our mutual friends, is producing daily an increase of peace, and tranquillity of soul, hitherto unconceived by me. There is a great spirit of inquiry here; we long to see you again. Come, in short, and finish the work begun. Your last sermon in Arva [on Heb. x, 5] has made a great stir here. The Roman Catholics say you spoke the truth; and, in general, they tell me that they do not know what good their clergy do for them. They now think purgatory a church fiction; and they are very anxious to see my objections. May they be profited by them, I pray the Lord Jesus. May the Lord continue your

usefulness to the poor Irish, is the prayer of your very sincere and truly affectionate child in the Lord!" In another letter he says, adverting to his former associates, "They all are forced to allow I had just reasons for separating from the Church of Rome."

Mr. Ouseley mentions the case of this young convert in hopeful terms, in a letter to Joseph Butterworth, Esq.; and, in connection with it, expresses himself in very strong language relative to the arrogant spirit of Romanism. "I never remembered Ireland as it now is: Papists cherished, who are desolating the country; and Protestants, who should be cherished, dispirited, and their energies sought to be paralyzed. To encourage Popery, is to disturb the nation; for hopes of dominancy, and priestly intrigue, will make it furious."

Again, in the beginning of June, he returns to Dublin, after a tour of sixty-five days, during which time he preached, for the most part, from three to four times a day. But he was seriously attacked by illness on his arrival in Dublin, which was no doubt occasioned by his exhausting labors, and riding through a tempest of rain and storm, by which his horse died. "I got medical aid," he says, "and through the blessing of the Lord, whose hands bind up again, my complaint was removed; and when I gathered a little strength I sallied forth to my work again." While preaching in Irish, in the street of Ballina, on the market day, he was interrupted by a man who wished to ask him some questions; but he requested the person to have patience until his sermon was closed, and he would answer him any questions. All was silence while he preached for an hour; after which he was interrogated

on the subject of the forgiveness of sins, from our Lord's words, "Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted," &c. The crowd increased; and attention sat on every brow, while Mr. Ouseley stated that St. Peter and St. Paul must have been true expositors of our Lord's meaning in this passage; so their judgment must, of course, be decisive. He then quoted from St. Peter's words in the Acts, and then from St. Paul's words—both combining to testify that the commission and power which Christ gave them, was that of preaching to the people, and teaching them how they should repent, believe in the Lord, and thus obtain from him forgiveness, &c.; and, hence, that the apostles never bestowed any such forgiveness, but only taught men how to obtain it from God. He was on his feet for three hours, during which time the people heard with the utmost attention; and this indefatigable servant of God exerted himself until he was bathed in perspiration. After resting an hour, he had to ride off five or six miles to another congregation who were expecting him. "What," says Mr. Ouseley, "should these creatures do? how could they ever get enlightened, had not God put it into the hearts of some persons to stand in the open streets and instruct them?" He preached next in the house of a gentleman, to the family, tenants, servants, and workmen; and the great Head of the church deigned to give success to the labors of his honored servant in every place. "I have not seen," he says, "so blessed a prospect of doing good in the twenty-four years I have been a missionary, as in the last year."

Various were the methods employed by Mr. Ouseley to fix the attention of the ignorant Irish on sacred

things, and to disabuse their minds. In the market of Belturbet, on the 13th of May, 1824, he took up the Rhemish Testament, and preached from Mark xii, 24—“Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the Scriptures,” &c.; and proved that the doctrines of Christ were contained therein; that the priests on oath owned this; and that the doctrine of the Protestant Testament is exactly the same: that there is no doctrine in the Protestant version that is not in the Douay; though some expressions may be in the latter that are not in the former—such as penance, in *some* places, instead of repentance. The congregation appeared deeply attentive and gratified. He then contended with vehemence, that all the false doctrines and superstitions of the land, on the one hand, and all the crimes, anarchy, and savage atrocities on the other, had their origin in an ignorance of the Scriptures and of the power of God. He then advised them to sit together, like good neighbors and men of sense, and compare these copies of the Scriptures together, and they would soon themselves be possessed of that in its purity which our Saviour taught; and would be like brethren in Christ. “How would you,” he inquired, “preserve yourselves from becoming followers of a Mohammedan teacher, of eloquence and subtilty, except by comparing his doctrine with that taught by Christ and his apostles?” He then stated the immoral condition of every parish, and mentioned a conversation he once had with a priest on this subject. “Sir, you allow that mortal sin and Christianity are incompatible; you know what mortal sin is, and so do I; search now your parish, and see if you can find me a man not in mortal sin, and then I shall grant you have found a Christian.”

The priest replied, "God help me, sir, I can't keep them down at all," &c.

During the year 1823, and the three or four following years, Mr. Ouseley was nominally stationed in the county of Meath, but he did not confine his labors to that scene. "Here," he says, "we have a prospect of getting new openings in this county, which is a barren soil indeed." But he left his excellent colleague, Mr. John Wilson, to labor in that locality, and traveled more at large through the land. He mourned over the moral and religious state of the country, and traced the deplorable effects up to their causes. "Sad state of things," he remarks, "and lamentable to an enlightened mind to behold! The people so managed by their spiritual guides, through the means of their private confessions, &c., that they dare not receive any religious instructions but their own. One instance out of many:—A young woman, a servant, went to her confession lately, and, among other things, told her confessor that she attended family prayer in her master's house every night. No sooner had she mentioned this, while on her knees, than she received from his reverence such a blow of his fist, on the side of her head, as laid her prostrate at his feet. To pacify him, she promised she would do so no more." Notwithstanding all the artifices and efforts of an intolerant priesthood, many of the people, however, forgetting occasionally their fears, hearkened with great pleasure to the voice of truth, and were captivated by it.

In one of Mr. Ouseley's excursions this year, he met with an intelligent though bigoted Roman Catholic on one of the public cars, who thought to expose him before the passengers. He took up the subject of

transubstantiation ; and argued, that as Protestants do not believe in that doctrine, they are infidels, and cannot be saved. In reply, Mr. O. said, "My friend, do you not believe, that whatsoever is contrary to truth, is falsehood, and is therefore of the father of lies?" He said, he certainly did. "Do you not allow then that our blessed Lord bears certain characters or marks, whereby he could be distinguished from any false Christ, and from every other man—characters of him stated in the writings of the prophets, from Moses to the last of them, any one of which had he wanted when he appeared, he could not be the true Christ? And if the enemies of Christianity—the Jews, Porphyry, Julian, &c.—could have proved against our Lord that he really possessed not, or had been defective in, any one of these prophetic characters, would they not have been justified in denominating him a false Christ?" "This is very true, indeed." "Could any of them prove," Mr. O. continued, "that he was not born of a virgin, or that he never was a real infant, boy, or man; that he was not of David's line, nor of the tribe of Judah—or did not raise the dead, cure the lame, die himself on a cross—or did not rise the third day from the dead, and ascend up into heaven in the presence of many—I say, could they have thus proved that he wanted any of these characters, would it not follow that he was not the real Messiah?" "You are right in all this, sir; but what then?" "Why, do you not see the consequence? Is it not clear to all, that if it would be impossible for him who was called Christ, if he wanted even one mark belonging to the true Christ, to be the true and real Christ, so must it be impossible for that which wants every character of the true Messiah to be

other than a false Christ, a fraud on human credulity? Now, has the sacramental bread been born of the Virgin Mary, or has it any one of the characters I have mentioned? Is not transubstantiation, therefore, a combination of falsehoods, and, of course, a doctrine of the father of lies to delude the children of men?" The men looked at one another with astonishment, while the casuist replied, "O, if I had a day with you in our parish, I think I could foil you."

The claims of the poor ignorant Irish on Mr. Ouseley's sympathy and attention seemed to increase with his years, so that he ceaselessly endeavored, by every means, to address them on the all-important subject of their personal salvation. He states in a letter, September, 1824: "This ruined people cannot be extricated from their dismal state unless special exertions be made in their behalf. I have ever, from the beginning, been impressed, that I must take my life in my hand, and try to meet them in the public streets, that I may endeavor to open their eyes, or else despair of doing them any essential service. Here they listen with such attention as is truly astonishing. In the last few weeks I have preached twenty-four times in the streets, without any serious interruption." This, as we have already seen, was not always the case; in a few days afterward, preaching in the street of Monaghan, a man came deliberately up toward him, as if to hear, and treacherously gave him a blow of his fist in the stomach that took away his breath for a short time. The people pulled the man down with some violence; Mr. Ouseley requested them to do him no harm; adding, that after his sleep he would be sorry himself. The magistrates would not connive at such a flagrant

breach of the peace; they committed him to custody, and Mr. Ouseley reluctantly lodged informations. He urged strongly on the missionary committee, at this time, the great necessity of a supply of the Rhemish Testament, which the Romish clergy dread as much as they do the authorized version: and ascribed all the miseries of Ireland to the substitution of human doctrines for the pure word of God.

In the latter end of December, 1824, Mr. Ouseley's life was in imminent danger in the town of Kilrush. He attempted preaching in the street, as in other places; but the mob had been prepared by their priest to make an attack on God's servant. This violent and intolerant bigot, having learned that Mr. O. was come, warned his congregation against him; exhorted them to proceed, and assured them that there was no law for him. At that period Pastorini on the Apocalypse, against which Mr. O. had written a tract, was very industriously circulated. Pastorini had prophesied the overthrow of Protestantism in 1825, and the great mass of the people were prepared to facilitate the accomplishment of the fatal prediction. In this spirit they raised the attack on Mr. Ouseley when he commenced his sermon—shouting, and throwing stones, and everything else they could lay hold on. The police hastened to the spot, and order was for a moment restored, when Mr. O. resumed his discourse, exhorting his hearers to prepare for the judgment of the great day. The calm which for a moment prevailed was a deceitful one; they renewed the attack with greater violence; a volley of stones was discharged at the police, as well as at the preacher, and several of them were bruised and wounded. To prevent the loss of life, Mr. Ouseley

retired in safety, thanking his merciful Preserver. The magistrates held a petty sessions to investigate the cause of the riot, and find out and prosecute those who had wounded the police. But the priest, filled with rage, came into the court, and opposed and insulted the bench of magistrates, and demanded that the court should adjourn. The magistrates could not proceed, and had, in point of fact, to adjourn till the next day, when the priest opposed them again, and they had again to break up, and relinquish the investigation. Thus the course of justice was interrupted, the justices of the peace were insulted, and the rights of English subjects trampled on with impunity by a haughty and intolerant ecclesiastic.

Notwithstanding all the hostility of the Romish clergy to the gospel of Christ, the progress of truth was accelerated; public discussions were carried on between the Protestant and Romish clergy; many, who supposed their principles could not be successfully assailed, were convinced of their unsoundness, and religious inquiry promoted. Mr. Ouseley's book had no inconsiderable place in the causes which led to this result; and while the Romish clergy dreaded his appearance, the Protestant clergy in every place hailed his approach. He attended the Carrick-on-Shannon discussion; but the priests would not consent to his taking a part in it. He, however, sat at the table with the clergy; and, when requisite, supplied them with arguments, and sometimes transmitted them on slips of paper to the several speakers. Pressed very hard at one stage of the argument by a priest, on "Lo, I am with you alway," &c., one of the speakers, the Rev. Mr. H——, penciled on a slip of paper, "What shall

I say to this?" The answer was ready—part of the text quoted—"Teaching them whatsoever things I have commanded you," &c. This was decisive, as they could not claim the promise without obeying the injunction.

Two excellent young men who had been in the Methodist society, but were at this time employed by the Independent Church as agents, were challenged by priest Devine to a discussion on the doctrines of their church, and sent after their old friend Mr. Ouseley, who had just been in the country; but his appointments, previously made, would not admit of his returning. The discussion took place in the chapel of Easky, and the Rev. Mr. Urwick came to their assistance. The controversy was carried on in an amicable spirit on both sides; but on the part of Mr. Urwick the truth was triumphant.

In the winter of 1824 Mr. Ouseley, by direction of the conference, visited Connaught and part of Munster, in reference to some chapels which he had built in those places. In the county of Mayo especially, several Romanists, who had formerly heard him in the streets, now ventured into the houses where he preached, and heard him gladly. Some of them joined the society; the attachment of others to their superstitions was shaken; and many seemed prepared for the reception of the truth.

The early part of 1825 was principally spent in the counties of Cavan and Monaghan. As the Protestant population in this part of the country was somewhat equal in proportion to the Roman Catholic, and the influence of the priests on that account less powerful, Mr. Ouseley preached with less interruption, and, in

general, to large congregations. "My health and strength," he says, "continue unabated, though now in my sixty-fourth year; and I continue to preach in the markets, fairs, and streets, to listening crowds, where practicable." It is truly interesting to notice the ardor with which this veteran of the cross still prosecuted his arduous toil. Every day—sometimes twice and thrice in the day—did he engage in ministering, both in English and Irish, the word of life. At one time we find him on horseback, retired from the hurry and bustle of the market, but where numbers of Romanists might hear; at another time, in the midst of a fair; in one place, at the close of the day, outside a market-house, opening his commission to a large audience by the light of a lamp; and in another, at the door of a school-house, singing in the moonlight, until "the people crept out and gathered round him," when he declared unto them Jesus. Nor did drizzling rain, or cold, or the sometimes falling snow, deter him from his work, or deprive him of his congregations. On one occasion, under such circumstances, he rode into the market of Ballyduff, and preached to a great concourse, chiefly Romanists. His text was John xx, 21, 23,— "As my Father hath sent me, even so send I you. Whosoever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained." On this passage chiefly the priests found their power of forgiving sins. Mr. Ouseley therefore called the particular attention of his audience to this most important subject. The substance of the discourse is preserved in one of his letters, and affords "a sketch," to use his own words, "of his manner of preaching to the Irish Romanists in that plain, argumentative way

which seldom, if ever, offends them." Having introduced the subject, "I laid before them," says Mr. O., "the universal necessity for pardon of sins, and the knowledge thereof; for all had sinned, and must therefore be pardoned, or continue guilty, and be lost for ever. I then showed them that the apostles must have been the best expositors of the import of their commission with regard to this forgiveness; they did not look on it as any personal authority to forgive men, but to lead them, by the preaching of the gospel, to obtain it themselves of God, through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ; and by the Spirit of God working in them repentance and faith, and bringing home the blessing to their souls. To prove this, I collated St. Peter, Acts ii, 38; iii, 19; x, 42, 43, with St. Paul, Acts xiii, 38, 39; and adduced parts of their several catechisms, and also of the Lord's prayer, all combining to manifest that this forgiveness is not in the power of men or angels to confer, but is a transaction between a penitent sinner and his God, who alone, for Christ's sake, bestows this great gift, and renders the soul happy."

Mr. Ouseley now brought his argument to bear on the power of the priests to forgive sins. "I proceeded to show them," he continues, "that Christ's pardon is perfect, and leaves no guilt behind, as in the case of the woman caught in adultery, and of the penitent thief who was that day brought safe to paradise, &c.; but any pardon that varies from Christ's, or is imperfect, must of course be a delusive, a false pardon. I then pointed out four several ways of pardoning sin by the pope and his clergy; all which, when done, they *confess* are imperfect, and therefore false. The first is 'by penance and absolution of the priest; the second,

by offering up a mass—a Christ, soul, body, and divinity, in the mass—for the penitent; the third, by an indulgence, which restores to baptismal purity, preserves from purgatory and all its pains, and opens the gates of paradise and delight; and the fourth, by extreme unction, which leaves no trace or spot of sin behind.’ Now these four ought at the least be equal to one perfect pardon, which brings the soul of the dead instantly to paradise. Yet when even the pope himself dies, or any of his bishops, &c., all his clergy on earth declare he is not gone to paradise, but to purgatory; and begin to say ever so many masses to rescue him therefrom. By this they demonstrate to the world that they do not believe any of those pardons which the pope or his clergy got or gave, or all of them put together, amounted to a real and perfect pardon of sin; and hence that they are all imperfect, or, in other words, completely false!! How alarming then must this discovery be to all concerned! To such pardons should none of them trust, but to that alone which each may obtain from God, who saith, ‘Every one that asketh, receiveth; and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.’” The people heard with peculiar attention, while the man of God urged on them an immediate application to Him unto whom mercies and forgiveness belong. Not a frown was on any face; seriousness sat on every brow; and when Mr. Ouseley concluded with prayer, every head was uncovered, and all appeared to be earnestly engaged in the solemn service. “After I cooled,” he says, “I rode off to Kells, about seventeen English miles, and preached that evening.”

Mr. Ouseley’s faithfulness in what he considered his

peculiar work was not only manifest in his undiminished labors, but in the sentiments which he about this time expressed, in a letter to the missionary committee, with regard to his proceedings among the Irish Romanists, and the great importance of the general mission in which he was especially engaged. He writes as follows:—"Where the population is chiefly Romish, and the priests have the greatest power and influence, little good can be effected, except when I come upon them unawares. Then, for a time or two, before their priests can get at them, they will hear with great delight; the savor of it in some measure remains, and good is thus done, though not so suddenly perceptible. Hence a preacher who would, in the hand of God, be instrumental of enlightening this ruined, yet fine, when instructed, people, must watch for them like a fowler: he must be to them as the serpent and the dove. If my God has assigned me any work to do in the world, which I know he graciously has, this I conceive is peculiarly my province. My mind is in it day and night. My vigor, my tongue, my pen, are in it, almost wholly so. When otherwise appointed, except in some exempt cases, I am not in my element—I am not in my place. Did I wish to take rest or ease to myself—could my mind admit of it—when appointed to a local mission I would be gratified to the full; I could easily preach every day to the few Protestants to be found here and there, and pass by the multitudes of dark Papists, as if they had no existence in creation, or were unworthy of any notice. They, poor things, dare not come to hear in Protestant houses, unless perhaps a few, and those rarely, and by stealth, or when, after hearing preaching in the street, they are under strong excite-

ment for the time. Nor durst they allow any of us to go into their houses and talk with them, so much do they dread each other and the priests. In these awful circumstances then, what is to be done to enlighten and extricate them from the most flagitious, absurd, impious, and criminal system of spiritual degradation and tyranny that ever appeared on earth, unless some who know this mystery of iniquity, rise up, and unite, and go meet them where they can be met with, even in the open streets?

“The quantum of good done among them is not to be estimated by the number that may at present quit the mass, join themselves to Protestant churches, and embrace the gospel, so much as by the light that is progressing from keeping the ball constantly thrown up before them, an effect which is daily becoming more palpable by this circumstance—the attention and even thankfulness evinced by them when the very bulwarks of darkness and superstition, at the bare mention of which heretofore they could scarcely restrain their fury, are torn up before them. . . . I engaged in this work of openly following them (the Papists) long before I joined the connection as a missionary: I have now nearly completed twenty-six years in that character: I am, thank God, as strong and willing to labor as ever I have been, and that in the most extensive way to which I can reach. With humility and thankfulness to my God I say, he thrust me out into the streets after this unfortunate people; and hath not only preserved me unhurt in the midst of many perils, by reason of their priests, and their ignorance and fury, to this hour, but given me to see several of them brought to the knowledge of the truth. And if I were

dying this day, my advice would be, 'Keep the ball thrown up among them:' as said the venerable Coke: 'send forth as extensively as possible men qualified to disabuse them; such as are prepared of God to go forth into the streets, and meet them in their own tongue.' The important sentiments in the above extract, urged so powerfully by Mr. Ouseley, have been already occasionally referred to; but I deemed it right to place the subject before you in his own peculiar and nervous style. May God prepare and send forth men partaking the same spirit, and endued with the same zeal, until our country shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption,—

"And not one plaintive groan or sigh,
Be heard in all the joyous sky!"

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIII.

Mr. Ouseley severely afflicted—Gains strength to write—Animadversions on a declaration of the Romish hierarchy, and Dr. Doyle's pastoral—Takes a tour through Galway—Accident in Conemara—Persecuted by a priest in Dunmore—Escapes injury in Mullingar—In danger of a relapse of inflammation of the lungs—Preaches numerous sermons in the streets—Progress of Scriptural knowledge and inquiry—Movement promoted by Mr. Ouseley's writings and labors—Instances showing this fact—Resolutions of Scripture readers—Progress of reformation in Cavan—Mr. O. visits the earl of Farnham—Kindly received by the nobility, gentry, and clergy—Lady Farnham requests liberty to publish *Old Christianity* at her own expense—Letter from a gentleman in Cavan—Religious movement in the south—Striking peculiarity of Mr. Ouseley's mode of street preaching—Instances—Disputing in the market with those that met with him—Visits another scene of reformation near the county of Meath—Again visits King's Court—Preaches on the "ancient faith"—Several express their approval—Speech at reformation meeting in Omagh—Visits England—Tour through Leinster and the north—Visits Belfast—Answers to father Brennan's Penitential Address—Vindication of Methodist doctrine and discipline—Visits again the scene of reformation—Answer to the Hon. and Rev. O. Spencer—Letter to Dr. M'Enery, P. P. of Tralee—Conversation with Biddy—Persecution in Tuam—Kindness of clergymen of the Establishment—Sketch of Mr. Ouseley's labor for a year.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Early in 1826 Mr. Ouseley had an attack on his lungs, arising from heavy cold,

by which he was confined for six weeks. But though prevented from public exercises, he was by no means idle; his pen was employed for the noble purposes for which he had exercised his public ministry—for the exposure of error, the advancement of the cause of truth, and the conversion of immortal souls. He counted it indeed a great mercy from his heavenly Father, to have been brought under occasional affliction, as it gave him opportunities of prosecuting his work in another way, not less effectual than preaching the word. “I have had often to rejoice much,” he remarks, “after such seasons of *gentle* affliction, that did not confine me wholly; for what I have then written has been more blessed to this country, than if I had been orally engaged for perhaps twenty times that period.” He published some tracts during his indisposition at this time, which he partly compiled from a succession of letters which had been already published in the Galway Journal, and other provincial journals, and which had had extensive circulation; and such was the avidity with which they were read, that in some instances there was a second edition given of them in the newspapers, to gratify the public desire for reading them. And yet, as he remarks, there was “not a single tittle of reply from the priests, *even in Galway.*”

At this time, too, a united declaration appeared in the papers, from “The thirty Archbishops and Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland,” explanatory of their religious and political principles. Mr. Ouseley pronounces this a most Jesuitical piece; laments the supineness of the Protestant clergy in not replying to it, and says that “*their* silence amounts to an ac-

knowledgment that it is all right;" and that Protestants and Romanists would naturally come to such a conclusion respecting this deceptive production. To the fourteen articles in this Declaration he prepared a reply, in which he proved that in the whole of them, none of these bishops can believe there is any truth whatever. While in Galway, a little before this, he published a reply to a famous pastoral of Dr. Doyle, proving that he did not, or could not, believe, that the faith of his church is the true faith of Christ. This also, (which he put in one of his tracts,) though published in the papers, was never touched by any of the clergy. How could they "answer truth?"

He took a tour of nearly a month, in the winter of this year, on the Galway mission, accompanied by Mr. Feely; and although the weather was very severe he persevered in preaching in the streets. While engaged in this way in the market of Oughterard, in Conemara, two priests came up and interdicted the people; but only a few zealous partisans paid attention to their mandate, and the greater part of the congregation continued to hear with devout attention. He then proceeded through the mountains to one of the schools established by the society, and then under the superintendence of the excellent agent of the missionary committee, the Rev. Thomas Edwards. As Messrs. Ouseley and Feely went along—it was after heavy rains—in crossing a small rivulet they were both suddenly plunged in the stream. This is so good-humoredly told by Mr. Ouseley, that I shall give it in his own words: "In passing over the rivulet down went my mare suddenly, and while she plunged, off I tumbled, and was thrown on my back in the water; brother

Feely rode up quickly to my assistance, but down he and his little Rosinante went; after gathering ourselves up, nothing hurt that signified, thank God, we got to our place at Mr. Lyons's." The poor people were delighted to hear him while he preached on, "Fear not, little flock." One man, who, for fear his life would be taken, had gone to mass, now saw the folly of such a step, and, in company with another, ran by Mr. Ouseley's side a considerable distance; one of them cried out, "I never knew my religion till now."

A singular instance of the effect of Mr. Ouseley's preaching was here exhibited. A poor Roman Catholic woman, who, fifteen years before, had heard him preach, was then awakened, and, though she continued at the mass, she retained her fear of God, and her love to, and trust in, the Lord Jesus; and went about doing good, visiting the sick, as a minister of religion, and pointing them to "the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." She came running with delight, to meet once more her father in the gospel.

While in his own town, Dunmore, a little before, he was assailed by the priest; and what rendered it the more remarkable, the priest was a man whose character was held in deserved contempt even by his own people. I never noticed Mr. Ouseley more seriously annoyed than on the occasion in which he was hooted and vilified in a most indecent manner by this wicked man. On his return to Dublin, a little after Christmas, he narrowly escaped being seriously injured; while in Mullingar, preaching under the market-house, a heavy missile was discharged at his naked head, but providentially hit the wall behind him; and, although many heard the word with gladness, such

was the disposition on the part of others, who shouted and yelled like Indians, that the police with difficulty kept the peace. They seized on the assailant, however, and lodged him in jail for that night; but Mr. Ouseley declined lodging informations against him, and satisfied himself with inserting an article on the subject in the *Westmeath Journal*, and passed on to the county of Meath, where he had to take to his bed; and passed through the affliction already described.

His first tour after his illness was in the month of February, and although he was in a state of weakness, and under a strong interdiction by his physician to guard against a relapse of inflammation of his lungs, yet he generally preached every day, and frequently in the markets; and, too regardless of health and life, he exposed himself in the open streets while the people flocked around him to hear the gospel in their own tongue. Some time after his illness, he preached on horseback, in the market of Ballynagh, county of Cavan, on Saturday, having already preached seventeen times that week, nine times of which were in the streets: he was bathed in perspiration, and caught a heavy cold, on account of which he was obliged to get himself blooded; but he soon got well again. He passed through several counties at this time; and in thirty-five days preached about eighty-four times, of which from thirty to forty sermons were preached in the streets: and his discourses on these occasions, in Irish and English, and, as he himself remarks, "using so many arguments to enlighten such crowds of the ignorant, might indeed be well called double sermons."

The year 1826 was memorable in Ireland, in the progress of Scriptural knowledge and inquiry. One

short year had scarcely elapsed, since, as we have seen, the predictions of Pastorini were, according to the anticipations of misguided millions, to be accomplished in the total extirpation of heretics, and the triumph of Rome over Protestantism. Now, different scenes were transacted, and far other consequences produced. It might be supposed that, "as it were by way of reprisals," the religion of the Bible advanced in its aggressive warfare on the dominion of darkness and error, and thousands were turned from lying vanities to search for Christianity in the volume of divine truth, and openly avowed their determination not to allow—either themselves or their children to be deprived of their inalienable rights as men, as British subjects, or as Christians. Great numbers, too, formally renounced their connection with Rome, and declared their adherence to the religion of Christ. Mr. Ouseley's tracts, and especially his *Old Christianity*, as well as his preaching in Irish in the public places of the land, contributed, as will be seen, in no small degree to this gratifying result.

In the *Missionary Notices* for January, 1828, this opinion is stated in no dubious terms:—"The numerous renunciations of Popery which have recently taken place in Ireland have justly called the attention of the public to that interesting country; and they induce the hope that 'light and truth' will prevail more and more, till superstition and ignorance have yielded to the sacred and felicitating knowledge of the pure gospel of Christ Jesus. The subjoined extracts from the journal of Mr. Ouseley, who has been among the first and most successful promoters of the present reformation from Popery in that country, will exhibit

somewhat in detail the praiseworthy labors of our missionaries."

Some striking facts are given in a letter of Mr. Ouseley, one of which is as follows:—In conversing with an interesting young woman, a Roman Catholic, he asked her among many other things, "Do you believe that when the wafer is consecrated by the priest, it becomes true Christ, the son of the Virgin Mary?" She replied, "No, sir, I do not believe it, nor ever did." "What then do you do, when you are at confession, and the priest asks you about it?" "But I never go to confession." "How then do you do," he continued, "when you go to mass, and all fall down and adore the eucharist?" Here she paused, and sighed; and when the family and Mr. Ouseley were going to church she cheerfully accompanied them. It being sacrament Sunday, she devoutly approached the Lord's table, as did another Romanist, resolving, at every risk, to attend the Protestant worship in future. He then with gratitude adds, "God is pouring light on many of these long-benighted and deluded people. O, thanks to his great name, there is, notwithstanding all the artifices of the rulers of darkness, a spirit of inquiry progressing among them that will surely break forth like waters long dammed. O Lord, hasten the day!"

Many similar facts in several parts of the kingdom afford gratifying proofs that the labors and writing of this indefatigable servant of the Most High tended, in no small degree, to promote the extraordinary movement then in the religious world. In Queens county he met an intelligent young man who had abandoned Popery. He told Mr. Ouseley that when he first met some of his tracts he was astonished beyond measure.

He procured more of them, and his mind, by their means, became enlightened in the truths of Christianity.

During the same tour through that county, he was invited to tea by an amiable and pious clergyman of the Established Church, who informed him that it was owing to Mr. Ouseley's conversation with him, when he was a little boy in his father's house, that he was led to a knowledge of religion; that his advice never left his mind, and that it terminated in his obtaining peace with God through Jesus Christ.

He met also an officer in Kings county, who told him that some short time before he was in a town in the county of Galway where several persons were reading their recantation, and that he remarked among the rest a gentleman, whose appearance excited his surprise. He was prompted by curiosity to inquire of him how he had become enlightened. He replied, "I shall tell you freely. I was educated for the priesthood, and became the editor of a newspaper. Mr. Ouseley came into the town, and put an article into the Protestant paper against my religion, on the subject of transubstantiation. I deemed it my duty to reply to him, and upset his arguments; but in vain, for he upset me, and I then saw that my foundation was altogether false."

When in the county of Kerry, in 1826, Mr. Ouseley put an article in the Kerry Evening Post, demonstrating that no Protestant or Test Act could possibly more denounce the dogmas of Rome, which the priests are bound to teach, than they are themselves sworn on the Gospels to do. He boldly challenged a disproof of his statements. A Roman Catholic collegian having

read it, came to hear him preach three times; told him he had read the article, and deemed it conclusive. Shortly after, he openly read his recantation in the Established Church, wrote five letters in vindication of his change, and soon became a teacher of the truth to the peasantry around him.

Wheresoever indications of the success of the gospel were witnessed, Mr. Ouseley was found at his post, encouraging by his presence those engaged in the work, and promoting and fostering the good in the new converts. In Munster and Ulster he rejoiced to witness the triumphs of divine truth; and generally in the places where he visited he was hailed by the nobility, clergy, and gentry, and encouraged in his important labors.

Late in the year 1825, a singular movement commenced in the part of the country where the peasantry had been reading, and hearing read, the sacred Scriptures in the Irish language; which was followed up in subsequent years; and is too important to be overlooked in this place. In the month of December a number of the masters and scholars in the district of King's Court entered into a series of resolutions, to which, in a short time, three hundred and seventy-five signatures of persons, all Roman Catholics, were voluntarily affixed. We shall give an extract from them as follows:—

“ We, the Roman Catholic masters and scholars, under the Irish Society, whose names, with our respective residences, parishes, and post-towns, are hereunto annexed, desire to express, on behalf of ourselves, and upward of *five thousand* of our adult fellow-brethren who in this district alone are in connection with the

Irish Society, our humble but conscientious and heartfelt sentiments with regard to this invaluable institution, and our reading of the Scriptures in our venerated and beloved tongue.

“1st. Resolved, That, believing the sacred Scriptures to be the source of all spiritual knowledge, and the proper basis of all moral instruction, we consider that the want of them in our native language has been to us and our forefathers, for a long period, the greatest evil; and that the Irish Society, by their schools, and providing for us the Scriptures in the language we understand, have given to us an inestimable gift, and to Ireland the noblest boon she ever received.”

“5th. Resolved, That the Roman Catholic Church, of which we are members, hath never, by her councils nor her spiritual head, denied the Scriptures to those who read them with sincerity; . . . and that, finally, we consider that the reading of the Holy Scriptures is our right as men, our duty as Christians, and our privilege as Roman Catholics.”

These resolutions were presented at the annual meeting of the society, by a deputation from the subscribers, on the 17th of March, 1826.

Another document, signed by three thousand two hundred and twenty-one Roman Catholics, from the five counties around King's Court, was subsequently presented in like manner, containing the following remarkable paragraph:—

“We can assure the committee of the Irish Society, we can assure his majesty's government, that the Irish peasantry are most anxious for Scriptural knowledge for themselves and their children. There are thousands of Roman Catholics, whose cry can never reach

the British senate, *who dare not breathe a word against the tyranny that oppresses them*; who, from sincere love for Scriptural education, in defiance of every species of hostility, continue to send their children to Bible schools. It is painful to state that persecutions invariably, and martyrdoms not a few, have followed from all this; but, on the other hand, there have been great moral results—symptoms of a regeneration which the murderer and the incendiary will never be enabled to prevent.”

In a document put forth in 1838, relative to the same country, the following cheering facts are stated:—“Forty thousand persons, at the least, are taught to read the Irish Scriptures in this district; and more than double that number brought within its constant hearing in the cabin.”—*Mason's Life of Bedell*.

Mr. Ouseley, in the month of February, after this interesting movement had commenced, was found in the street of King's Court, on the Lord's day, and had a most delightful opportunity of preaching in Irish to multitudes as they came out of chapel. Indications of satisfaction were apparent among the crowds which surrounded him, while he impressed on their minds the absolute need of knowing and practicing the religion which our Lord taught the virgin mother and the apostles, and which he commanded to be preached to all men, to the end of the world; nor could the presence of the priest deter them from hearing the gospel truths with which they were so delighted. He also congratulated the country that the pure religion of Christ was now on the eve of spreading among them; that it was with joy he informed them that more than FIVE THOUSAND of the people in that district had nobly entered

into resolutions that they would read the sacred Scriptures in the Irish tongue, and practice them, in spite of every opposition. He had the satisfaction of hearing from one of the Irish readers the following gratifying testimony:—"It was by reading your book that Popery was driven out of me."

Shortly after this he went to Cavan, where the work of reformation was advancing with great vigor; and although he thought there were many crude elements still to be wrought upon, yet he regarded it as a great work, the result of the influence of divine truth, and pregnant with good to the interests of religion, especially among the rising generation, who would be educated in Scriptural schools, and have inculcated upon them the truths and morals of Christianity. "I was," he remarks, "in the church of Cavan yesterday; and had at length the high satisfaction to see with my own eyes the Romanists breaking their chains, and twenty of them together reading their renunciation of Popish slavery. This makes ninety in all, in these few weeks past; and many more are on the inquiry. 'The fields are,' thank God, 'white to harvest.'"

He about this time visited the earl of Farnham repeatedly, and was kindly received by the noble family, and by the clergy who visited there. The countess of Farnham, especially, was very marked in her courtesy and kindness to Mr. Ouseley. He says: "I breakfasted on two mornings at Lord Farnham's, and was very much pleased with everything I saw. I was at prayers each time, in their neat chapel. The clergy both here and in Cavan are pious, amiable, and zealous men, and were quite affectionate to me. They are all well pleased with my little exertions in the streets,

and also with my writings." Lady Farnham, who might have been said to be the soul of the religious movement, regarded Old Christianity as a very important work, in its influence on the reformation which was then going forward, and anxiously wished for its more general circulation; and that she might gratuitously distribute it, requested liberty to reprint it at her own expense. To this, as he had some important additions to make to the work, Mr. Ouseley did not consent.

In a letter from an intelligent and pious gentleman, there is further evidence given of the favorable opinions entertained in high quarters of Mr. Ouseley's labors and writings. I shall give an extract of it:—"I feel sincere delight in having to inform you that, in the course of the present month, nearly fifty Roman Catholics have renounced the errors of Popery, and read their recantation publicly in Cavan Church, and many more seem inclined to follow their example. I have conversed with most of them; and, from what they told me, I think your presence among us would be very desirable; and I beg, if possible, you will pay us a visit. I think this is the place in which you would be most useful. The trammels of bigotry are falling off, and we have hopes of good days yet. The Church clergy here are truly pious men; and I have heard them wishing that God would put it into the heart of his old servant Gideon to visit the county of Cavan once more. I now charge you, by your hate to Popery and the *love* you have for Papists, (for they say you love them,) that you come, if health permit, (and I pray the Lord it may,) and let the people here once more have a faithful gospel sermon. Come and follow up the good work: do not disappoint us. Lady Farnham gave

away a good many copies of your Old Christianity, and your other tracts, to the converts. Bring a supply with you."

In another letter, Mr. Ouseley states that he had just returned from Cavan, and that "forty-three more have conformed to Protestantism; and it is considered that these are a few drops before a great shower! I trust this beginning is the fruit of divine light, just dawning on the long enslaved mind. O that it may be as the morning light, shining more and more to the perfect day! There appears to be a movement of men's minds, in some degree, all over the country. Thank God, that before my head has been laid in the dust, my eyes already begin to see what my heart has been so many years longing after, and all my powers have been laboring to effect. Yes, I still feel that God has called me to attend to my Roman Catholic fellow-men in a special manner. This has often been before my eyes, and laid upon my heart. The Lord can do a great work by very inferior instruments. He can work, and who can let it?"

In one county in the south, at least thirty families received the truth, and renounced their former errors. And in another, schools were established for the instruction of the children of the poor, as well as for teaching adults to read the Scriptures in the Irish tongue. "What," he exclaims, "can be more cheering to every pious and benevolent heart, than to hear of poor mortals who have long lain in darkness and the shadow of death, now thirsting for the pure gospel of Jesus Christ!" He had breakfasted with an excellent gentleman and lady in the latter place, who had been devoting themselves to this hallowed work. This gen-

tleman had given a copy of Old Christianity to an intelligent young man, a Roman Catholic, who, after he had read it carefully, brought it back, and laying it on the table, cried out, "Popery is done! for that book will never be answered: no, never." This young man soon became zealous in forwarding the reading of the Scriptures in the Irish language.

During the several routes which he took this year, his public discourses were, as usual, characterized by some of his striking peculiarities in an argument, in exposing the fallacies of Rome; some two or three of which I shall here relate. In explaining our Lord's reproof to Peter; (Matt. xvi, 23,) while preaching to a mixed multitude in the market of Clones, he shows the madness of attempting to *correct the Son of God*, and that the person who teaches any doctrine but that taught by Christ himself, even the gospel, is immediately guilty of this crime and madness. He adds, "If St. Peter was not spared, but was called 'Satan,' an offense, &c., for his temerity, every other person who is thus foolish and guilty, whether he be from England, France, Italy, &c., comes under the same condemnation. Many doctrines not in the gospel, nor, therefore, ever taught by Christ, have come to Ireland from the pope to his clergy here, who have carefully taught them to the people." He then mentions some of them—the sacrifice of the mass, adoration of the wafer or eucharist, &c., &c. "Every one of these," he says, "pours instant contempt on Christ, and ruin on the followers of them. For if *they* are *right*, *Christ* must have been *wrong* in not teaching them. And if such doctrines be wrong, they who teach and practice them must be ruined for ever." One of his congregation was heard to say,

“Surely he is not far wrong,” adding a curse; another Romanist exclaimed, “The priests are the greatest rogues unhanged!”

In a tour that occupied twenty-two days he preached twenty days successively in both streets and houses; mostly three times a day, and some days even four or five times. And yet, rapid as was his course, his exhibitions of divine truth in the markets and fairs were elaborate and comprehensive, and sometimes marked with characteristic incidents. In the market of Ballyjamesduff, while discoursing to a great crowd on Gal. i, 8, 9, “But though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel,” &c., he stated that the apostle sets four sorts of guides before us—the gospel, apostles, angels, and pastors—of which we must, at our peril, choose one only as our *infallible* standard, namely, the *gospel*; and that whoever sets up any guide or standard varying from this is accursed of God, as shall all be who dare follow him. Deep attention sat on every brow in the mixed multitude. It was mentioned to him as he ended, that one in the congregation wished to look at his Testament. It was the Rhemish version. He was a schoolmaster who expressed the wish. Mr. O. handed it; he looked over part of it, and then marked Matt. vi, 5, “And when thou prayest, be not as the hypocrites; for they love to pray standing in the synagogues, and in the corners of the streets.” He expressed his desire that Mr. O. would read it to the people. This he did; while they heard with breathless attention and a general smile. Then he turned to chap. v, 9, and read to them, “Let your light shine before men,” &c. He then marked Acts xvii, 17, and, handing back the book, requested him

to read aloud,—“Therefore disputed he (Paul) in the market daily with them that met with him.” The schoolmaster exclaimed, “I declare, sir, here is a contradiction.” “What!” said Mr. O., “a contradiction in your own book? No, my dear fellow, the contradiction is in your head, not in the book. The doing good works in secret has regard to motive—that of pleasing God with a single eye; the command to let them appear before men, as did Paul, is for an example to men to lead them to good.” “Sir,” the man replied, “I am very thankful to you; I never understood this before.” The crowd dispersed, apparently well pleased.

The next day he went off to another town, nineteen miles distant, and rode into the market, with his black cap on and his Bible in his hand. He was soon surrounded by the greater part of the people of the market, with several of the clergymen of the Established Church behind him at a large window. After singing in English and Irish, he read his text from the Rhemish version, Mark vii, 7,—“In vain do they worship me, teaching doctrines and precepts of men.” He remarked,—“Should the servant of an eminent physician either mix up his own stuff for the patients, or mingle it with good medicine sent by his master, would not this be a sure way to kill the patients? But if this be counted the blackest of crimes, how hideous, and how great, must be the crime of those teachers who thus act in giving human inventions in place of God’s gospel, as did those hypocritical Jewish teachers, and as is openly done now in this our day!” After some other observations, an old gray-headed man in the crowd cried out, “But who does it, sir?” “I shall soon tell you,

my old brother," said Mr. O. "No one here, or in Ireland, can believe that God was wrong when he gave the ten commandments to be observed by his people for ever. Nor can any believe that Christ delivered anything wrong in the gospel. Hence, none can allow that any alteration should be made, by man or angel, in these commandments or in the gospel for ever." He then said, "In all this, ye all perfectly agree with me, and that if any be found guilty of such alteration, he must be desperately wicked indeed." After showing many flagrant and impious changes made by the pope and his clergy, both in the law and the gospel, he exclaimed, "Here, then, my good old man, are instances, which defy disproof, of wickedly teaching doctrines and precepts of men for those of God." Every one was silent as death, and all devoutly joined, while he concluded with prayer. He then published, that on the next Friday he would preach in the market of Arva, on,—“Beware of false prophets.” Many flocked to hear; and, afterward, when they were talking together of the sermon, one exclaimed, “Was there no one to oppose him?” “Oppose him, you fool!” said another; “why the devil could not beat him.” “No, thank God,” said Mr. Ouseley, “I rejoice to reply, for greater is he that is for me.”

The day before, while he was preaching in another town, and contrasting the true and false prophets, a woman came up to her husband, crying out to him, “What are you doing here, listening to that man; don't you know how it will be?” “Hold your tongue, woman,” said the husband; “why, I am listening to the truth, if ever truth was told; and stand you here, and hearken to it too.” It may, indeed, be asked, how

is it possible that such faithful and constant preaching of the gospel could be otherwise than productive of the most beneficial effects, and in a high degree successful in the reformation of our country from Popish error to the pure religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? In a few days after the above, Mr. Ouseley came to a place on the borders of the county of Meath, where five hundred Roman Catholics had become united to the Established Church; and, notwithstanding all the efforts made to bring them back, they, with few exceptions, remained firmly attached to the truth which they had joyfully received.

Some time after this he again visited King's Court, and preached to great numbers of Roman Catholics, among whom were some of the masters who taught the people to read the Irish Scriptures. "Against this class of persons," Mr. Ouseley remarks, "the priests are greatly enraged; but it is all in vain, for they are daily on the increase." Here his discourse was on "the ancient faith." Great attention and feeling were manifested by those who heard. He scattered some of his tracts too, which contained his letters to Dr. Doyle and priest Walsh, in which he proves that the doctrines of Rome are mere fabrications of the Papacy.

One of those who heard him that evening came next morning to his lodgings, under great emotion, and with tears in his eyes. He told him he had had a sleepless night; and that he and all the Romanists designed to follow no other faith than the faith of God, and Jesus Christ—that is, the ten commandments and the gospel. But, sighing heavily, he said, "God help us! what are we taught?" A Roman Catholic female also, who had heard him on that occasion, on her return said to her

husband, "I never understood my religion before, and with the mass I have done for ever!"

In another place he had preached to great numbers of Roman Catholics, who flocked to hear; they seemed very much agitated at first, at hearing their system of faith exposed. They thought, alternately, that their religion was right, and his arguments right; and they became sadly perplexed; but the result was, they assembled in groups, betook themselves to the searching of the Scriptures, and, notwithstanding all the menaces of the priest, when he came again, they ran in multitudes to hear him. They hearkened with breathless attention; and when departing from the place they were heard to say one to another, "God bless him, he says nothing but the truth."

In Omagh the priest had treated him not very ceremoniously, calling him by many opprobrious names, on a late occasion; but he now returned to that town, and his congregations were crowded. A reformation meeting was about to be held in the town, and he was prevailed upon to remain a day, and take a part in the discussion. The court-house was overflowed with all ranks during the time of the meeting, who manifested great interest in the debate. Three priests came forward for the purpose of protesting against the proceedings. They were invited to the platform, and the one who had been so liberal in his abuse of Mr. Ouseley was the first who stood up to speak in reply to one of the clergymen. Mr. O. in turn was called on to answer his arguments. He spoke for forty-five minutes. Deep silence pervaded the assembly, while he in his own forcible manner argued first, that all were agreed that Christ taught the *true* way to heaven, and that

every doctrine opposed to his gospel must necessarily be false. He then proved that extreme unction, sacrifice of the mass, worship of the host, purgatory, transubstantiation, &c., were opposed to the gospel, and of consequence could not be the religion of Jesus Christ. The priest who followed him seemed electrified, knew not where to begin, and under the greatest embarrassment stammered out something foreign from the argument, saying, "I must turn to another subject." While Mr. O. took their whole system to pieces there was not the slightest dissatisfaction evinced, either by the Romish clergy or people.

In the spring of 1828 he was invited to take a part in the missionary anniversary services, in the principal towns in Lancashire and Yorkshire; and did not fail to place before the friends of religion in England the evils by which his poor country was ruined.

Early in January of that year it was very gratifying to me to receive a visit from my old friend, in Belfast, where I was then stationed. We had the privilege of his presence for a week, to the great edification of the crowds which attended his ministry. During his stay in Belfast he published several important articles in the Protestant Guardian newspaper. We should probably have been favored with a more protracted visit, but that the Rev. Henry Deery having met with a severe accident, he hastened to his assistance.

His tour at this time occupied fifty-two days, and extended through Leinster and the north. Wherever he went he was cordially received and generously treated by gentry, clergy, and nobility; and his visits and labors were greatly acknowledged by the great Head of the church in every place. On his return to

Dublin, January 30th, he found Mrs. Ouseley had been seriously ill; but, lest he should be interrupted in his work, she had not apprised him of her indisposition. When he reached home, happily she was convalescent.

Through the following years he passed on his hallowed way with unabated ardor, and with a strength of body and energy of mind not only unimpaired, but seeming to increase with his years. During the year ending June, 1830, Mr. Ouseley traveled as extensively, and preached as frequently, it would appear, as in any period of his laborious life. He visited every one of the four provinces, and preached at least a thousand sermons. On the wings of faith and love, he flew from place to place, and laid hold on every occasion to expose error, and promote the interest of the gospel; attacking falsehood in every form, and inviting sinners to embrace the saving truths of Christianity. A friar, of the name of Brennan, affected some time before this to conform to the Established Church; but when Mr. Ouseley reached Dundalk, in the winter of that year, this person had just published a penitential address to the Roman Catholics, very elaborate, and highly calculated to lull unsuspecting Protestants, and to ensnare the ignorant. He defended seven of his doctrines, and, as it were, with many tears, and appeals to God for his sincerity! a thing quite common on such occasions. Mr. Ouseley gave this artful piece an able reply; and demonstrated that his seven doctrines were in opposition to the gospel, and therefore seven falsehoods; but that the penitent friar believed neither his doctrines nor his arguments in support of them. And although he urged on friar Brennan and the priests to reply, if possible, no answer appeared.

Occasion was given this year to Mr. Ouseley to take up his pen in defense of his views on another subject, by a clergyman of the Establishment, in the county of Fermanagh, who violently assailed the doctrines and discipline of the Methodists as the worst of heresies. Great anxiety was manifested among the people on every hand, that Mr. Ouseley, when he came round to the neighborhood, would write something in reply. Many flocked to hear him preach; and very gracious effects were apparent in the crowds assembled in the market-house of Maguire's Bridge, near the scene of controversy. He believed that his opponent and those who united with him were conscientious Christian men, and therefore he treated their names with great respect, and their subject with moderation, while he strongly vindicated what he conceived to be the doctrines of the gospel. This was one of his happiest efforts: he conducted the controversy in a truly Christian spirit, and with an acuteness and strength of argument which were seldom surpassed by him. His remarks soon appeared in a pamphlet, but afterward assumed the form of a book, which exhibits no inconsiderable degree of research on the subject, and an intimate acquaintance with the most eminent divines of the English Church.

The grand object of his mission, however, was not forgotten. He again visited the country where the work of reformation had been in progress for years, and he was more and more impressed with the genuineness of the work. Great numbers, in several parts of the country, had joined the ranks of Protestantism, and remained faithful. "The seed," he remarks, "is sown very extensively; and let us only patiently wait

in faith and prayer, and God, even our own God, will give us to see great things. Only let us go on, and the results will be glorious."

The conversion of the Hon. and Rev. G. Spencer had now made a great noise. Mr. Ouseley met an account of it in Waterford, and penned an immediate reply, in which he exhibited the gross self-contradictions of the Papal doctrines, and proved that this conversion must have been the result of mental defect in taking these self-contradictions for the gospel. In Tralee, the priest, Dr. M'Enerny, had threatened to denounce any of his flock who should go to hear Mr. Ouseley preach; who immediately addressed a letter to him, which appeared in the Kerry Post, demonstrating that in thus opposing the truth he set himself against the word of God, which commands us to "prove all things." It was thus he proceeded from year to year, seizing every opportunity, both by preaching and writing, to confront error and spread the knowledge of the truth in every place.

In one of his tours this year he met with a person to whom his conversation and ministry, on a former occasion, had been made a great blessing. He had now the happiness of witnessing the gracious fruits arising from the seed sown two years before. The person was a young woman, who had been a most bigoted Roman Catholic, and who, a short time before Mr. Ouseley first saw her, had expressed herself in very strong language on the subject of the Protestant religion, for which she entertained a deep-rooted hatred and horror. She said she would rather be damned than become a Protestant. She was otherwise a very interesting person. Mr. Ouseley heard of her, sought

an interview with her, and she ventured to enter into conversation with him. He asked her, "Biddy, would you not rather have one half hour's conversation with Jesus Christ, who is to judge you, were it possible, than if all the clergy on earth—pope, priests, preachers, &c.—were to talk to you till doomsday?" She answered, "Surely I would." "But had he so conversed with you, would you not be afraid of forgetting any of it; and would you not, on your knees, beg of him to give it to you in writing?" "Certainly I would." "Now if he gave you that writing," he remarked, "would you not put it in your very bosom, and read it night and day, and prefer it to all the teachers on earth, nor part with it on any account whatever?" "All this is true, sir: I most certainly would not part with it." He rejoined, "Then, Biddy, you have this very thing in this house—the New Testament. For if Jesus Christ were now to come, having given the gospel in infinite perfection, (and the Protestant and Roman Catholic Testaments are in substance the same,) he would in no wise alter that gospel. Hence you have only to read and obey it, and all shall be well. But there is a practice in your religion that Christ never taught: that is, private confession." He then in a most ingenious manner explained the passage contained in John viii, 3–11; "when," as he expressed it, "a certain wicked woman was brought into the congregation, before our Saviour, and he said, 'Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.' You see, Biddy," he continued, "Christ did not confess her, nor lay penance on her. Now, had he found an apostle confessing a woman, and laying penance on her, contrary to this example, what would become of such an apostle, unless he promised never to do

so again? Or if he met you, my child, going to such confession, and should say to you, 'Did I ever teach the like: and are you going to tell the world I was wrong?' what would you answer? Surely you would say, 'Lord, I will never go to confession again.'" This was too powerful to be resisted: her eyes became suffused with tears. She went to hear him preach, commenced reading God's holy word, and never went to mass or confession more. On the next sabbath morning she went to church, and, with another, read her recantation. She sought the Lord earnestly and penitently, and soon obtained the knowledge of salvation by the remission of her sins. The priest raised a most virulent opposition against her, but she continued faithful; and, though she was a little perplexed at first, all became calm, and joy, and peace. She rejoiced to meet her father in the gospel, and he was delighted to meet her a steady member of the Methodist society. He met her parents about six miles further on, who, through her means, it would appear, had abandoned the errors of Rome. Her father was a member of society, and the rest of the family likely to do well. This affords one instance among thousands of the triumph of divine truth through the instrumentality of this faithful servant of Christ; and exhibits a demonstrative proof that no small tribute of thankfulness is due to Mr. Ouseley for the numbers which have been won to the ranks of the Establishment.

Again he visited Tuam, and a scene took place, such as has been already described: he entered the market-place, accompanied by a few friends; a priest sat in a window behind where he preached; many heard with attention, but some became restless, and instigated

others to annoy; the yell was raised, the missiles flew—turf, stones, &c. He was repeatedly hit, but received no injury until struck on the mouth; one of his fore teeth was disturbed; and his lip and gums cut; the blood flowed profusely; he showed them some of the blood on his hand, and gently asked them, “Is this my reward for my good will to you?” He prayed heartily for them, and retired under showers of stones; yells and reproaches following him, until a kind clergyman of the Establishment, the Rev. Mr. Irwin, cried, “Shame, shame,” at the mob, and took him by the arm, and brought him to his own house. He was now invited by a clergyman to another town, and the day he went there he preached, in English and Irish, four times, and again the next morning; and had a very gracious and peaceable time. In Ballinasloe he was opposed by a man, decent in appearance, but intoxicated, who received some chastisement from his own sister for his unbecoming behavior. He preached through all the surrounding towns with his usual fervor and unremitting zeal, without the least abatement, and was never heard to complain in all his toil and peril. “All this,” he says, “did not for a single day prevent my labors; and, to God be all the glory, I am very little, if anything, the worse of all these labors and dangers; riding so incessantly, and preaching at the rate of from twelve to twenty times a week publicly, and probably nearly as often more, as I travel along, to those I meet daily, as I can speak to them so freely in their own language.”

The above accounts are taken from a letter of his, dated May 21st, and June 18th, 1830, which presents a most interesting and lengthened detail of his labors during the preceding year, the whole of which,

could our space admit of it, would strike you with wonder; I shall, however, close this letter by another extract from this important document:—"All the time, having preached so much in the streets and chapels, you may judge what multitudes I must have ministered to in this way, and what hundreds of miles I rode. How great has been the tender mercy and loving kindness of my God to me, in enabling me, now in my sixty-ninth year, to endure all this incessant labor with such facility! And, the more especially, as my discourses in the street must be so loud; and having to speak so much Irish, and to use so much argument, in order to develop crafty errors, must necessarily be so long. 'Tis mercy all! This is the more remarkable when we observe the dread the priests have lest their people should hear, and the natural enmity of their people to Protestantism; and the violence of the bigoted Irish mind. And how miraculous, that not only no damage has been done me, nor any dangerous tumults have occurred, but, that rather, I was generally heard with such attention and affection in all places; and *that* while exposing the impostures so long practiced on the people! O, my soul, hast thou not cause to glorify thy God; and, with my friends, rejoice with reverence and gratitude before him!" Thus writes Mr. Ouseley, when he had nearly numbered his three-score years and ten!

Yours, &c.

LETTER XIV.

Affliction of Mr. Ouseley—His letter on the subject—Employs the time in writing—Resumes his active labors—Catches cold in street preaching—Travels in Leinster and Ulster—Interview with a friendly priest—Visits King's Court—A priest denounces his *Old Christianity* as an heretical book—Two lengthened tours—Supplies the place of Mr. Bayley—Dialogue in the street of Ballinasloe—Attacked by cholera in Sligo—Attends the annual meeting of the Irish Society in Dublin—Writes strictures on the pope's jubilee—Mrs. Ouseley's character—Mr. Ouseley travels through Kerry—Conversation with a priest—Visits Limerick, Ennis, and Tipperary—Strongly urges the employment of Scripture teachers—Proposes to contribute to their support—Travels through the western counties—Visits England—Effect of sermon in Mountmellick—Travels in Kerry, Limerick, and Galway—Attacked by robbers on his return to Dublin—Premonitory symptoms of his last illness—Letter to the author—Prospects of eternity—Concludes his public ministry by preaching in Mountmellick—Returns to Dublin—Is confined to bed—The closing scene—Mr. Ouseley's character as a writer—His general character as given in the Minutes of Conference—Conclusion.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—We have now to contemplate the character of Mr. Ouseley in another aspect than that in which we were invited to view it in the close of the last letter. The man of almost uninterrupted health, and ceaseless, energetic action, is, as in a moment, weak as infancy, laid aside for a season, and in all human calculation no more to resume his labors. He at first is under the distressing anticipation that a period is put to his holy toil. His own words will best describe, at once, the affliction, and his feelings of pious submission to the divine will. In a letter to the missionary committee, November 9th, 1830, in which he expresses himself with his usual force, he affectingly depicts his circumstances:—

“Through the mysterious providence of that good God who cannot err, but doeth all things well, I am confined to my bed, heavily afflicted, and must now address the committee by the pen of a kind friend.

“That course of vehement active labor, in which I

have been many years engaged, to promote the good of my fellow-men, and the glory of my God, in this benighted kingdom, and in which he so blessedly and wonderfully preserved and supported me, is now very probably come to its close.

“In the month of August I left this city, in health and strength, for Connaught, preaching in all the towns and villages as I went along, both in the streets and houses, to multitudes of anxious hearers, at the rate of from sixteen to twenty times a week, without a single day's intermission, to the 10th of October, when, in crossing through a part of the county of Leitrim to the place appointed for me, in stepping down a ditch that intervened, I felt a sudden shock as if my leg were broken, or my foot were severed from my leg. After rolling in anguish on the ground I attempted to rise, and in that state, wonderful to tell, I got on horseback, not knowing exactly what damage had occurred, but proceeded to my place, and preached that night to the assembled crowd with great freedom. It having been published, far and wide, that I was to open the new Methodist chapel in Drumshambo the next day, at one o'clock, swelled and painful as my leg was I proceeded to my work, and a collection of about ten guineas (in so small a village) was made; the crowd assembled at night again, and I preached to them, and on the next night also. Medical men who came to see me prescribed poultices, and hoped that I would soon get well; I hoped so too; and proceeded on my course, preaching daily, sometimes at the rate of twelve times a week. I purposed to penetrate into Mayo, but I found, at length, as the great swelling in my leg was increasing, I must stop, and return home to seek medi-

cal assistance and rest; and, after seventy-one days' absence, I arrived in Dublin, by the coach, on last Friday week. But, before my departure from the county of Longford, I received a very pressing letter from an amiable clergyman in Mohill, a town in the county of Leitrim, to return to them, after I had lately spent five days with them at two several times, preaching night and day to amazing crowds—Romanists and Protestants. He mentioned to me that, the Sunday after I left them, no less than a hundred and eighty souls approached the Lord's table.

“ Many souls were converted, and the whole vicinity for miles round seemed to be moved. Bad as my leg was, I could not resist this invitation, which I conceived to be of God. I returned, and was graciously received by both rector and curate; and by the inhabitants most gladly. I stopped three days, and preached seven times in a large double school-room, to congregations still more dense than before; nor could the priest with all his artifices prevent his people from coming to hear. We parted the last morning in floods of tears; and with prayers and thanksgiving to the Lord.

“ My leg, on being examined by men of science, (since my return to Dublin,) was found to be ruptured in the tendon Achilles, so called, and in the region of the heel, which most probably will leave me lame while I live. But this is not all: seldom one sorrow comes alone: I was attacked last Monday night with a violent pain in my stomach, which threatened to put an immediate end to my mortal career: an eminent physician was roused out of his bed in all haste, who found that a dangerous inflammation on the liver, which he said was long growing, was my complaint;

he forthwith took six teacups full of blood from my arm, and after that applied eighteen leeches to the region of the liver, which bled me profusely; this mitigated the pungency of the pain—to our God be the glory, who blessed the means to the relief of his poor creature: a blister was added, which also tended to relieve me. My appetite is gone, and here I lie in peace, thank God, and helpless as a child, upon a bed of, doubtless, salutary affliction, under the care of a kind wife, and a *merciful* Father, who neither slumbers nor sleeps, and who graciously brought me home before this accumulation of afflictions came upon me.

“A consultation of two eminent physicians on my case was held yesterday, and they have pronounced me much better, and encourage me to expect ultimate recovery, but that it will take time. I feel upon the whole, thank God, nothing but cause of gratitude to my almighty Protector, and a hope that I shall again be enabled to wield the sword of the Lord in some measure, as heretofore.”

During this complicated affliction two eminent physicians were most prompt and disinterested in their attendance; and Mrs. Ouseley was unwearied in her attention and care, night and day, for weeks; and to these, under God, he owed his life. “My dear wife,” he says, “has been up every night, from the beginning, two or three times, duly to attend me and give me drink.” The hurt in his leg seemed providential, for the physicians said that the inflammation had been gradually accumulating, and had he then proceeded, according to his original intention, through Mayo, he, in all probability, would have been without suitable medical advice and attention, and have fallen under

the disease. He consoled himself under his affliction by the thought that his pen could be employed in his divine Master's cause. His feebleness and lameness were such, that during the winter he could not attempt anything that required exertion; yet he says, "This also, I am persuaded, will be followed with good; for now, thank God, I can take my pen, and my heart is inditing of a good matter." Some works on the Popish controversy occupied his mind, and were afterward brought out during his temporary retirement. "Popery, Popery, is Satan's first-born; this none who knows it can deny; and it is making rapid strides in England! How then comes it to pass that scarce any one minds it more than if it were a mere harmless thing?" "The Plot Developed," and "Strictures on the Controversy between Pope and Maguire," he published in one volume, as a seasonable check, at the time, to the arrogant spirit of error, as he believed that the cause of truth was greatly disserved by the discussion. He also enlarged his work already mentioned, "An Earnest Appeal on Calvinism and Arminianism, &c., to promote Christian Union." During these seasons of "gentle affliction," as he was wont to express himself, his best productions were written.

His attention was at this time anxiously directed to the instituting of a new agency for the spiritual instruction of the Irish, under the name of "Scripture readers." He sketched a plan easy of accomplishment, and recommended a suitable person to make trial. He afterward proceeded further with his design, urged it on the missionary committee and conference, and offered an annual subscription to the fund for its support.

In the latter end of December he writes, "The liver complaint has, thank God, subsided; yet the doctors keep me low. I feel no pain on that ground, though my appetite has returned. My leg is very little, if anything, better; the weakness and soreness continue. I can, however, limp slowly about the house; and I can use my pen: this is a great mercy indeed! and let patience have her perfect work." For nearly eight months he was not able to move beyond his own door. His first effort to preach was made in Whitefriar-street chapel, and he felt improved by the exertion. He was anxious once more to return to his work. "I feel hope," he says, "that though my leg is still weak, that I shall be able to resume my labors immediately, if not fully as formerly, yet, with caution, in some degree effectually." Both himself and his friends regarded his illness as providential, as, during that period, great agitations and murderous outrages prevailed throughout our ill-fated country, which would have rendered it hazardous for him to travel in his usual way.

He speaks in terms of high esteem and gratitude of the disinterested kindness of Dr. Cheyne, and also of Dr. Browne, both of whom generously declined receiving any fee, though pressed upon them, esteeming it rather a privilege than otherwise to wait on Mr. Ouseley in his illness.

At every step we proceed in the singular narrative of the man, we are the more forcibly impressed with wonder at his extraordinary character. We have just seen him passing under a painful and protracted illness, and even then, by every effort of his pen, does he strive to advance the cause of truth, and benefit his

fellow-men; and scarcely is he relieved from his indisposition, till we find him again engaged in fatiguing duties, pursuing his career of usefulness with unabated ardor.

In a letter to the Rev. Elijah Hoole, dated September 6th, 1831, Mr. Ouseley writes:—"Hitherto the Lord hath helped me, in the midst of incessant labors; for, in every place, the crowds run together to hear as soon as they know I am come, so that I generally preach from fourteen to sixteen times a week, or more. Since Sunday morning last I have preached, in and out of doors, thirteen times, to this morning, (Thursday.) In the county of Longford I had great congregations everywhere, and I trust good has been done."

By invitation of Mr. Kingston, a magistrate, he preached in Kenagh twice, and such numbers attended his preaching as they had not seen there before. He then proceeded to the county of Leitrim, and preached in the street of Mohill, where he had been just before his illness. An immense crowd attended; his way was delightfully opened, so that he got a large school-room to preach in, stopped three days, and preached eight sermons before he left them. The Romanists crowded to hear him, in spite of the priests. He spent the day with the excellent rector, and, although the night was wet, and dark, and stormy, the crowd that assembled was surprising. He remarks,— "The Lord was with us indeed, blessed be his name! I must soon visit them again. I was almost tired last night after having preached four times; but I got sweet refreshing sleep to fit me for the morning. Thus

I hope, now that I am put on my legs again, to go on rejoicing till I finish my course.

Throughout the winter, he prosecuted the work with equal diligence; and for ninety days, without cessation, he preached and traveled; visited Mohill again, and vast numbers of the Roman Catholics attended each night in the large school-room, and still greater numbers in the streets. He was now attacked with a cold, which affected both his lungs and liver, and obliged him to return to Dublin for medical advice. After three weeks he was freed from the cough, and nearly restored: "And I expect," he says, "shortly to launch forth once more." His views of the "Education Board" were well known. I have hardly, at any time, heard such powerful and sarcastic strictures on the subject, from any one, as from Mr. Ouseley. He remarks in his letter: "Never in my memory has the Protestant spirit been so roused in behalf of the Bible, and so much said, and so well said, about it, and that by all denominations and classes of Protestants, as since the new Education, Infidel-Popish Board had determined to prescribe it, and shut it out from the education system. Much good from this evil attempt will, I expect, through the divine mercy, be the result.

The next year, his laborious course was chiefly through Leinster and Ulster. After he had preached in the street of Ballyjamesduff, a priest who had heard him sought an interview with him, came to his lodging night and morning, and held free and friendly conversations with him on religious subjects. He also cordially invited him to his house, but Mr. Ouseley's plan would not admit of any delay.

In some instances the Roman Catholic priests evinced great respect for him, and seemed glad to receive the truth from his lips. Some time before this, while traveling in the county of Wexford, he rode into a town on the Lord's day; and, as is customary after mass, great numbers were engaged near the chapel, some in playing ball, some gambling, and others drinking whisky.* Mr. Ouseley went immediately to the parish priest, a mild, good-natured man, who received him very kindly. He in strong terms remonstrated against these abuses. "Are not you, sir," he said, "the pastor of Christ's flock?" The priest, in a subdued tone, replied, "Indeed I am, sir." "Then why do you not turn out the unruly ones, according to the command of Christ your Lord?" "Lord help me," replied the priest; "if I turn out these, I'll have none at all." "Better for you to have none at all," rejoined Mr. O., "or have only three, and have such a church as Christ and his apostles founded, than have the whole countryside of such fellows." "True for you, sir; but, Lord have mercy upon us, what shall we do for the bit of bread?" Then Mr. O. turned to the lives of some of

* The desecration of the Christian sabbath is one of our great national sins. It is awfully prevalent among Roman Catholics; nor can this be thought surprising, when it is considered that the very best of their clergy advocate its open abuse as consistent with the liberty of the Christian dispensation. The Rev. Theobald Mathew, in laboring to advance the cause of temperance, does not scruple to plead for the Christian propriety of the most flagrant violation of the holy day. In a letter in the Cork Constitution he says: "It may be objected to me that I have attended at temperance meetings on the Lord's day, accompanied by bands of music. As I interpret the sacred Scriptures, this does not appear to me a profanation of the Lord's day. I avail myself of the gospel liberty with which Christ has set us free from the yoke of the Levitical law." This, alas! requires no comment.

the popes, and showed the absurdity of connecting the name of Christianity with such monsters of impiety. "True enough for you," said the priest, "there 's their lives on the table there." His coadjutor came in shortly after, and said, "So you have had that heresiarch Ouseley here." The other sharply rebuked him, and ordered him out of his presence, saying, "Mr. Ouseley is a gentleman and scholar, sir; what you are not. You dare not open your mouth, sir, if he were present." He clung to Mr. Ouseley with the greatest affection; and such was the impression that his conversation had upon his mind, that when he was dying he cried out, "O Mr. Ouseley! Mr. Ouseley!"

But to return. Soon after leaving Ballyjamesduff we find him laboring successfully in Enniskillen, where was a great work, and many souls were by his means added to the Lord. Here he was constrained to continue eight days. Almost every night souls were awakened and brought to God. In the street he preached on horseback to an immense crowd, on the market day; and while he laid before them the willingness of God to save them, through faith in the Redeemer, the power of the Lord was graciously felt; nor did the Romanists evidence any displeasure while he showed them that they were taught quite another doctrine. "O what a pity," he remarks, "that we have not more street preaching! for how can these poor sheep hear otherwise? Poor souls! my heart mourns over them." In like manner he preached in other towns of the counties of Fermanagh, Cavan, Monaghan, Tyrone, &c. He proceeded to King's Court on Good Friday, and had much interesting conversation with the Rev. Mr. Winning, superintendent of the Irish Society's schools.

The thousands who entered into resolutions to read the Scriptures persisted in their pious determination, notwithstanding the authority and denunciations of their clergy. They also possessed themselves of Old Christianity, and several of Mr. Ouseley's other controversial tracts, which they read with avidity. The priest had heard of one man in particular who had got his larger work, and came to him to dissuade him from reading it, or having it in his possession. When the reverend father could not prevail, he seized him by the collar, and they had a determined grapple; but the man persisted. The priest, being defeated in the struggle, cursed him for his contumacy from the altar in the chapel—cursed the cow that gave him milk, and the grass on which she fed, if he would not part with this heretical book. But all in vain: he could not frighten him. After a tour of fifty-three days of incessant labor at this time, Mr. Ouseley says, "I came home safe, well, and happy in my soul, now in my seventy-first year. Glory be to my God!"

Increasing years seem to have had no other effect on Mr. Ouseley than increasing his solicitude for the salvation of his fellow-men, and stimulating him, if possible, to greater exertions for that momentous object. When he entered on the seventy-second year of his age, he preached as much as in his youthful days. Besides some shorter excursions which he took in 1833, he gives a detail of his labors during a more lengthened tour in the latter end of 1832, and another early in 1833. In one place in King's county he was invited by the rector, by whom he was hospitably entertained, and in whose school-house he repeatedly preached to mixed and large congregations. In Tullamore he

breakfasted in company with the rector and curate, amiable and pious men. "We had," says Mr. O., "much edifying and affectionate conversation on the extent of the atonement, and some other points entertained by many learned and good men in this kingdom." Hearing of the sudden death, by cholera, of one of our missionaries, the Rev. Robert Bailey, he hastened to his mission, to condole with the bereaved widow and her family, and to supply the preaching places of the excellent man that had been removed from a world of toil and pain to the "rest that remaineth for the people of God." He passed through Athlone, where the Lord wonderfully acknowledged his ministry. On the Sunday he preached once in the street, after church service, and twice in the chapel. "I had been ill," he says, "for a few weeks; and even when setting out was still ill from a fall I had gotten, by which I received a contusion in my right side. The first week I preached only seven times, the next ten, and after that fourteen times and upward. Thus my gracious Master strengthened me, and smoothed my way. Glory be to him!"

He spent thirty-two days on that mission, and preached in the several towns in the public streets. In Ballinasloe market a sort of dialogue took place in Irish between him and one of the peasantry, which showed the satisfaction felt by the poor people at hearing the word of the Lord explained. "Poor dear souls," says Mr. Ouseley, "they were astonished to hear the truths of the blessed gospel." Some of them exclaimed in Irish, "We never heard priest or friar speak so." Mr. O. replied, "And yet I am a Protestant!" "And for all that," said one, "no priest comes up to you. God

bless and speed you!" On All-saints' day, or the day after, while he was preaching, one of them cried out, "You are right enough; for this time souls are leaving purgatory. The priest told us from the altar that they are flying out of it like flocks of crows out of a rookery; and that every one praying fervently will get out a soul." This was all expressed in Irish; and Mr. O. answered in the same tongue, and in his own peculiar way reasoned with them on the absurdity of such notions. "Without faith in Christ," he argued, "and the Holy Spirit cleansing the soul from sin, there is no salvation; and having these, there can be no condemnation. If no condemnation, no punishment; and if no punishment, no place after death for punishment—no purgatory for any gracious souls. And if these things be so, and cannot be denied, the whole doctrine of purgatory is of human invention, and a cheat on ignorance and credulity." Satisfaction beamed in the countenances of his hearers, and a blessing was prayed on him when he concluded.

As he approached Sligo, in his second excursion, he had premonitory symptoms of cholera, and yet he preached as if he had been quite well. At length he sunk under it; but getting medical aid, he was, by God's blessing, in a few days enabled to preach again. On Thursday, February 28th, he was obliged to abstain from all public exertions until Sunday, when he had so far convalesced as to be able to preach morning and evening to delighted and crowded congregations. "I was well taken care of," he remarks, "at our friend Upton's, by himself, his dear wife, and daughters. I pray God to remember them for good." In Longford, while he preached, a priest came into the crowd, and

said, in a low tone, "Go away." Some of the people made a great noise; and, as if a bellman had gone round, they crowded to the chapel in the evening.

He hastened home to attend the annual meeting of the Irish Society, which was held in the Rotunda, on Monday, the 18th of March. On his way he stopped in Athlone, with his kind friend, the rector, as he had promised; preached there in the street on Sunday, after church service, to a mixed multitude, without the slightest interruption, and at night to a dense crowd, of whom several were Romanists. He arrived in Dublin on the 13th of March. "Thank God," he says, "in good health, and happy; my good wife I found in tolerable health." On Sunday, the 17th, he preached in three of the chapels in Dublin, and, though a little tired, nothing the worse. He met some instances at this time, in Dublin, of the good effects of his book.

"The pope's jubilee, to purify the faithful, and wash white as snow," was then in full operation throughout Ireland. He wrote an exposure of that wretched cheat, and had it inserted in some of the newspapers. With the exception of a slight cold, he says, "By the divine goodness, I feel as well and strong, and as willing to labor for my God, as at any time these past twenty-five years. My poor wife," he adds, "has rather a heavy cold. She and I shall, next month, have been fifty years united!"

We have had, occasionally, in the course of this work, to refer to Mrs. Ouseley, whose piety and zeal for the cause of God in no small degree contributed to encourage her incomparable husband in his arduous and successful career. A slight departure from the direct narrative will be excused, while we give a brief

sketch of the character of that exemplary woman. And, should this come under her eye, she will forgive her old and attached friend for the liberty he takes with her respected name. It fills me with indescribable emotion to touch on a subject with which are associated a thousand grateful reminiscences, so as to make it no easy task to pay this tribute; but such was her worth, that to pass it over wholly in silence would be an unpardonable omission. The saintly widow of the venerable Ouseley is every way deserving of the name she bears, and the rank she has so long sustained in the church of Christ. At the period in which I became acquainted with her she had passed the meridian of life. A gentlewoman, combining in her character rare qualities: of good education, engaging manners, great kindness of heart, sound sense, and genuine piety. In an infant society, she was well qualified to foster, in the absence of the missionary, the incipient good in young converts. She instructed the ignorant, encouraged the timid, and gave an elevated tone to the piety of the more matured Christians. She was an ornament to our society, and an honor to her sex; and peculiarly fitted for mixing with persons of respectability and intelligence, and making such impressions as tended to promote their spirituality, as well as increase their respect for the religion which she meekly professed. I am the more undisguised in the expression of my sense of her excellences, as she is on the verge of the future world, where she shall shortly join the sainted spirit of her husband in the unfading joys of eternity.

Mr. Ouseley often calls her, "my most patient wife." She was most tenderly attached to her honored part-

ner; but, nevertheless, without a murmur endured his absence, while he traveled through the kingdom amid imminent dangers, exposed as he was frequently to persecutions and perils: "in deaths oft, in journeyings often, in perils of robbers, in perils by his own countrymen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in weariness and painfulness." And yet would she, though not without anxiety for her husband's safety, remain at home during his absence for six months together, with the exception of an interval of a few days, while he was undergoing all the labors and hardships we have been describing: so that one scarcely knows whether to admire more—this excellent woman under her privations, or the man pursuing his toilsome course. Her pious mind yielded to what she believed to be the divine will; and, in the exercise of faith, she, in the spirit of sacrifice, presented her offering to the Lord, that the interests of his kingdom might be advanced by the instrumentality of his faithful servant, and the great object of the gospel be attained in the salvation of lost men.

From March, until the conference of 1833, the same course of active labor was pursued by Mr. Ouseley with untiring zeal, and in the same unbroken spirit. On the 1st of June he preached thrice in Leitrim, and twice in the county of Cavan; and from that to the 21st of the same month, in different and distant towns in the counties of Leitrim, Cavan, Tyrone, Monaghan, and Meath, he preached sixty-six sermons, of which twenty-five were in the public streets. "On this course," he remarks, "I have to acknowledge much affection generally, in all places, from the clergy of the Established Church."

About this time, an attempt was made to take away his life, while preaching out of doors in Dublin. A gentleman residing in the north of the city invited the Methodist ministers, the Rev. Thomas Waugh, &c., to preach in an open space before his hall-door. The Rev. Mr. Hull was the first to engage in the work, and others of us, in turn, followed. For some time the preaching was continued without interruption; until a gentleman living in the neighborhood took huge offense, and endeavored to prevent the nuisance. But when Mr. Ouseley came to our assistance, the enemies of truth thought to make short work of it; for one of them, while he was in the act of preaching, came behind him, armed with a hatchet, and treacherously aimed a deadly blow at his head, which, if it had taken effect, would have killed him on the spot; but, most providentially, a friend near him suddenly seized the fellow's arm, and prevented his foul design. He was committed to custody, but Mr. Ouseley was obstinate in his refusal to prosecute him.

After the Cork Conference he traveled to the county of Kerry, and, spending a few days on the Tralee circuit, he started for Limerick on the mail-car, and from Castle Island sat beside a friendly priest. They conversed freely on the tenets of the Romish Church; and, although Mr. Ouseley exposed and overthrew the sophistries used in their support, the priest cleaved to him as to a brother. He presented him with a copy of his Letter to father Maguire, and that to priest Speneer, which he gratefully received, and said he would carefully read them; he also requested to get *The Plot Opened*. They spoke on various topics, and sometimes in Latin; but nothing surprised him

more than Mr. Ouseley's speaking to the beggars in *Irish*, when they flocked about the car. "I declare," he exclaimed, "you appear to know everything."

The Rev. William Stewart being appointed one of the representatives to the British Conference, Mr. Ouseley was requested to take his place for some time on the Limerick circuit. During a fortnight which he remained he preached in the streets and chapels, in town and country, not less than forty-seven times. "August 7th," he says, "I took my leave of them: I preached to a large congregation, and we had a blessed season. This was the sixth sermon, in and out, that day! I was nothing the worse, thank God." He also visited Ennis in the county of Clare, and some towns in the county of Tipperary, and then proceeded to Dublin.

At this time his anxiety increased for the establishment of a Scripture reader's society in Ireland; and, in a letter to the Rev. Theophilus Lessey, he begged to engage him as the advocate of his plan in the missionary committee. "I am satisfied," he says, "your voice and Mr. Bunting's shall be heard for us: I will give £50 myself, this year, and the same next year." He goes on to say: "I am willing to bestow the copyright of my large work, and prepare a copy for your Book Room; and with anything I have written I am willing to do the same; for conscience' sake, to promote God's cause, made me take up my pen. My days will soon come to a close, of course, and this is not the time to slack my hands." It was at length decided by the missionary committee, that the earnest appeals of Mr. Ouseley on this subject should be responded to; and it is announced as follows, in the

December Notice: "The friends of Ireland will be glad to learn that the committee has determined to strengthen our mission establishment in that country. Some time since, the Rev. Gideon Ouseley strongly advised the employing of a limited number of Scripture teachers, and generously offered to contribute £50 toward defraying the expense; and the last Irish Conference having earnestly recommended the speedy adoption of the measure, the committee has resolved to engage, at a moderate salary, ten pious persons, whose business will be to visit those places which the missionaries can only occasionally reach, and instruct the people out of the Scriptures in the first principles of religion." In a letter to the Rev. Jabez Bunting, Mr. Ouseley subsequently urged the entering upon the plan thus adopted. The system for some time continued in efficient operation, until the mission schools becoming extended, this plan was deemed better suited to the circumstances of the country, especially as our schoolmasters generally act as exhorters or local preachers. The mission schools, for several years under the able superintendence of the Rev. W. O. Coggon, have been greatly extended, and are now in a state of very efficient operation.

We turn again to the public movements of Mr. Ouseley. Can the record of his labors be reflected on without admiration? In his letter to the Rev. Jabez Bunting, dated February 19th, 1834, from which we have already quoted, he states: "Severe, wet, and stormy, as the winter has been, and though I labored in the word at the rate of from fourteen to eighteen times a week, without a single day's intermission, save the day I left home, and that on which I returned, I traveled through the western counties—Westmeath,

Longford, Rosecommon, Galway, Mayo, and Sligo—preaching to multitudes as I went along,—yet, through divine mercy, I am not a whit the worse!”

—During this excursion, which lasted one hundred and six days, he preached two hundred and fifty sermons, and scattered hundreds of his tracts. He sent several of them to Popish bishops and priests, with a short letter in Latin accompanying them in every case. Although his general health was good, he had, at this time, a painful sore on his right leg, by which he was confined for a short season. “This,” he says, “was for some good end. To God be the glory!”

The sore on his leg increased to what he afterward calls “a painful malady;” and detained him at home three months, in which time I had the privilege of frequently visiting him. He regarded the affliction as from the hand of God, as he had an opportunity of vindicating the truths of Christianity, as revealed in God’s book, and held by Protestants, against the attacks of the noted priest Maguire. The latter had been invited to Dublin during the season of Lent, and, in the Westland-row Chapel, delivered a series of lectures on the peculiar dogmas of Rome. Mr. Ouseley obtained information of his subjects as he proceeded, and combated them in the public prints, challenging Archbishop Murray, or any other, to reply; but, though father Tom gave him abundance of oral abuse, nothing tangible appeared. Immediately on his becoming convalescent, he proceeded in May on an excursion which lasted for upward of a month; and after conference took a tour of ninety-four days, to which, as well as other labors, the missionary committee refers in the following terms: “The veteran Irish missionary, Mr.

Ouseley, at the age of seventy-three, continues to be 'in labors more abundant,' and exhibits a pattern of unwearied zeal in the cause of Scriptural truth and piety, which all ministers may contemplate with profit. Probably no one individual living has been permitted to sow so extensively the 'good seed' of the pure gospel in the sister kingdom, as this venerable man. We pray that the fruit may be 'found after many days.' Labors of this description, in conjunction with those of the regular and stated ministry, constitute, under God, especially in the present peculiar circumstances of the country, the chief help and hope of Ireland."

His communications on the subject of his exertions participate to the end of his career of the same spirit which distinguished his most vigorous days; and we cannot fail to admire the goodness and power of God so manifest in his servant. In July, 1836, he gives a brief outline of his labors for the preceding year. On his way from the Belfast Conference, in 1835, his labors were in Ulster and Leinster down to September, and from the end of that month through the counties of Armagh, Down, Tyrone, Monaghan, and Fermanagh,—preaching in the streets from fourteen to sixteen, and sometimes twenty, sermons in the week, to large congregations, especially in the streets; and for the most part without interruption. He says, "I was not sick more than about three weeks. To God be all the glory, who thus supports me, now in the seventy-fifth year of my age!"

He visited England in the course of this year; preached in London—in Lambeth and Queen-street: in other large towns also—Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Hull, Manchester, Liverpool, and other places.

He remained in England for six weeks, preached several times to vast congregations; and was received with great kindness and affection by the English friends. It is worthy of remark, that here he did not forget what he believed to be his peculiar call. "I also wrote," he says, "to the priests, as I went along, a short letter in Latin, and inclosed a printed paper to each in defense of the gospel, and against their fatal Creed of Trent, or Pius IV. Glory be to God. Amen."

To the end of his life the power of God accompanied his ministry in the conversion of souls. At this, in every case, he aimed, and in this the great Head of the church gave him signal success even to the last. On Sunday, the 24th of December, 1837, he preached in the town of Mountmellick, at ten o'clock in the morning. He gave, in the course of his sermon, what afterward produced a wonderful effect—a relation of his own experience. A gentleman, Mr. Hay, a native of Scotland, who had recently come to reside in Ireland, from a motive of curiosity went to hear him preach. The word was quick and powerful; he believed what Mr. Ouseley declared—that God's promises were free for all: he loathed himself and sin; he went as a penitent to the footstool of mercy; his prayer had power with God through Christ; and, after a severe conflict, he was led to the Saviour, in whom he was made to rejoice, with joy unspeakable and full of glory. Now he has a place in the Methodist ministry—preaching to others the great truths by which himself was made free.

In a letter to Mr. Croggon, dated Tarbert, October 3, 1838, Mr. Ouseley writes in a most cheerful strain.

“Have just returned from Tralee and its vicinity, where I have been laboring for nine days, preached seventeen sermons, and traveled about one hundred and thirty Irish miles. The congregations were generally very large: in Tralee, especially, uncommonly so. I trust the Lord has blessed his word to many. To his name be the glory! Our good Meredith, cast down as he was, being there alone, was greatly comforted and encouraged. I preached in the town, between evenings and mornings, no less than ten sermons; and in other places seven. I was much blessed in my own soul during the whole, thank God. We had on the sabbath a blessed love-feast, and on the next sabbath the Lord’s supper. In Kilrush, too, I had good seasons, and large congregations. I spent two days in Limerick city, and had crowded congregations. I preached four times there. In the country also I had crowds to hear. The Lord strengthens me so, that I am seldom or ever weary. I must set out on Friday to Ballinasloe, to meet brother Lindsay there.”

He seemed almost insensible to any decay of his physical strength, until his last illness. His friends, however, perceived indications of declining health. The internal complaint, induced by excessive labor, and which terminated his mortal career, had been gaining on him for four years; and although it never affected him while preaching, he sometimes suffered intense pain in traveling. Nothing, however, was able to repress his ardor, or prevent his using his remaining portion of strength for his divine Master. In the latter end of January, 1839, he arrived in Dublin; and about six o’clock in the evening, when passing from Portobello Canal harbor to his lodging in Great Ship street,

as he came opposite the residence of the Methodist ministers, in Whitefriar-street, he was attacked by a gang of robbers, who knocked him down with great violence, and attempted to take his watch; but the chain broke, and they missed that part of their intended booty. He grappled with one of the gang, who fell, lost his hat, and made off. The rest succeeded in carrying off his carpet-bag, containing his linen, with some bonds and other papers of consequence. He wrote to the priest, and took every step in search of them; but they were never restored. Excepting the manner in which his clothes had been abused by rolling in the gutter, and the loss of his papers, he did not seem to think he had been much injured by the outrage; but there is no question that it aggravated the complaint under which he had been for some time suffering, and hastened his dissolution. I received a letter from him, dated February 1st, in which he makes no mention of the attack; but on the 8th he wrote again, and related the circumstances of the case, but did not say that he had sustained serious harm. At this time his health had much more declined than he himself conceived; though he found it necessary to have recourse to the best medical advice, and had premonitory symptoms of his last illness. In his letter to me of the 8th of February, an extract from which follows, he touchingly describes his feelings and his prospects. "I have been to Surgeon Crampton this day," he says, "on account of some ailment I did not understand. He examined, and saw I must stop two or three weeks under his care. I feel no diminution of my strength, to prevent me from laboring as usual, nor any stomach illness, thank God; yes, thank God most high, for all his unmerited mercies and

loving kindness to me, to this day, now closing my seventy-seventh year. Through waves, and clouds, and storms, he hath gently cleared my way. Praises to Him that sitteth on the throne, and maketh all things new! Amen and amen! O eternity, blissful eternity!

‘Sin, earth, and hell, I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour’s breast!’

God be thanked! Amen! The end shall soon come. Joyful news! My good wife is well, thank God. I expect her soon here. She is very uneasy about my having been injured by the robbers. Thank God, they and the devil together could not take my soul. This being safe, all is well, and cause of thanksgiving.

‘There, there at his feet,
We shall suddenly meet,
And be parted in body no more.’

May God fully prepare us for that day! Amen. My love to your beloved Anne. God bless her and hers! To brother Taekaberry and his partner, &c., &c. Accept the same yourself, from yours in Christ Jesus,

“GIDEON OUSELEY.”

The above letter was written, as will be seen, about three months before his lamented death; and although he could not think there was any diminution of his strength, so as to prevent his resuming his labor, yet the eager anticipation of his soul evidently indicated his near approach to that eternity after which he so intensely longed. He goes again to his loved work, indeed, the moment he finds the least relief; but, alas, his efforts were brief—soon does he retire from the field, never more to return. On Monday, the 8th of

April, he finished his public ministrations, in the town of Mountmellick, when he delivered three discourses, one of which was in the street, and added several persons to the society in a select meeting. On the 11th of April he returned to Dublin; and on the 20th was confined to bed, from which he never again rose.

We have arrived at that part of the narrative by which I am reminded that my task is well nigh done. The life of a very extraordinary man draws to an end. The closing scene, as might be expected, sheds a lustre on the past, and affords a striking evidence of the divinity of that religion which it was the business and joy of his life to promote. The veteran warrior lays down his armor for a crown; and after a course of brilliant victories, enters, in blissful triumph, the imperial city.

His reason continued to his last moments. This was satisfactory to his friends, who anxiously watched the rapid advances of the last enemy. His friend, the Rev. John F. Mathews, frequently visited him during his painful affliction; and, with others, witnessed the power of grace sustaining him throughout the fiery trial. Mr. Mathews writes: "He was frequently, for the short period of his illness, in great agony; and, as you are aware, a painful operation was performed by the surgeon-general. After this he sunk rapidly, till at length he fell asleep in Christ, to be with him for ever. He spoke on two occasions that I was with him of the 'dire apostasy' which prevailed in this unhappy land; and said, if he had any wish to live at all, it was to do something more toward hastening its destruction. He was in a most happy frame of mind; patient, resigned, and often triumphant. He frequently repeated verses

of the hymn commencing, 'And let this feeble body fail,' &c.; especially the seventh verse:—

'O what are all my suff'rings here,
 If, Lord, thou count me meet
 With that enraptured host t' appear,
 And worship at thy feet!
 Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
 Take life or friends away;
 I come, to find them all again
 In that eternal day.'

In the most intense suffering no murmur escaped his lips. His cry was, "O my Father, my Father God! support thy suffering child. Thy will be done, my Father God!" He impressed on his medical attendants, and all who visited him, not to neglect the momentous things of eternity. On Monday, the 13th, he took his leave of his family, praying especially for them; then for all his friends, for the church of God at large, and for the whole world. He employed his nephew, Mr. John Ouseley Bonsall, to whom he was greatly attached, to write to some religious friends, and particularly to a lady who had been remarkably attentive to him: he said, "Send her my grateful remembrance: 'God is love.'" Again he said, "Get all my friends to pray for a thankful spirit, and to be saved from stupidity and neglect." Mrs. Ouseley sometimes read for him portions of the Holy Scriptures which were adapted to his joyous experience; and on Tuesday morning, a little before his departure, he requested Mr. Bonsall to read for him the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel by St. John. He made a few observations on discipleship, of being *one* with Christ; and then said, "I have no fear of death; the Spirit of God sustains; God's Spirit is my support." After this, at half-past

twelve o'clock, his happy spirit took its flight to the paradise of God. "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" Thus closed the long and laborious life of this gifted and holy man. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

— On the day of interment his mortal remains were carried into the Methodist chapel, Whitefriar-street, when Mr. Mathews delivered an address to a crowded congregation. They were thence conveyed to Mount Jerome Cemetery, Harold's Cross, there to remain till the morning of the resurrection. On the following Sunday evening the Rev. William Stewart preached his funeral sermon in Whitefriar-street Chapel.

It is said by an accomplished historian, that "the appellation of *great* has been often bestowed and sometimes deserved." But if eminent powers, under the impulse of ennobling Christian virtues, engaged in a long course of self-denial and effort, in enterprises the most beneficent, constitute true greatness, "the appellation of *great*" cannot be denied to Gideon Ouseley.

Without any claims to distinction as a writer, tradition would have rescued the name of Mr. Ouseley from oblivion, and given him a place among the illustrious in "the world of invisible beings." Had no records existed but such as were cherished in the Christian experience of those who had been happily made the partakers of gospel salvation by his instrumentality, the story of his labors and his virtues must have been transmitted to posterity. But the efforts of Mr. Ouseley were by no means limited by his oral and public ministrations; as his research was considerable

in Christian theology, and ecclesiastical history, so his power was almost unequaled in bringing it to bear with practical advantage on questions affecting the interests of truth, and involving the weal of his country. When occasion required, or seemed to point out the necessity, he was prompt in wielding the weapons of truth: letters, strictures, and reviews, in a variety of forms, issued from his pen. In these he would sometimes, with irresistible force, assail the very fortresses of error, expose to view the arcana of well-concerted falsehood; tear the mask from off the bold deceiver; put to silence the ignorance of foolish men; waken the attention of the credulous and unsuspecting; rescue the dupes of spiritual delusion; and confirm in the ways of righteousness and truth the wavering and the weak.

His great literary undertaking, however, was his *Old Christianity against Papal Novelty*; which embodied almost everything in his minor productions that was valuable in substance, powerful in appeal, felicitous in illustration, and conclusive in reasoning. A work which, while it challenges the most celebrated controversialists of Rome to refute its arguments, shall, we have reason to believe, by its effects upon the religious history of our country, in after times, render imperishable the name of Gideon Ouseley. The reviews of the last [the fifth] edition of that work, from which I shall select two, confirm the most favorable opinions of his warmest friends.

From the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine, 1827.

This is a reprint, with enlargements, of one of the most spirited and convincing attacks upon Popery the

age has produced. It has an extensive circulation in Ireland; and has been used as a text-book in many an oral debate among Hibernian polemics. We hope to find room, at a future opportunity, for a more extensive notice of this excellent publication, which has contributed, in a very material degree, to produce the spirit of religious inquiry which at present exists among the Roman Catholics of Ireland, and from which the most beneficial results are continually witnessed."

From the Church Magazine, or Christian Examiner, 1828.

"We are glad to have an opportunity of calling the notice of our readers to this valuable manual of controversy. Perhaps no book among Irish Protestants, in the controversial line, has got into more circulation and been of more service. The author is a veteran polemic; he was fighting the battle orally, and with his pen, when others were yet supine; and if long experience, long study, and much success, be valuable ingredients in a man who sits down to write against Romanism, Mr. Ouseley has a fair claim to still more extensive patronage. We wish the book—which is very cheap, considering the abundant matter which it contains—were on the book-shelf of every Protestant householder."

The following is an extract from the character given of Mr. Ouseley in the Minutes of Conference, 1839:—
 "He died, as he had lived, an eminent witness of the salvation of the gospel. He was the most distinguished, efficient, and successful Irish missionary ever employed by our religious community. He labored with a devotion and earnestness worthy of the first and purest ages of the Christian church; and to an extent

never, perhaps, surpassed, and seldom equaled. In 1799, the year after the Irish rebellion, he was called out by the conference as an Irish missionary. For this great and important work he was pre-eminently fitted. His knowledge of the character and prejudices of the native population, and of the practical evils and enormities of the Popish delusion—his almost instinctive acuteness in detecting the insidious subtleties, and his unequalled power of argument in refuting the errors of Popery—enabled him to grapple most successfully with the revolting antichristian monster; while his thorough acquaintance with the Irish language gave facility to the attention, and access to the sympathies, of the Irish people. His various works on the Popish controversy, particularly his book entitled *Old Christianity*—a work of superior value—evinced very great research, and give him a rank as a man of no inconsiderable literary acquirements, while they exhibit marks of having been touched with a master hand. His sermons were marked by great originality and strength; and powerful convictions laid hold of the hearts of his congregations, while he reasoned and persuaded them out of the Scriptures. He generally went from his knees to the pulpit or streets; and, after strong cries and tears before the throne of grace, invited his perishing fellow-men to the feet of Jesus, for mercy and salvation. In him were exemplified the well-known words,—

'The love of Christ doth me constrain
To seek the wand'ring souls of men;
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from a gaping grave.'

For forty years he exercised his public ministry, through evil report and good report, in honor and in dishonor, through every part of the kingdom, with quenchless ardor, invincible constancy, pure patriotism, and unwearied zeal—frequently preaching three times, and occasionally four or five times, a day, in English and Irish. His addresses were accompanied with a power, pathos, and unction of the Holy One, which deeply affected, and sometimes overwhelmed the vast assemblies which attended his ministry. Hundreds, if not thousands, of souls were the fruit of that ministry, who no doubt will be the crown of his rejoicing in the day of Christ. On the 14th of May this great and devoted servant of Jesus Christ fell asleep, in the full triumph of faith and hope, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. ‘Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.’ ”

Are the Christian churches in this country aware of the obligations they are under, for the present state of religious society, to the unwearied exertions of this distinguished man, “who fought the battles, orally and with his pen, when others were yet supine?” Is there nothing in his singular character and career to impress the minds of the friends of Ireland, as to the means of her disinthralment from degrading spiritual oppression? Shall not his intense love of country, the indelible impression on his mind as to his especial call, and his faithful, unremitting perseverance in it, his deep and solemn convictions as to the causes of Ireland’s miseries, and his more than common power

in exposing them; his unbroken resolution mid appalling dangers; his unparalleled exertions and success in the ministry, afford demonstrative evidence that he was under a divine influence, and that there is no efficacy in any appliances in removing the maladies of our country save what is found in the sovereign remedy of the gospel? And is there not something admonitory and instructive to young ministers, and above all to young Methodist preachers, in his singular devotion and self-denial—his industry, and redeeming of time—his undying zeal for God, and his ardent pity for the ruined souls of men—his ceaseless labors, and his prayers and tears night and day for perishing sinners, “to open their eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God?” O, may the great Head of the church raise up and inspire a succession of faithful men, who, catching the spirit and treading in the footsteps of Gideon Ouseley, will go forth publicly, and boldly proclaim Christ and him crucified, until our ill-fated country shall be no longer a “by-word among all nations,” but, enlightened and transformed by the truth, rise into life and order; offering unto God a spiritual worship, and exhibiting in her social and moral character the virtues of a pure and Scriptural Christianity.

Yours, &c.

A P P E N D I X .

A.

To the Editor of the Cork Constitution.

SIR,—Having in many of your cotemporaries seen accounts of the execution of the criminal Scery, and his innocence strongly insisted on, I am led to the recollection of a similar case in this county, which I now give you, in hopes of its serving as a warning to readers, and preventing their giving implicit credit to dying declarations of innocence, made by criminals about to suffer for crimes connected with political subjects. Something over twenty years ago, an appalling murder was committed on a Mr. Franks, his wife, and son, near Kildorrery. Two or three brothers, named *Cremmin*—I can't now remember how many—were convicted of the murder, and executed. At the gallows they made a solemn declaration of their innocence, which with many gained great credence, the dying confession being considered as sufficient proof. I happened, some time after the execution, to dine in a large company, composed entirely of men. One of the party was an attorney from the neighborhood of the murder, a thorough-going Liberalist. After the solids had been disposed of, and the speaking powers were developed, Mr. —, the country attorney, spoke of the execution as the *murder of the Cremmins*; on which honest Jack Bennett, also one of the company, made one of his well-remembered attacks on his country brother-ship; and after giving him what he called

one of his best tongue scourgings, said, "You came to Cork on the defense of the murderers. You applied to me to undertake it. I went with you to their cell. The first question I put to them was, 'Are you guilty? Tell me the truth, as I can't defend you without knowing the real facts.' They confessed to me in your presence the truth, and acknowledged their guilt, which you knew as well as the murderers. They suffered for a crime they were guilty of; and now, with unblushing effrontery, you attempt to acquit them, because they suffered under the laws which they violated, and which you vilify to answer your party feelings." Being nearly connected with the murdered Franks, I cannot forget any part of the conversation; and I hope that the country practitioner, when he sees this, will remember the chastisement bestowed on him by honest, uncompromising Jack Bennett. There were other respectable persons present, who no doubt remember the facts as I state them.

I remain, &c.,

OLD TIMES.

B.

Rhemish Bible, edited in 1816. Note on John x, 1; Heb. v, 1. "*All Protestant clergy are thieves, murderers, and ministers of the devil; they are leaders of rebellion, and engaged in a damnable revolt against the priests of God's church.*"

On Rev. xi, 6-20. "Christian people, bishops especially, should have great zeal against *heretics*, and *hate* them, even as God hates them; and be thus zealous against all false prophets and heretics, of what name soever, after the example of holy Elias, that in zeal killed four hundred and fifty false prophets."

On Luke ix, 55. "As the fact of Elias was not reprehended, neither is the church nor Christian princes blamed by God for putting heretics to death."

On Acts xix, 19. "A Christian should deface and burn all heretical books."

On Acts x, 9. "The church service of England, being in heresy and schism, is not only unprofitable but damnable."

Drs. Troy, Murray, O'Reilly, and mostly all the principal Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland, subscribed their names to these notes, as being "truly orthodox and catholic."

C.

"The wakes in the country parts of Ireland present an odd assemblage of different characters and of different passions. The real genius of the people is nowhere so well or so openly displayed as at these nightly meetings. It is a theatre on which tragedy, comedy, broad farce, match making, speech making, &c., all that is bizarre and comical in the genuine Irish character, develop themselves with a freedom truly fantastic. Here the scenes are shifted with a rapidity of change, and in unrestrained succession, quite surpassing any other drama. The transitions, from deepest and most impassioned tones of sorrow to mirth and humor, are as quick as thought. There is a melancholy in their mirth, and a mirth in their melancholy, which is often found to prevail in their music; and which was a character impressed on national sensibility by successive changes of ill-fortune. And as no one passion is permitted to continue long, they mingle and vary like shades of light and darkness playing upon the surface of a sullen stream. At those national carnivals the common excitements of snuff, tobacco, and whisky, and the fruits of plundered orchards, are abundantly supplied."—*Life of Curran*.

In such scenes would Mr. Ouseley appear, and, as described, call the attention of the thoughtless assemblage to the solemn concerns of eternity.

D.

Father Michael Murphy wrote the following letter to Mr. Thomas Houston, of Thomas-street, Dublin, dated Gorey, 6th June, 1798:—

“FRIEND HOUSTON,—Great events are ripening. In a few days we shall meet. The first-fruits of your regeneration must be a tincture of poison and pike in the metropolis, against the heretics. This is a tribunal for such opinions. Your talents must not be buried as a judge. Your sons must be steeled with fortitude against heresy. Then we shall do; and you shall shine in a higher sphere. We shall have an army of brave republicans, one hundred thousand, with fourteen pieces of cannon, on Tuesday, before Dublin. Your heart will beat high at the news. You will rise with a proportionable force. Yours ever,

“M. MURPHY.”

We are informed by the Popish historian, O’Sullivan, that in the year 1575, Geraldine of Desmond, plotting an insurrection upon a grand scale, was desirous to connect his measures with Pope Gregory, and proceeded to Rome for that purpose. He found there Cornelius O’Melrian, an Irish Franciscan, who had been recently appointed bishop of Killaloe, and who at once became a principal in the councils of Desmond. To their united solicitations for assistance, his holiness readily consented; and granted to a banditti then desolating Italy a free pardon, on condition of their undertaking an expedition to Ireland. At the head of these missionaries, the bishop of Killaloe landed in Ireland; distributing arms and indulgences among the rebels who flocked to his standard, and inscribed upon his banners the device of the keys, “because he fought for him who had the keys of the kingdom of heaven.”

D.

THE END.

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